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OF THE LAST THREE CENTURIES.

EDITED, WITH

NEW SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS,

BY

J. L. HATTON.

In Two Volumes; each containing 100 Songs.

VOL II.

1408
17.12.45

LONDON: BOOSEY & CO., 295, REGENT STREET.
NEW YORK· LLIAM A. POND AND CO.

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1740
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PREFACE.

The great success which has followed the publication of "The Songs of England" has induced me to make another search among the stores of old popular ballads, with the view of producing a second and companion volume to the book that is so universally popular. The result has more than answered my expectations. I could hardly believe so many good songs were still available, and I have therefore been able to collect a second selection hardly less interesting and valuable than the first. The two volumes together form a not unworthy monument to the composers of our Standard Songs and Ballads.

J. L. HATTON.

INDEX—VOL. II.

NAME OF SONG.	WORDS BY	MUSIC BY	PAGE
All's one to Jack		Dibdin	92
All things love thee, so do I		C. Horn	178
Amo, Amas, I love a lass		Dr. Arnold	36
And has she then fail'd in her truth?		Sir H. R. Bishop	208
Banks of the blue Moselle (the)		G. H. Rodwell	6
Beautiful maid (the)		Braham	96
Bee proffers honey but bears a sting (the)		C. Dibdin, Junr.	88
Bird of the wilderness	Hogg	J. Blewitt	236
Bloom is on the Rye (the)	Edward Fitzball	Sir H. R. Bishop	222
Breaking of the day (the)		C. Horn	104
Bring me, boy, a bowl of wine	Upton	Hook	72
By dimpled brook	Milton	Dr. Arne	180
By the gaily circling glass	Milton	Dr. Arne	162
Come live with me, and be my love	Shakespeare	Sir H. R. Bishop	204
Come where the aspens quiver		Alexander Lee	96
Come you not from Newcastle?		1600	123
County Guy	Sir Walter Scott	Sir H. R. Bishop	201
Crabbed age and youth	Shakespeare	C. Horn	174
Cupid's Garden		Old Song	128
Dulce Domum		17th Century	56
Ere around the huge oak		Shield	136
Faint and wearily		Dr. Arnold	176
Follow, follow over mountain		S. T. Smith	99
Flowing bowl (the)		Dibdin	163
Fly away, pretty moth		T. H. Bayly	58
Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing		Dr. Arne	135
From Oberon in fairyland	Ben Jonson	16th Century	82
Garden Gate (the)		W. T. Parke	84
Haste to the wedding		18th Century	94
Heart should be happy and merry (the)	Dibdin	Reeve	182
He loves, and rides away		C. Horn	102
He was famed for deeds of arms		D. Corri	54
High-mettled Racer (the)		Dibdin	4
How stands the glass around?		Old Song	156
Hunt is up (the)		Old English	18
Huntsman, rest	Sir Walter Scott	J. Mazzinghi	148
I remember, I remember		Mrs. E. FitzGerald	110
Isle of beauty	F. H. Bayly	C. S. Whitmore	158
Is there a heart that never lov'd?		Braham	39
Jack Rattlin		Dibdin	86
Julia to the wood-robin		Spofforth	76
Just like Love is yonder Rose		John Davy	112
Kiss, dear maid (the)	Lord Byron	L. Jausen	52
Lass that loves a Sailor (the)		Dibdin	20
Let Fame sound the trumpet		Shield	8
Little Love is a mischievous boy		Sir H. R. Bishop	211
Love me little, love me long		17th Century	137
Love's Ritornella		T. Cooke	138
Love will find out the way		17th Century	22

INDEX—VOL. II.

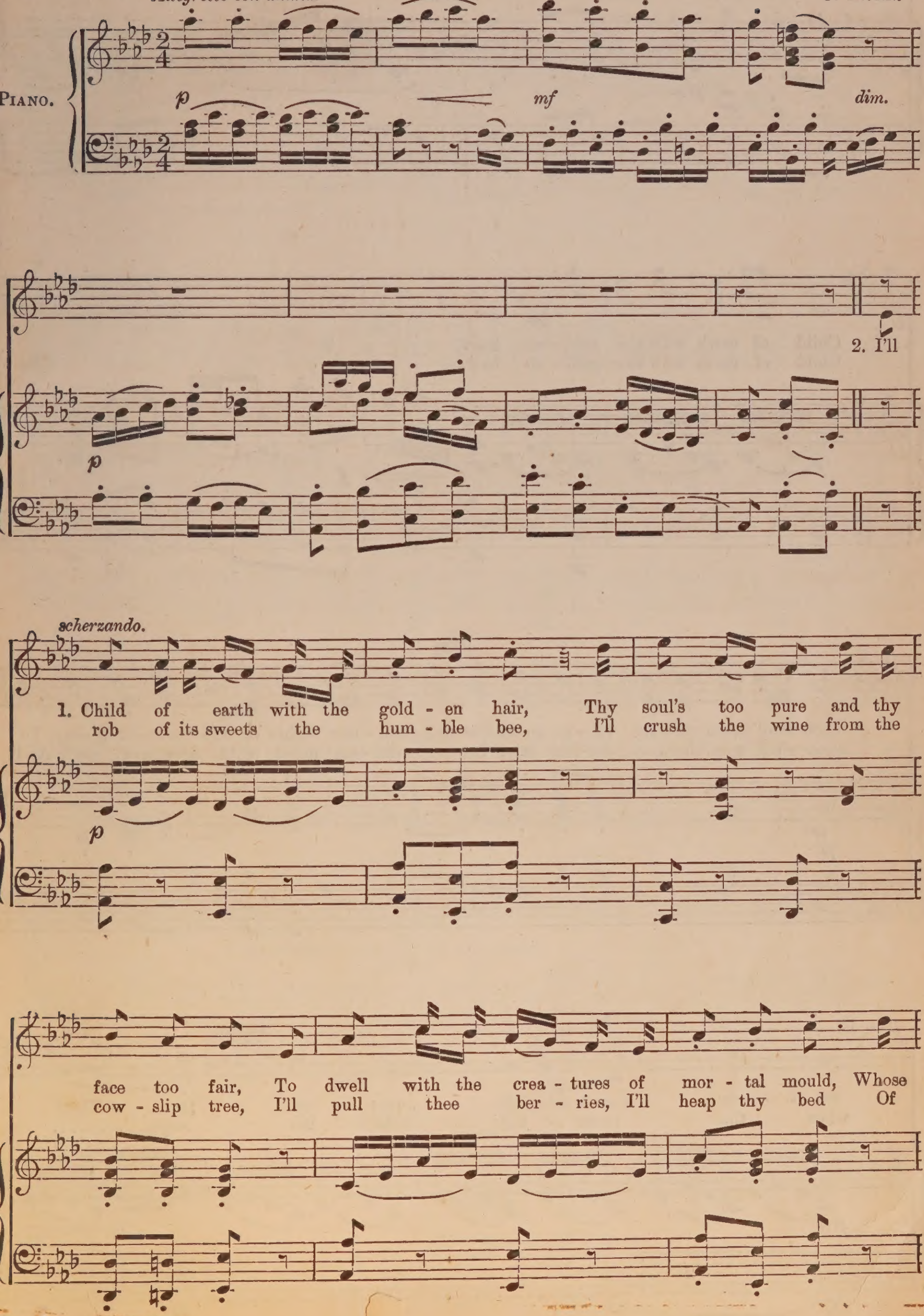
NAME OF SONG.	WORDS BY	MUSIC BY	PAGE
May we ne'er want a friend		John Davy	62
Milking pail (the)		Time of Shakespeare	68
Minstrel's request (the)	Sir Walter Scott		170
Mountain Maid (the)		Sinclair	11
My boat is on the shore	Lord Byron	Sir H. R. Bishop	214
My Dog and my Gun		Dr. Arne	38
My friend and pitcher		Shield	116
My heart with love is beating		Shield	142
My pretty Jane	Edward Fitzball	Sir H. R. Bishop	222
No more by sorrow		Braham	118
O give me but my Arab steed		G. A. Hodson	124
Old Commodore (the)		W. Reeve	74
Old Towler		Shield	49
Oh! 'tis the melody		T. H. Bayly	152
On, by the spur of valour goaded		Shield	41
Our Country is our Ship		Reeve	159
Phillida flouts me		Old Song	64
Poacher (the)		Old Song	130
Poor Jack		Dibdin	46
Poor Joe, the marine		J. Ashley	32
Queen of May (the)		1650	144
Rest, Warrior, rest		Michael Kelly	70
Rose had been washed (the)	Cowper	Webbe	23
Rose of the valley	Dibdin	W. Reeve	234
Said a Smile to a Tear		Braham	28
Sapling oak (the)		Storace	171
Since first I saw your face		Ford	109
Soldier's adieu (the)		Dibdin	60
Soldier's dream (the)	T. Campbell	T. Attwood	192
Southerly wind and a cloudy sky (a)		Old Song	190
Stand to your guns		Carter	183
Storm (the)		Shield	40
Sun is o'er the Mountain (the)		Sir H. R. Bishop	219
Sweet day, so cool	George Herbert	17th Century	65
Thine am I, my faithful fair		John Whitaker	26
Thou soft-flowing Avon		Dr. Arne	146
'Tis but Fancy's sketch		Braham	30
Titania's Song		C. Horn	1
Tobacco is an Indian weed		Very old Song	134
To-morrow		W. Reeve	16
Tom Starboard		J. Mazzinghi	226
To the Maypole away		Time of Charles I.	78
To the Maypole haste away		Time of Queen Elizabeth	66
True Courage		Dibdin	14
We be three poor Mariners		1609	132
Well there is in the West country (a)	Southey	Cornish Air	80
When pensive I thought of my love		Michael Kelly	140
When that I was a little tiny boy	Shakespeare		127
Who deeply drinks of wine		J. Emdin	34
Will Watch		John Davy	154
Woodman (the)		Dibdin	166
Yarico to her lover	Peter Pindar	F. H. Himmel	196
You gentlemen of England		Old English Ballad	168

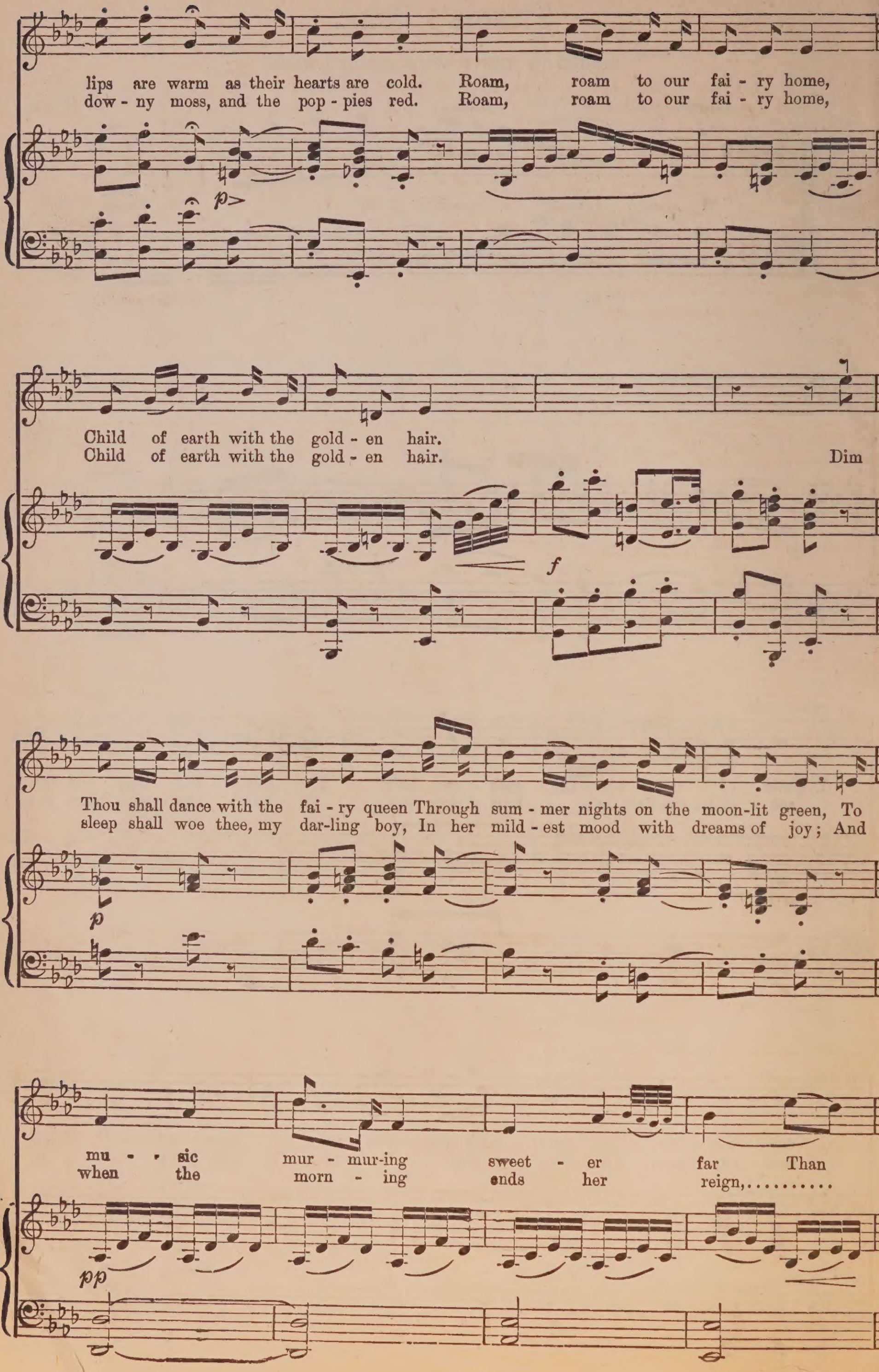
Titania's Song.

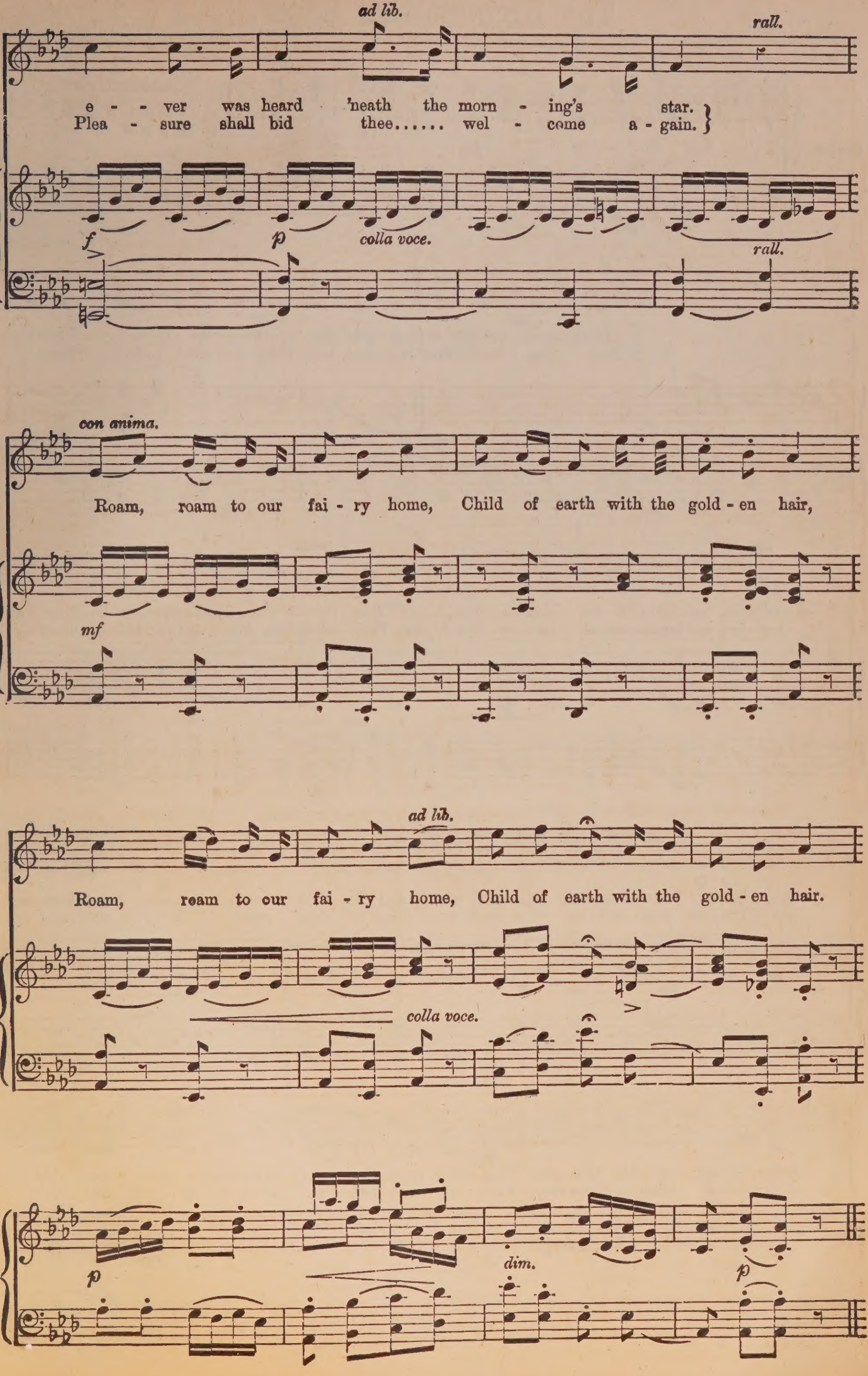
(CHILD OF EARTH WITH GOLDEN HAIR.)

Allegretto con anima.

C. HORN.


PIANO.
p
mf
dim.
p
2. I'll
scherzando.
1. Child of earth with the gold - en hair, Thy soul's too pure and thy
rob of its sweets the hum - ble bee, I'll crush the wine from the
p
face too fair, To dwell with the crea - tures of mor - tal mould, Whose
cow - slip tree, I'll pull thee ber - ries, I'll heap thy bed Of

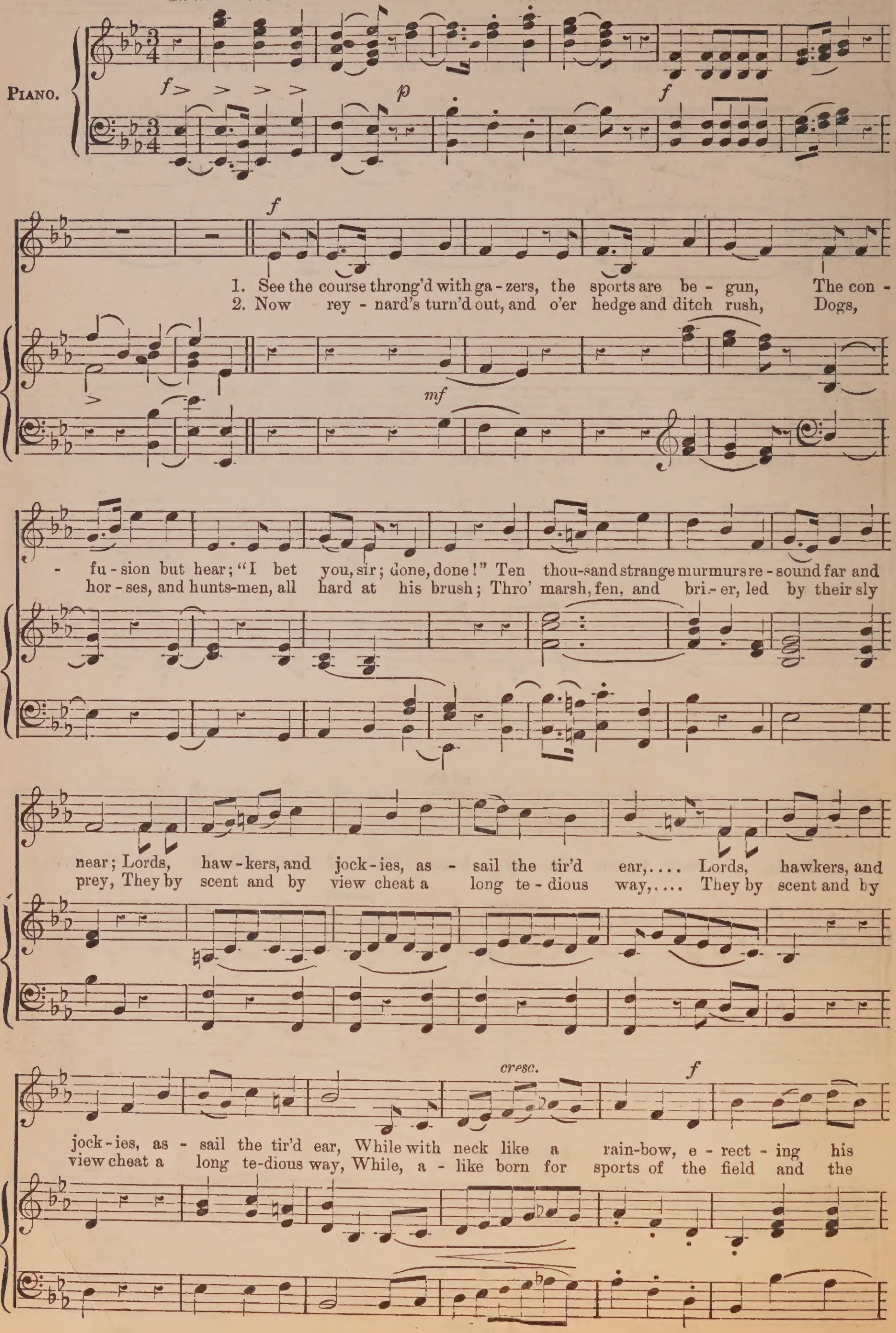

lips are warm as their hearts are cold. Roam, roam to our fai - ry home,
dow - ny moss, and the pop - pies red. Roam, roam to our fai - ry home,
p>
Child of earth with the gold - en hair.
Child of earth with the gold - en hair. Dim
f
Thou shall dance with the fai - ry queen Through sum - mer nights on the moon-lit green, To
sleep shall woe thee, my dar-ling boy, In her mild - est mood with dreams of joy; And
p
mu - - sic mur - mur-ing sweet - er far Than
when the morn - ing ends her reign,..........
pp

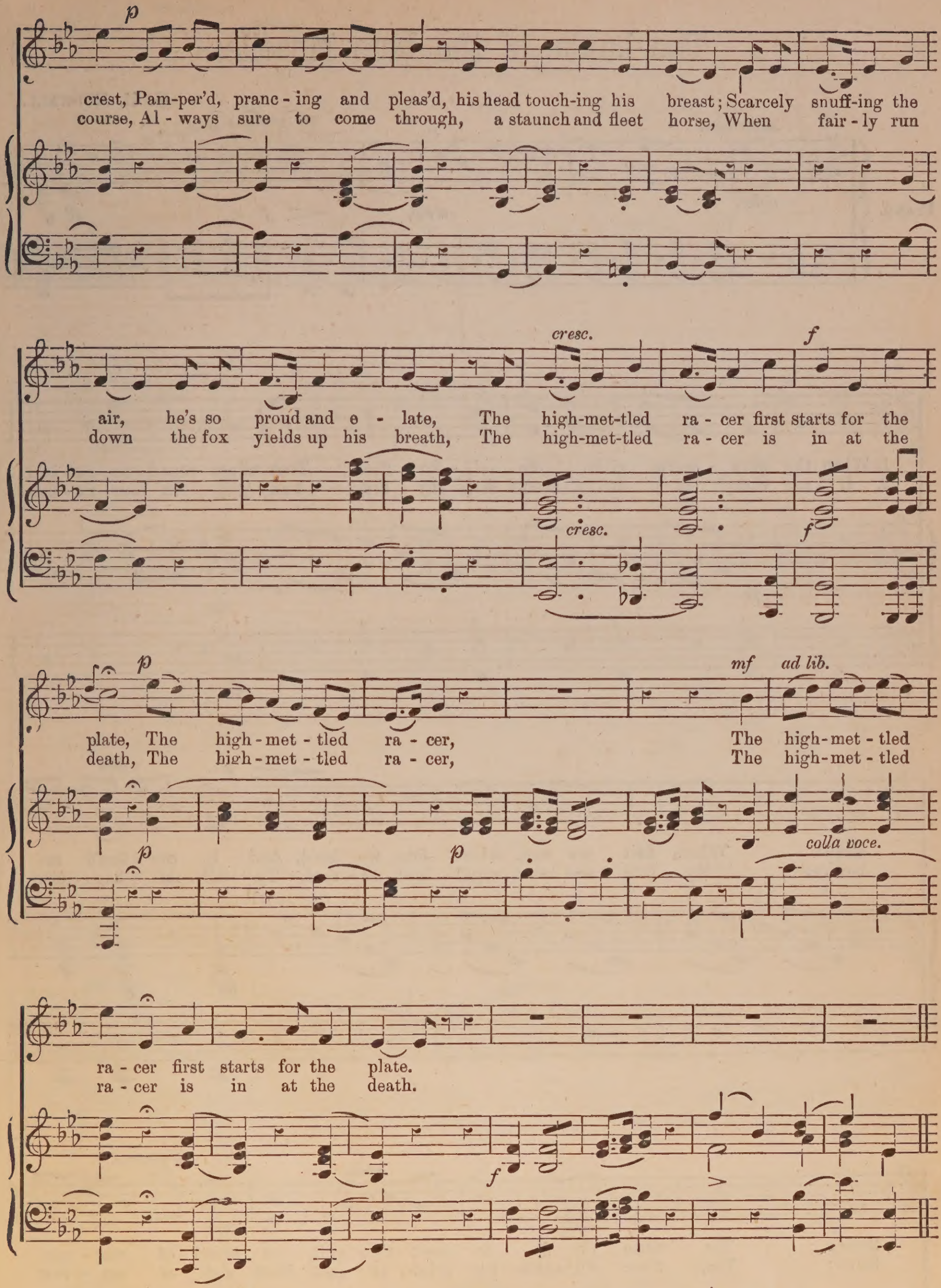

ad lib.
rall.
e - - ver was heard 'neath the morn - ing's star.
Plea - sure shall bid thee...... wel - come a - gain.
f
p
colla voce.
rall.
con anima.
Roam, roam to our fai - ry home, Child of earth with the gold - en hair,
mf
ad lib.
Roam, ream to our fai - ry home, Child of earth with the gold - en hair.
colla voce.
p
dim.
p

The High-mettled Racer.

In moderate time.

DIBDIN.


Piano.
f
p
f
f
1. See the course throng'd with ga - zers, the sports are be - gun, The con -
2. Now rey - nard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush, Dogs,
mf
- fu - sion but hear; "I bet you, sir; done, done!" Ten thou-sand strange murmurs re - sound far and
hor - ses, and hunts-men, all hard at his brush; Thro' marsh, fen, and bri - er, led by their sly
near; Lords, haw - kers, and jock - ies, as - sail the tir'd ear,.... Lords, hawkers, and
prey, They by scent and by view cheat a long te - dious way,.... They by scent and by
cresc.
f
jock - ies, as - sail the tir'd ear, While with neck like a rain-bow, e - rect - ing his
view cheat a long te-dious way, While, a - like born for sports of the field and the


p
crest, Pam-per'd, pranc-ing and pleas'd, his head touch-ing his breast; Scarcely snuff-ing the
course, Al-ways sure to come through, a staunch and fleet horse, When fair-ly run
cresc.
f
air, he's so proud and e - late, The high-met-tled ra - cer first starts for the
down the fox yields up his breath, The high-met-tled ra - cer is in at the
cresc.
f
p
mf
ad lib.
plate, The high-met-tled ra - cer, The high-met-tled
death, The high-met-tled ra - cer, The high-met-tled
p
p
colla voce.
ra - cer first starts for the plate.
ra - cer is in at the death.
f

3.

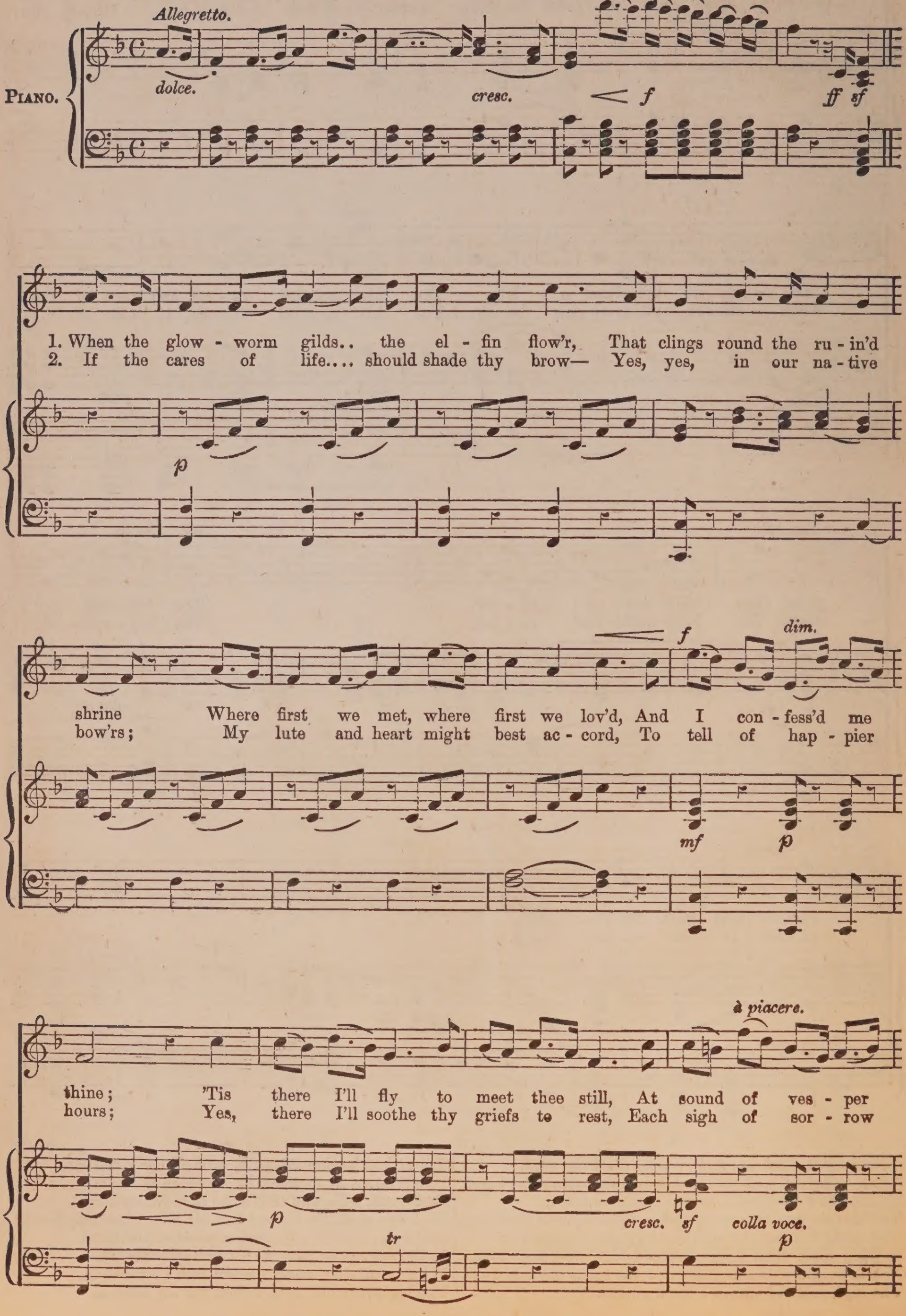
Grown aged, used up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and windgall'd, but yet with some blood,
While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire gain'd that race,
And what matches he won to the ostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house door,
While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his side goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

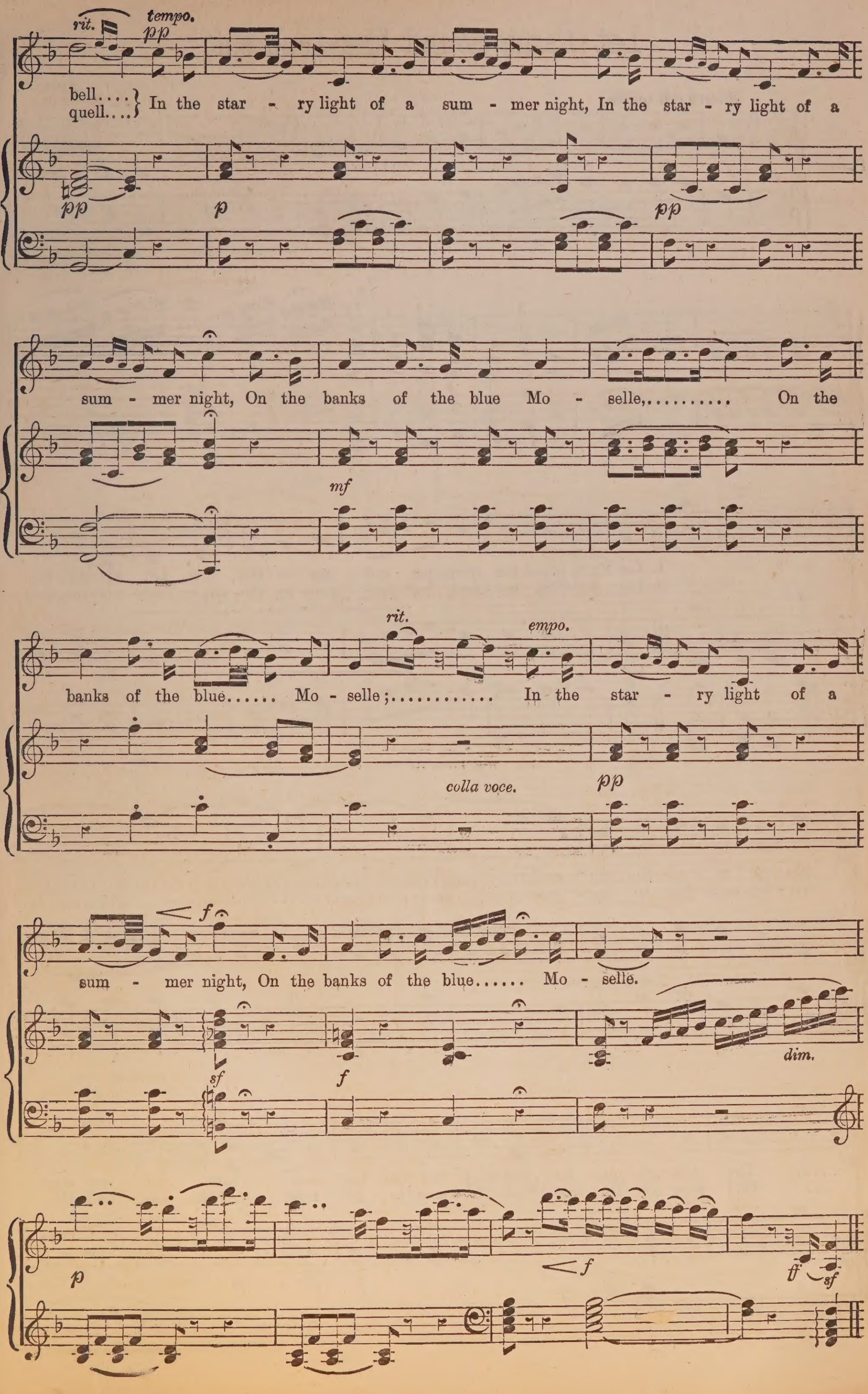
4.

Till at last having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still
And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

The banks of the blue Moselle.

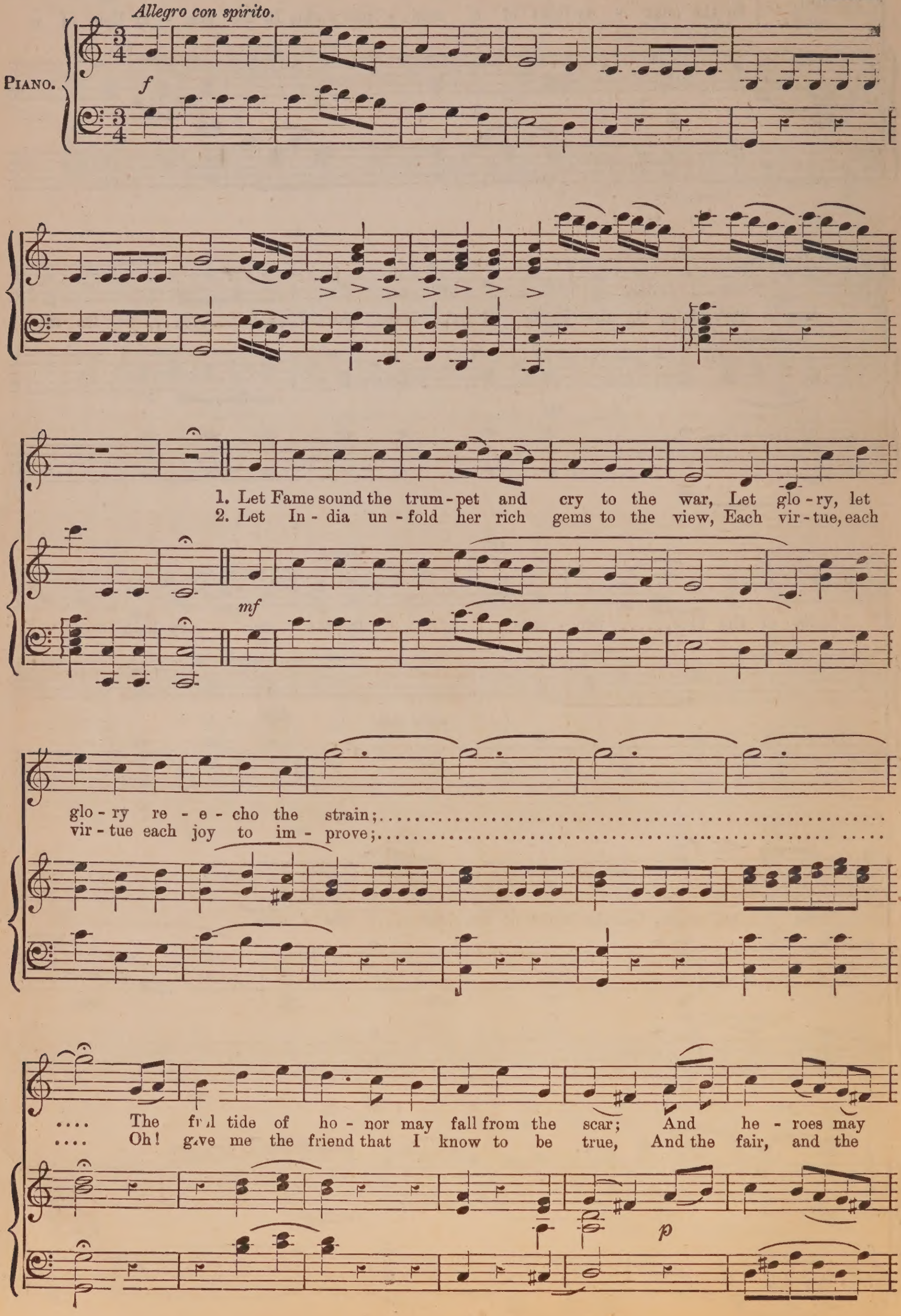
G. H. **Rodwell.**

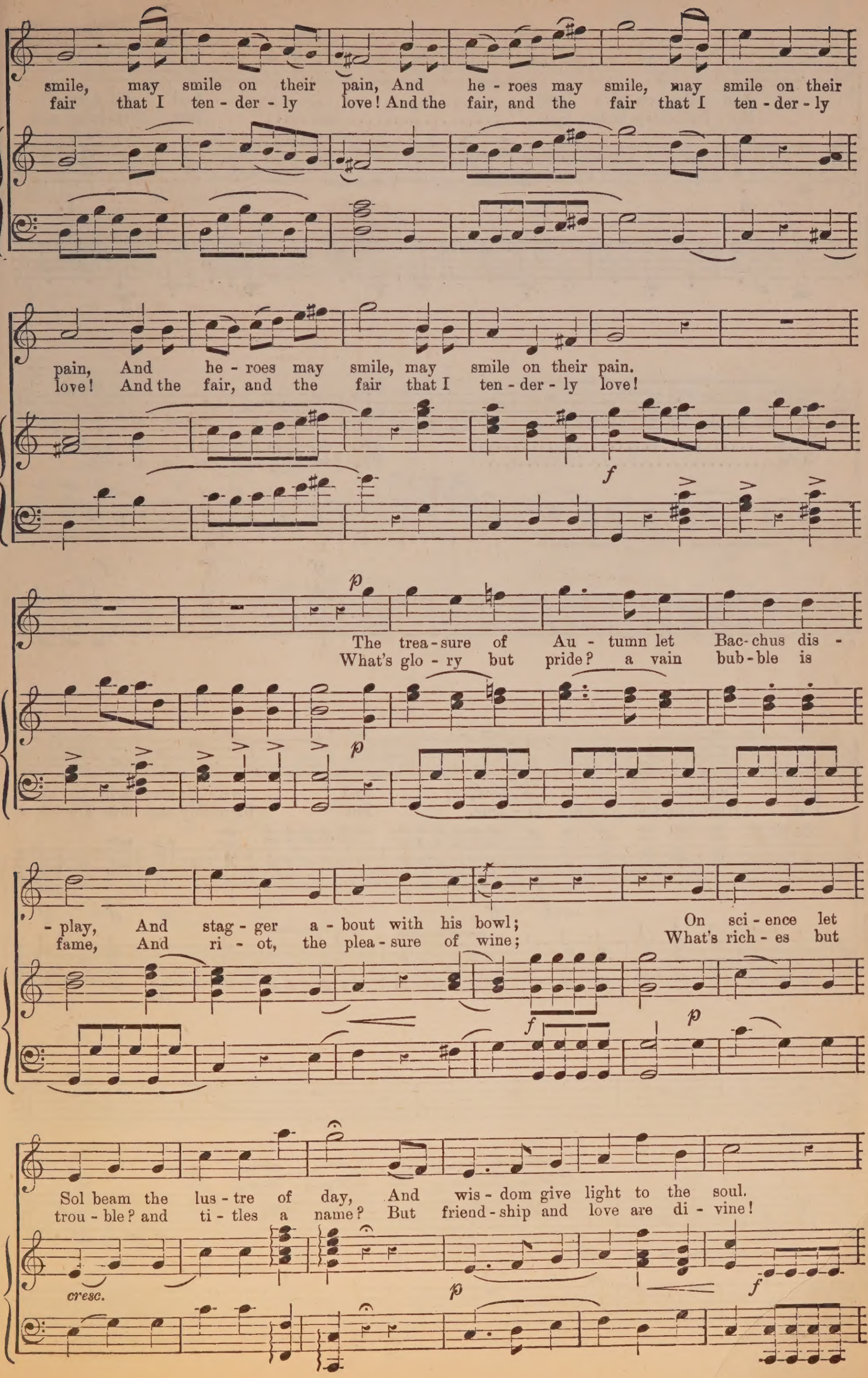

Allegretto.
Piano.
dolce.
cresc.
f
ff sf
1. When the glow - worm gilds.. the el - fin flow'r, That clings round the ru - in'd
2. If the cares of life.... should shade thy brow— Yes, yes, in our na - tive
p
shrine Where first we met, where first we lov'd, And I con - fess'd me
bow'rs; My lute and heart might best ac - cord, To tell of hap - pier
f
dim.
mf
p
thine; 'Tis there I'll fly to meet thee still, At sound of ves - per
hours; Yes, there I'll soothe thy griefs to rest, Each sigh of sor - row
à piacere.
p
cresc.
sf
colla voce.
tr

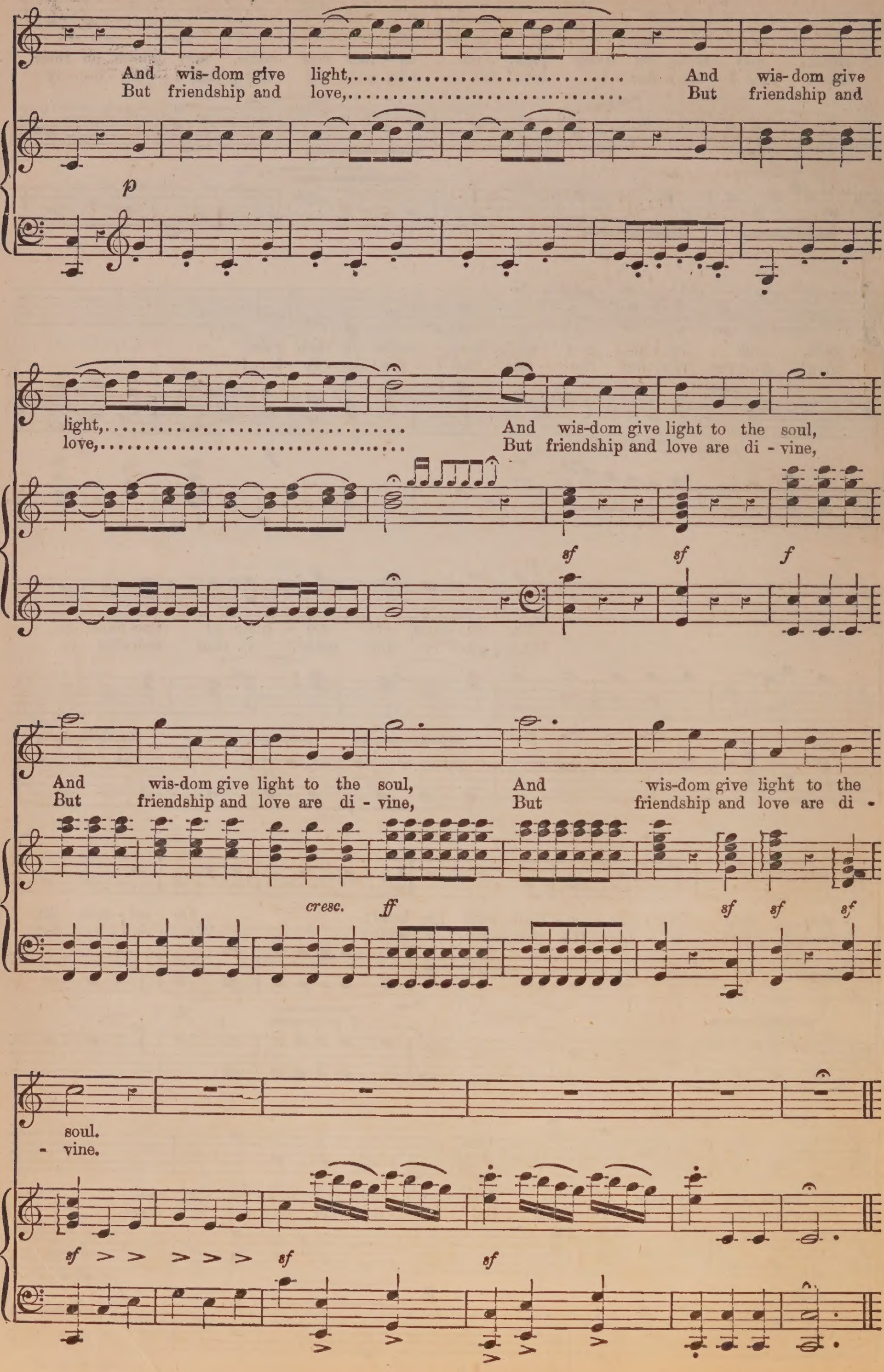

rit.
tempo.
pp
bell.... }
quell....}
In the star - ry light of a sum - mer night, In the star - ry light of a
pp
p
pp
sum - mer night, On the banks of the blue Mo - selle,......... On the
mf
rit.
empo.
banks of the blue...... Mo - selle;........... In the star - ry light of a
colla voce.
pp
f
sum - mer night, On the banks of the blue...... Mo - selle.
sf
f
dim.
p
f
ff
sf

Let Fame sound the trumpet.

Shield.


Allegro con spirito.
Piano.
f
mf
1. Let Fame sound the trum-pet and cry to the war, Let glo-ry, let glo-ry re-e-cho the strain;.... The full tide of ho-nor may fall from the scar; And he-roes may
2. Let In-dia un-fold her rich gems to the view, Each vir-tue, each vir-tue each joy to im-prove;.... Oh! give me the friend that I know to be true, And the fair, and the
p


smile, may smile on their pain, And he - roes may smile, may smile on their
fair that I ten - der - ly love! And the fair, and the fair that I ten - der - ly
pain, And he - roes may smile, may smile on their pain.
love! And the fair, and the fair that I ten - der - ly love!
f
p
The trea - sure of Au - tumn let Bac - chus dis -
What's glo - ry but pride? a vain bub - ble is
p
- play, And stag - ger a - bout with his bowl; On sci - ence let
fame, And ri - ot, the plea - sure of wine; What's rich - es but
f
p
Sol beam the lus - tre of day, And wis - dom give light to the soul.
trou - ble? and ti - tles a name? But friend - ship and love are di - vine!
cresc.
p
f


And wis-dom give light,................................ And wis-dom give
But friendship and love,................................ But friendship and
p
light,.................................... And wis-dom give light to the soul,
love,..................................... But friendship and love are di - vine,
sf
sf
f
And wis-dom give light to the soul, And wis-dom give light to the
But friendship and love are di - vine, But friendship and love are di -
cresc.
ff
sf
sf
sf
soul.
- vine.
sf > > > > >
sf
sf

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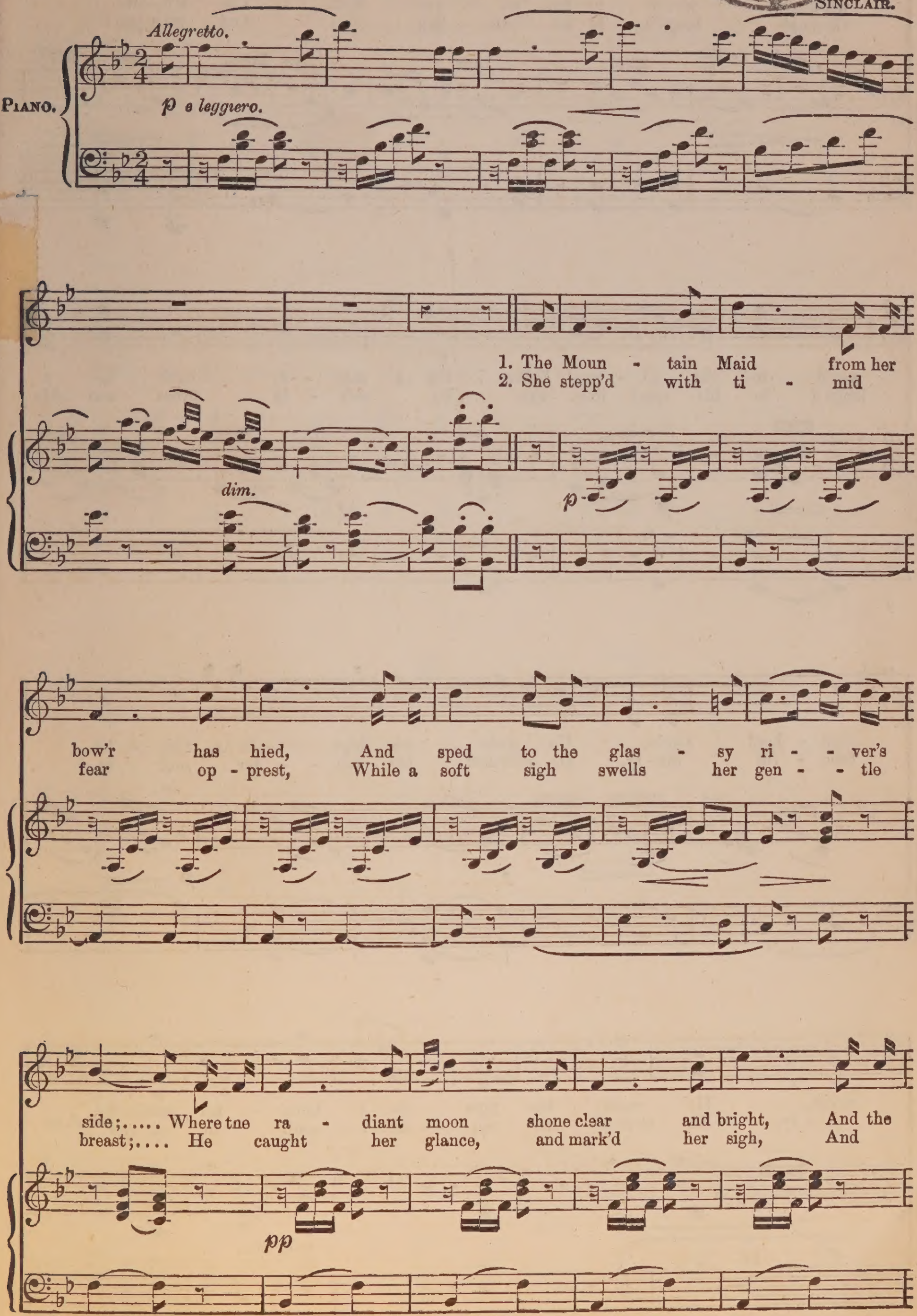
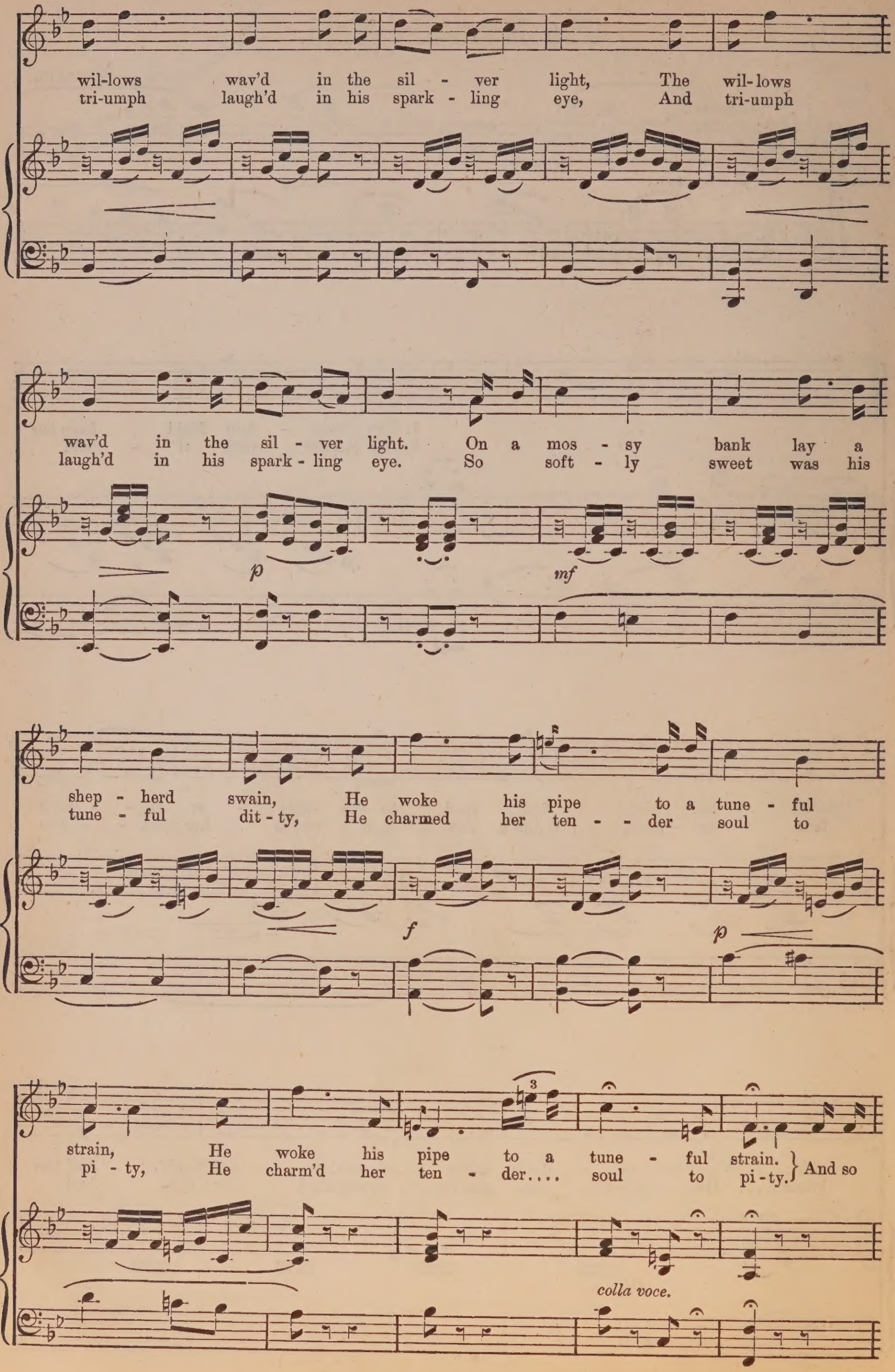
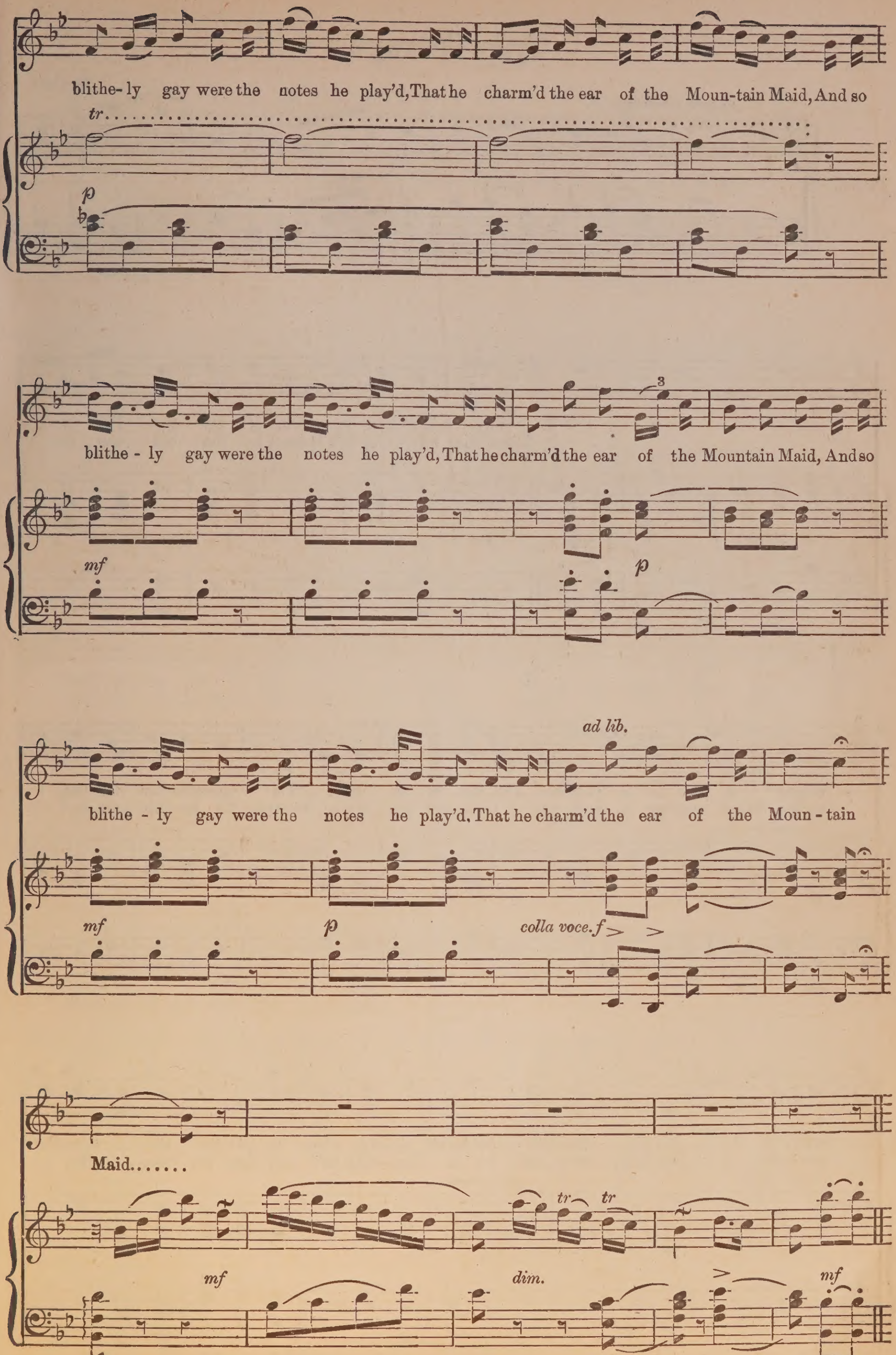
The Mountain Maid.

Sinclair.

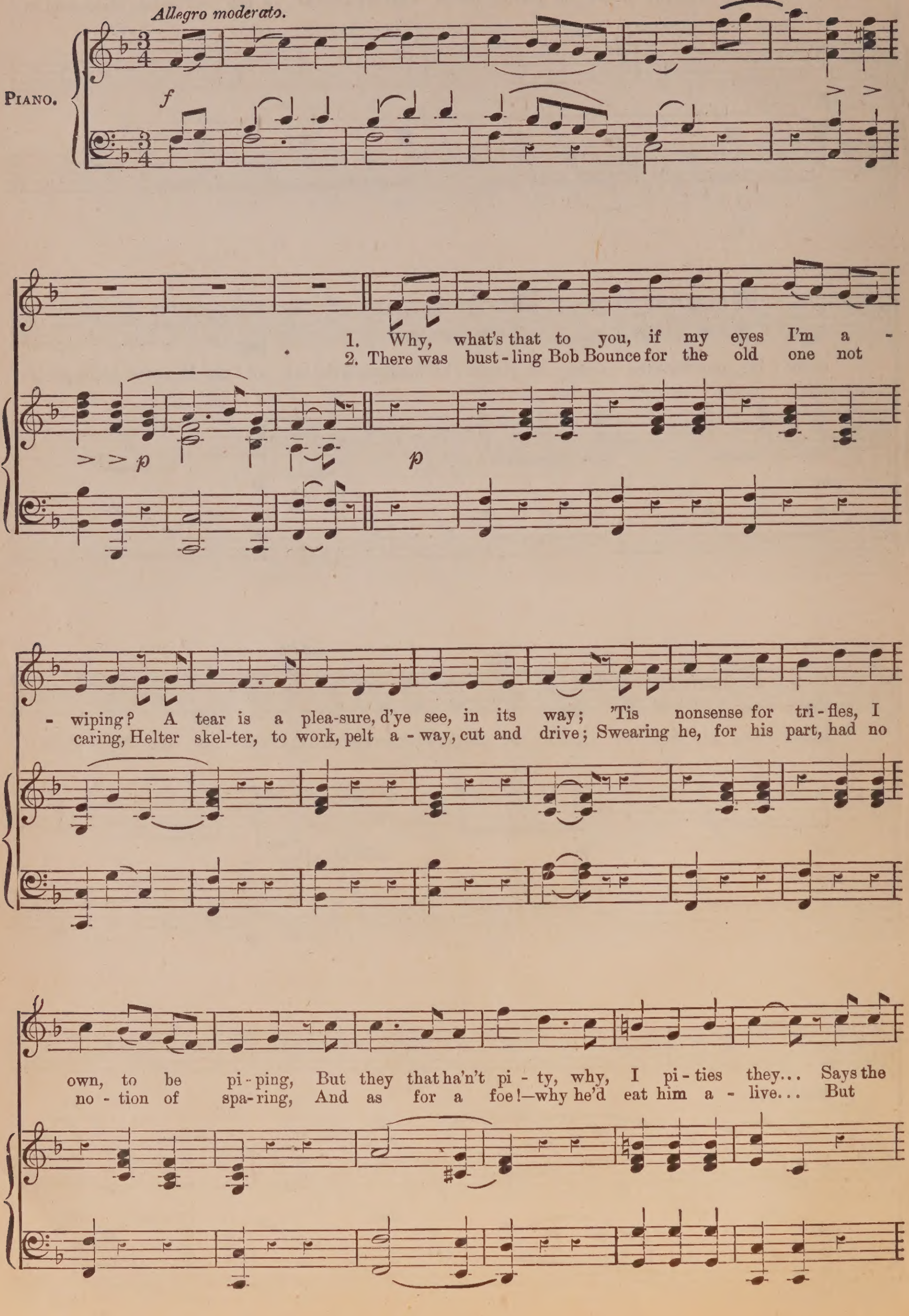

Allegretto.
Piano.
p e leggiero.
dim.
p
1. The Moun - tain Maid from her bow'r has hied, And sped to the glas - sy ri - - ver's side;..... Where the ra - diant moon shone clear and bright, And the
2. She stepp'd with ti - mid fear op - prest, While a soft sigh swells her gen - - tle breast;.... He caught her glance, and mark'd her sigh, And
pp

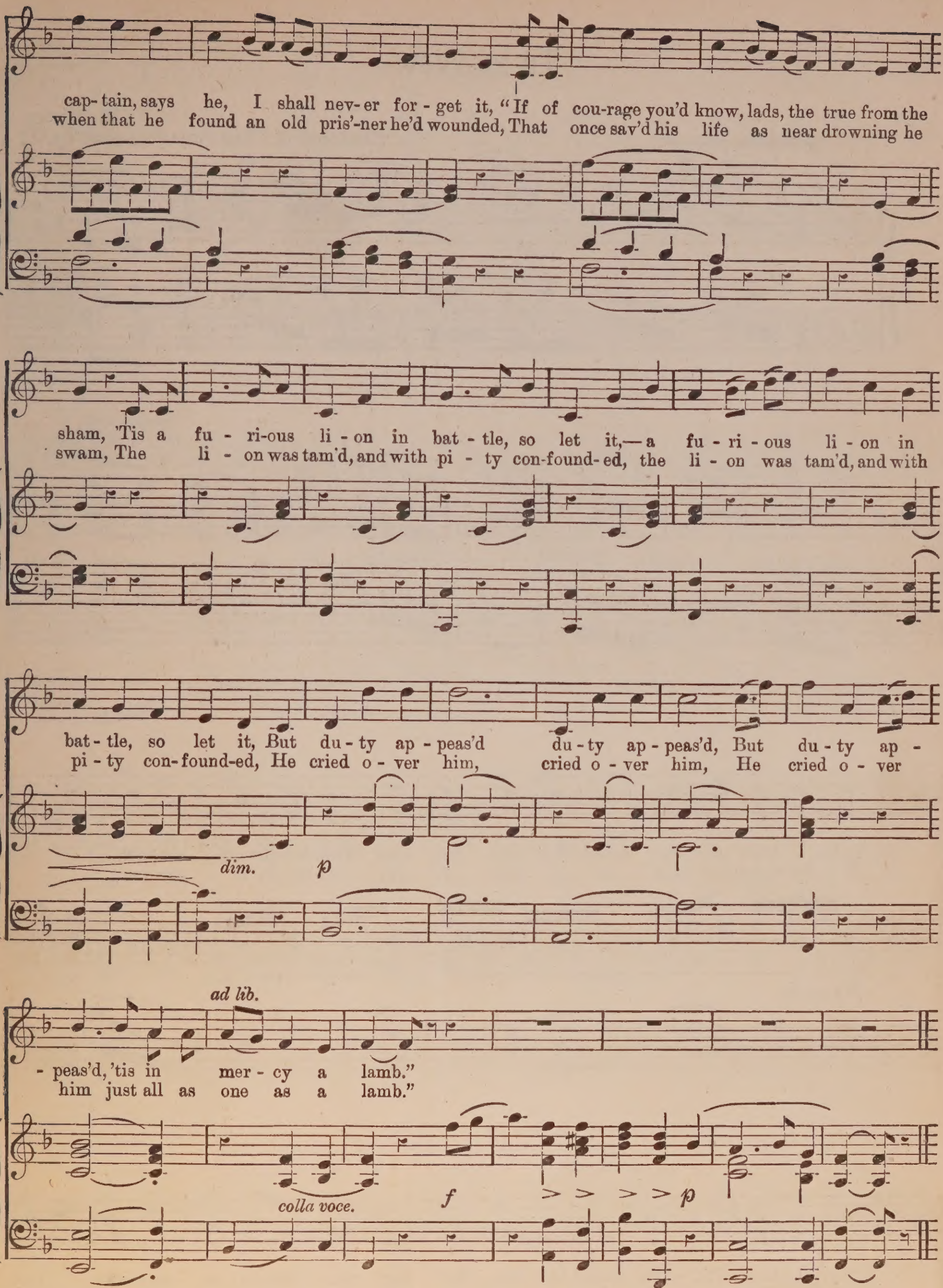

wil-lows wav'd in the sil - ver light, The wil-lows
tri-umph laugh'd in his spark - ling eye, And tri-umph
wav'd in the sil - ver light. On a mos - sy bank lay a
laugh'd in his spark - ling eye. So soft - ly sweet was his
p
mf
shep - herd swain, He woke his pipe to a tune - ful
tune - ful dit - ty, He charmed her ten - - der soul to
f
p
strain, He woke his pipe to a tune - ful strain.
pi - ty, He charm'd her ten - der.... soul to pi - ty.
And so
3
colla voce.


blithe-ly gay were the notes he play'd, That he charm'd the ear of the Moun-tain Maid, And so
tr
p
blithe - ly gay were the notes he play'd, That he charm'd the ear of the Mountain Maid, And so
mf
p
3
ad lib.
blithe - ly gay were the notes he play'd, That he charm'd the ear of the Moun - tain
mf
p
colla voce. f
Maid.......
mf
dim.
tr
mf

True Courage.

DIBDIN.


Allegro moderato.
PIANO.
f
p
p
1. Why, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a -
2. There was bust - ling Bob Bounce for the old one not
- wiping? A tear is a plea-sure, d'ye see, in its way; 'Tis nonsense for tri - fles, I
caring, Helter skel-ter, to work, pelt a - way, cut and drive; Swearing he, for his part, had no
own, to be pi - ping, But they that ha'n't pi - ty, why, I pi - ties they... Says the
no - tion of spa - ring, And as for a foe!—why he'd eat him a - live... But


cap- tain, says he, I shall nev- er for - get it, "If of cou-rage you'd know, lads, the true from the
when that he found an old pris'-ner he'd wounded, That once sav'd his life as near drowning he
sham, 'Tis a fu - ri-ous li - on in bat - tle, so let it,—a fu - ri - ous li - on in
swam, The li - on was tam'd, and with pi - ty con-found- ed, the li - on was tam'd, and with
bat- tle, so let it, But du - ty ap - peas'd du - ty ap - peas'd, But du - ty ap -
pi - ty con- found-ed, He cried o - ver him, cried o - ver him, He cried o - ver
dim.
p
ad lib.
- peas'd, 'tis in mer - cy a lamb."
him just all as one as a lamb."
colla voce.
f
p

3.

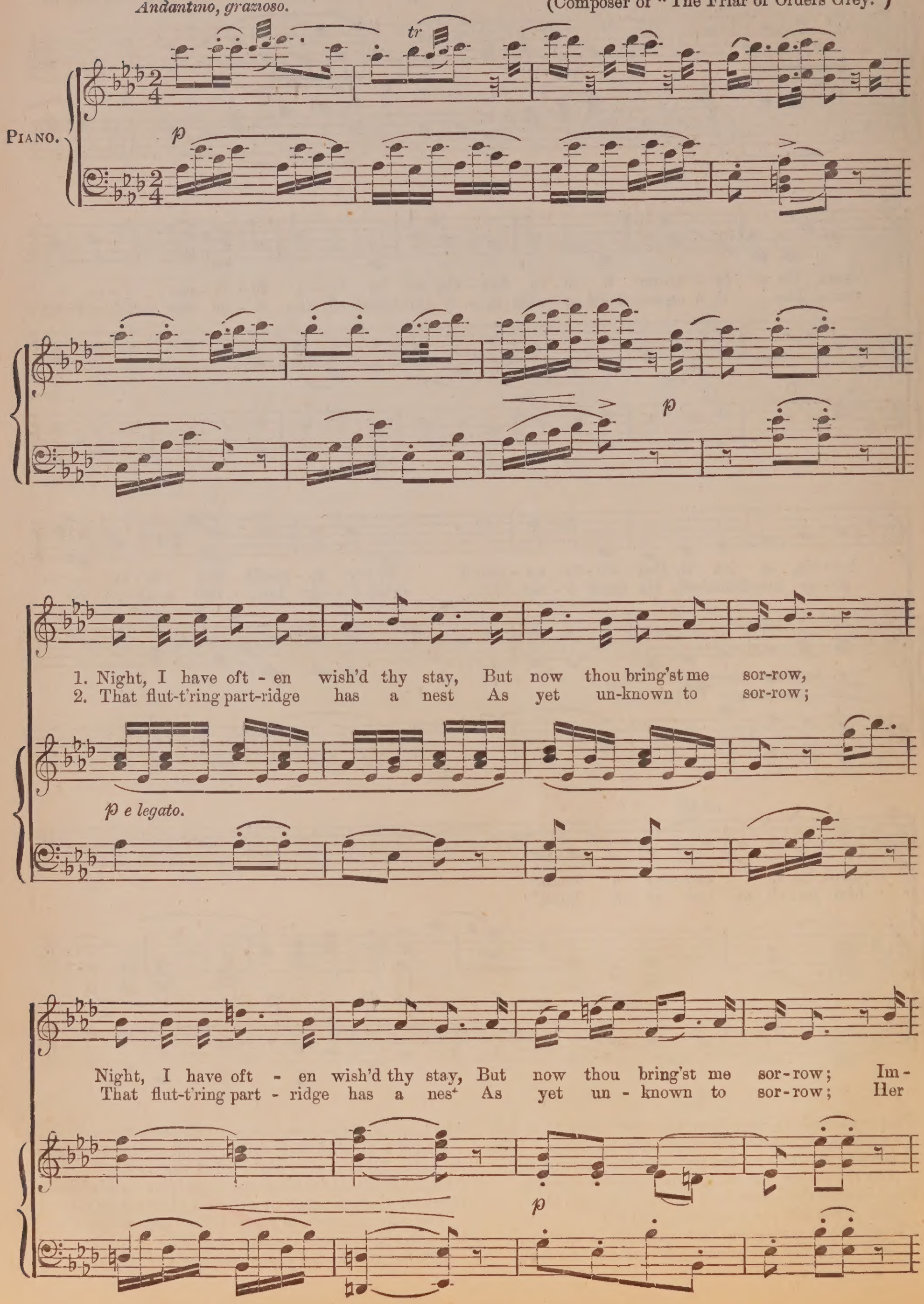
That my friend, Jack or Tom, I should rescue from danger,
Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,
Is nothing at all;—'tis the poor wounded stranger;
And the poorer, the more I shall succour distress.
For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
And perils defy, as a bugbear, a flam;
Though the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,
He'll feel more compassion when turn'd to a lamb.

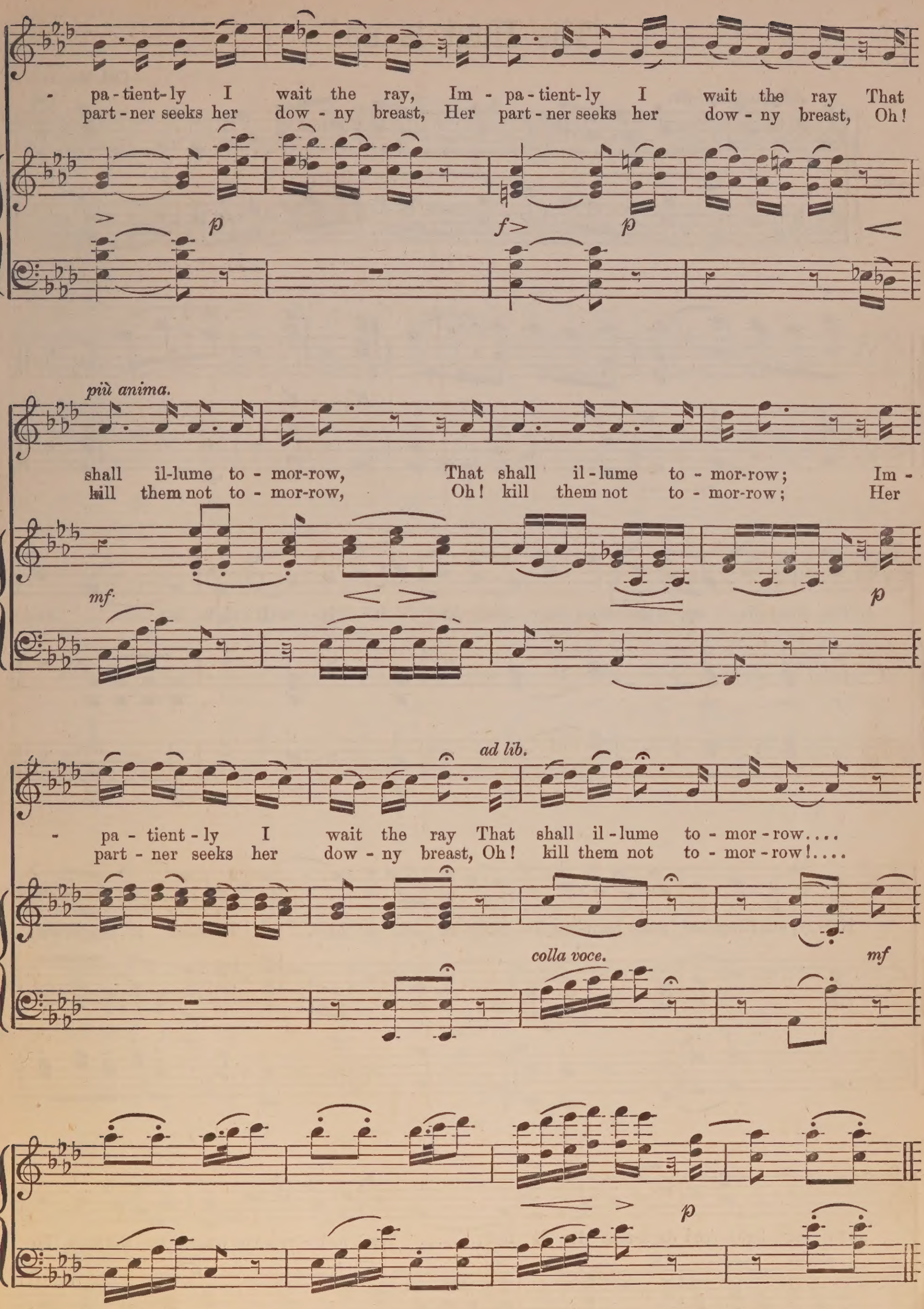
4.

The heart, and the eyes, you see, feel the same motion,
And if both shed their drops, 'tis all to the same end;
And thus 'tis that ev'ry tight lad of the ocean
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend
If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on.—
You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn!
In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,
But the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

To-morrow.

W. Reeve.
(Composer of "The Friar of Orders Grey.")


Andantino, grazioso.
Piano.
p
tr
p
p e legato.
1. Night, I have oft - en wish'd thy stay, But now thou bring'st me sor-row,
2. That flut-t'ring part-ridge has a nest As yet un-known to sor-row;
Night, I have oft - en wish'd thy stay, But now thou bring'st me sor-row; Im-
That flut-t'ring part - ridge has a nest As yet un - known to sor-row; Her
p


- pa-tient-ly I wait the ray, Im - pa-tient-ly I wait the ray That
part-ner seeks her dow - ny breast, Her part-ner seeks her dow - ny breast, Oh!
p
f
p
più anima.
shall il-lume to - mor-row, That shall il-lume to - mor-row; Im -
kill them not to - mor-row, Oh! kill them not to - mor-row; Her
mf
p
ad lib.
- pa - tient - ly I wait the ray That shall il - lume to - mor - row....
part - ner seeks her dow - ny breast, Oh! kill them not to - mor - row!....
colla voce.
mf
p

3.

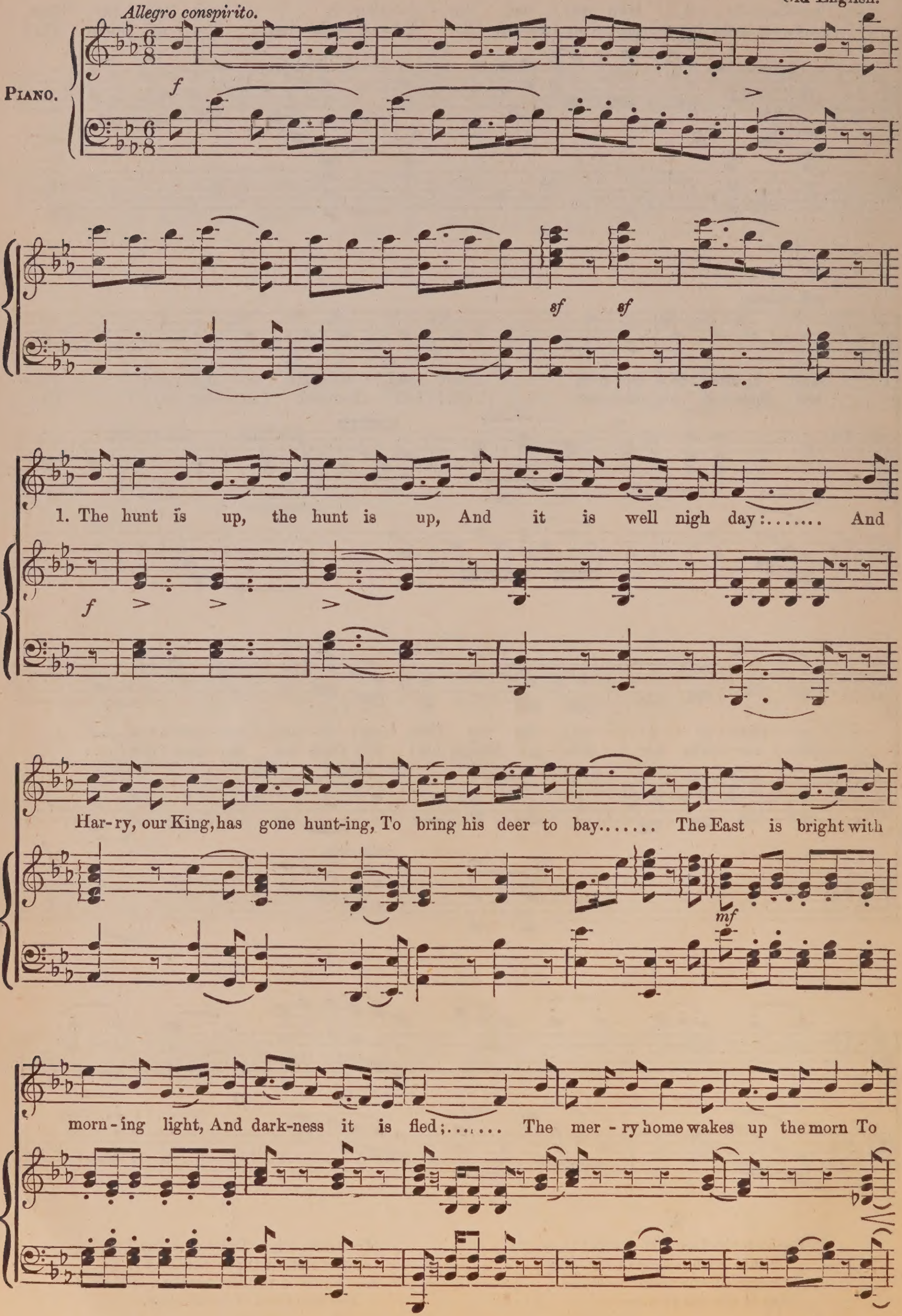
Beneath the fern, the fearful hare
Would wish a shade to borrow;
Be merciful, the trembler spare,
Let it not die to-morrow.

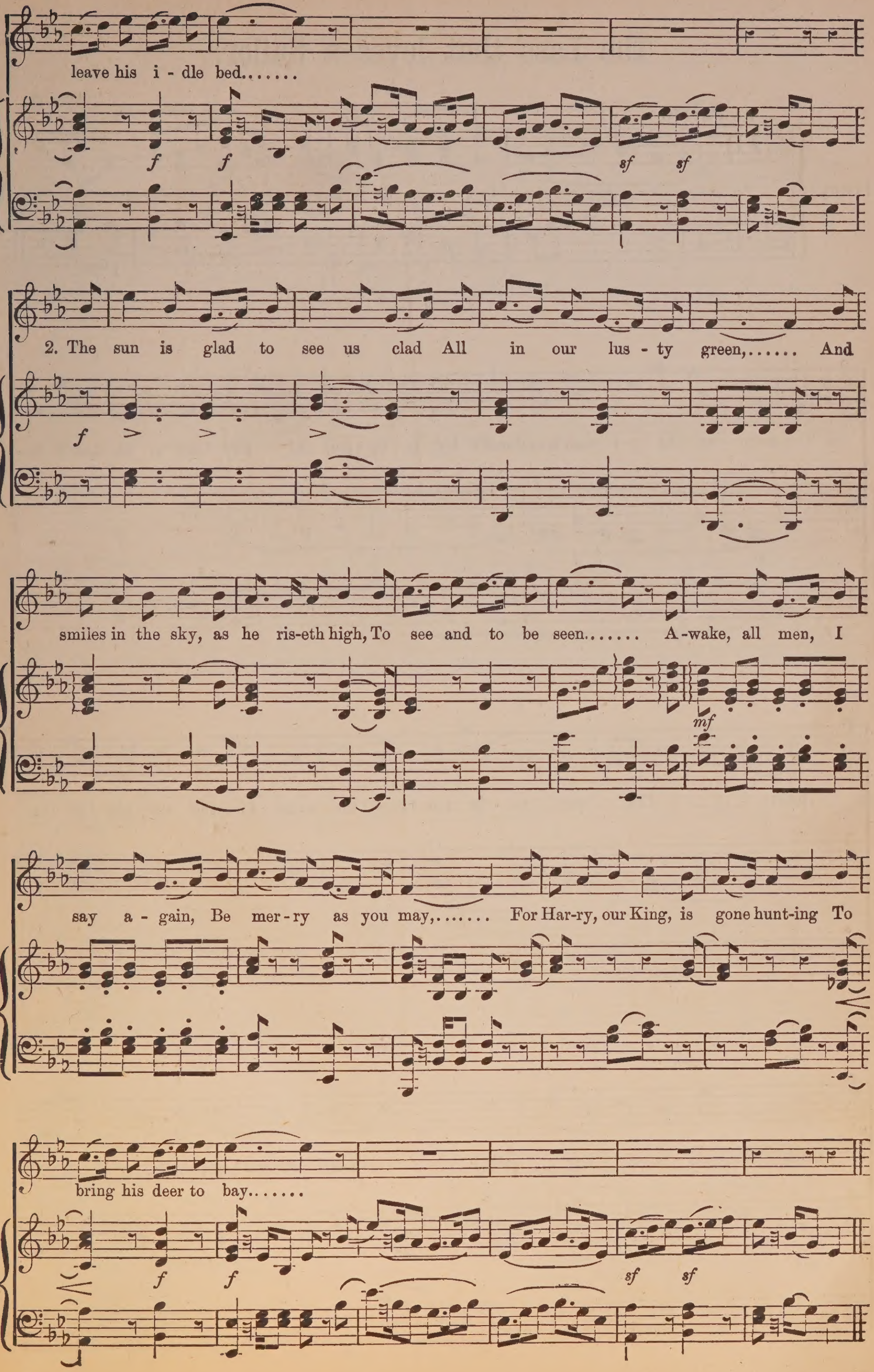
4.

My heart, when I thy eyes shall meet,
Joy's richest throb will borrow;
And sure, on rapture's wings, will fleet
The moments of to-morrow.

The Hunt is up!

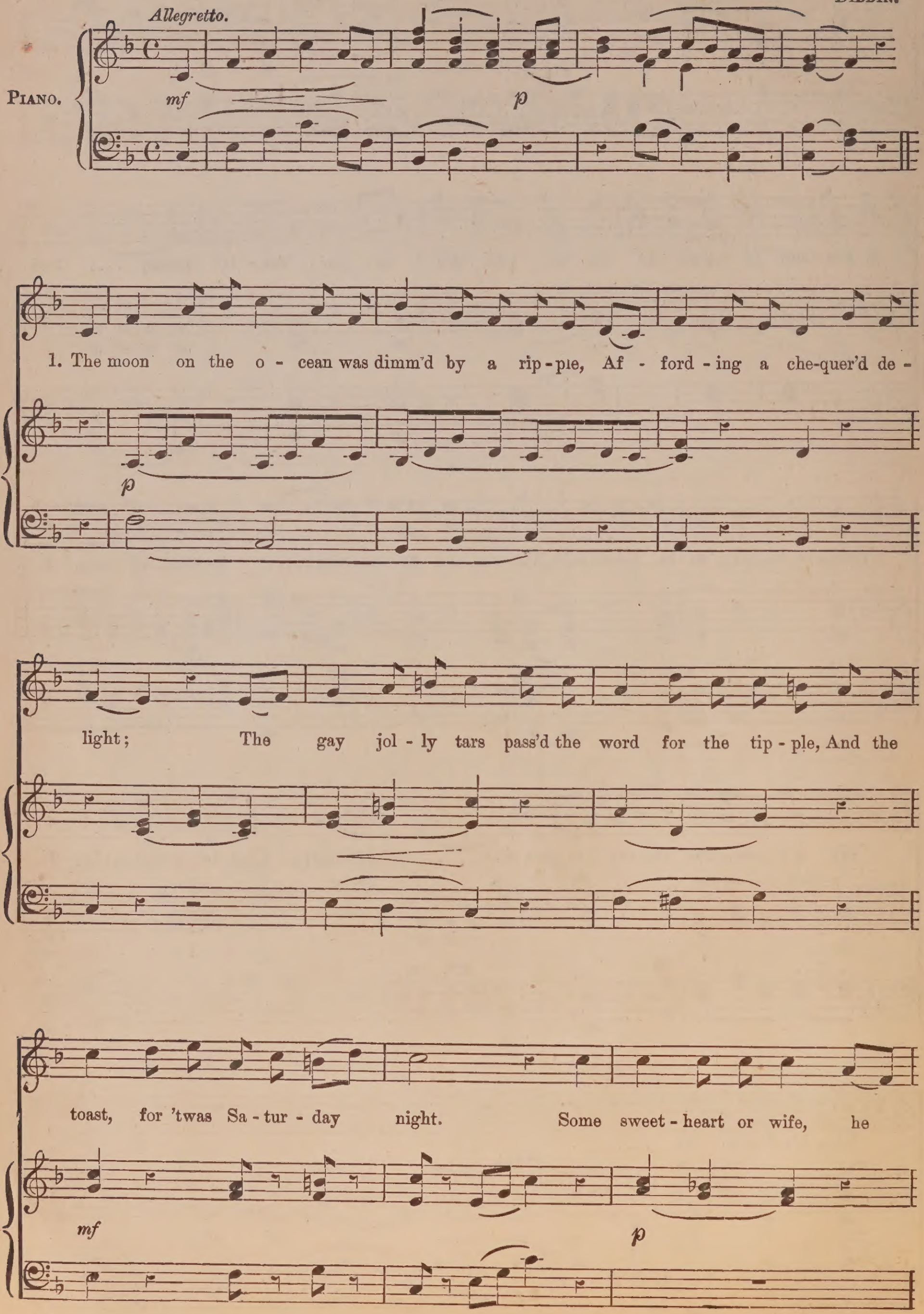
Old English.

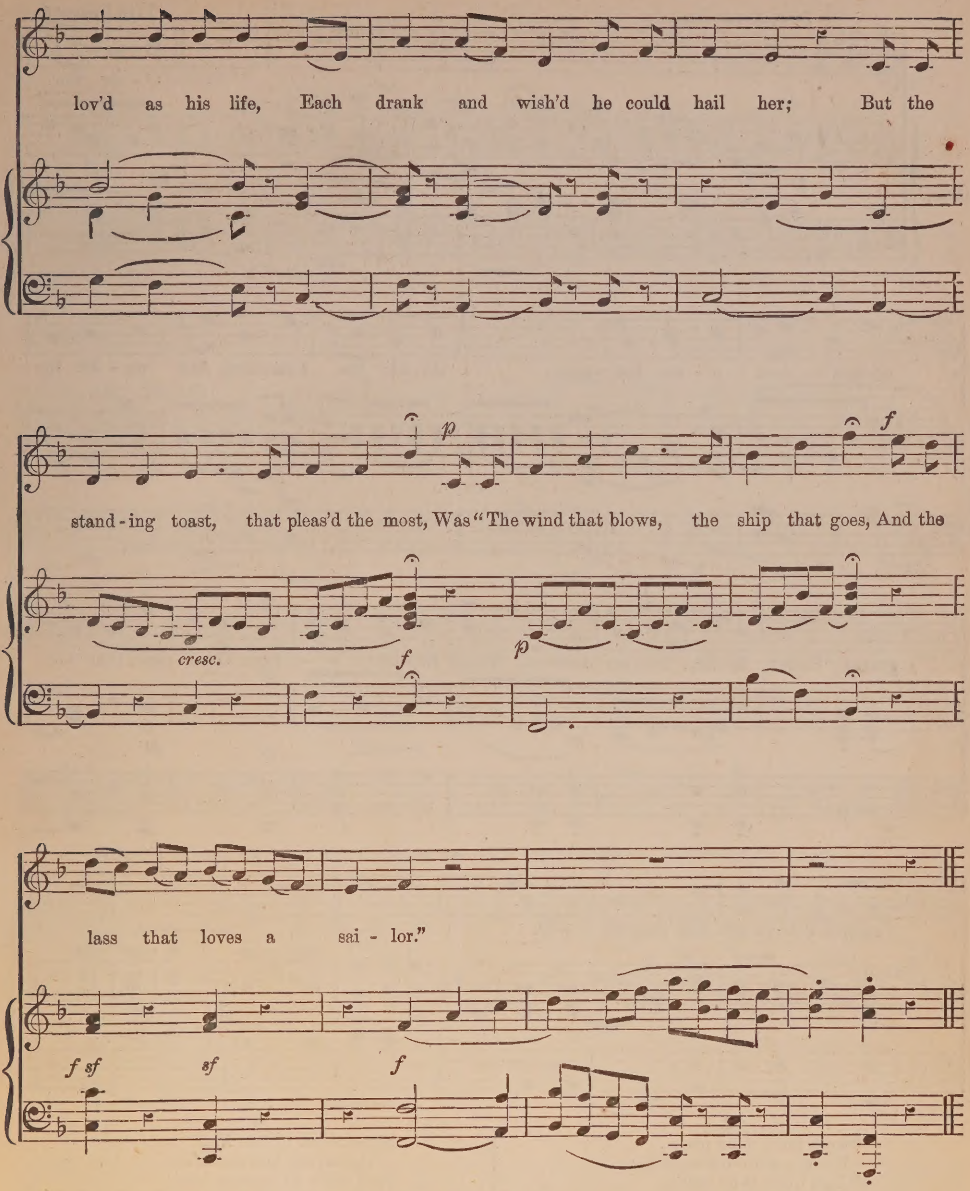

Allegro conspirito.
PIANO.
f
sf
sf
1. The hunt is up, the hunt is up, And it is well nigh day:……. And
f
Har-ry, our King, has gone hunt-ing, To bring his deer to bay……. The East is bright with
mf
morn-ing light, And dark-ness it is fled;……. The mer-ry home wakes up the morn To


leave his i - dle bed.......
f
f
sf
sf
2. The sun is glad to see us clad All in our lus - ty green,...... And
f
smiles in the sky, as he ris-eth high, To see and to be seen....... A-wake, all men, I
mf
say a - gain, Be mer - ry as you may,....... For Har-ry, our King, is gone hunt-ing To
bring his deer to bay.......
f
f
sf
sf

The Lass that loves a Sailor.

DIBDIN.


Allegretto.
PIANO.
mf
p
1. The moon on the o - cean was dimm'd by a rip - ple, Af - ford - ing a che-quer'd de -
light; The gay jol - ly tars pass'd the word for the tip - ple, And the
toast, for 'twas Sa - tur - day night. Some sweet - heart or wife, he
p
mf
p


lov'd as his life, Each drank and wish'd he could hail her; But the
stand-ing toast, that pleas'd the most, Was "The wind that blows, the ship that goes, And the
lass that loves a sai - lor."
p
f
cresc.
f
p
f sf
sf
f

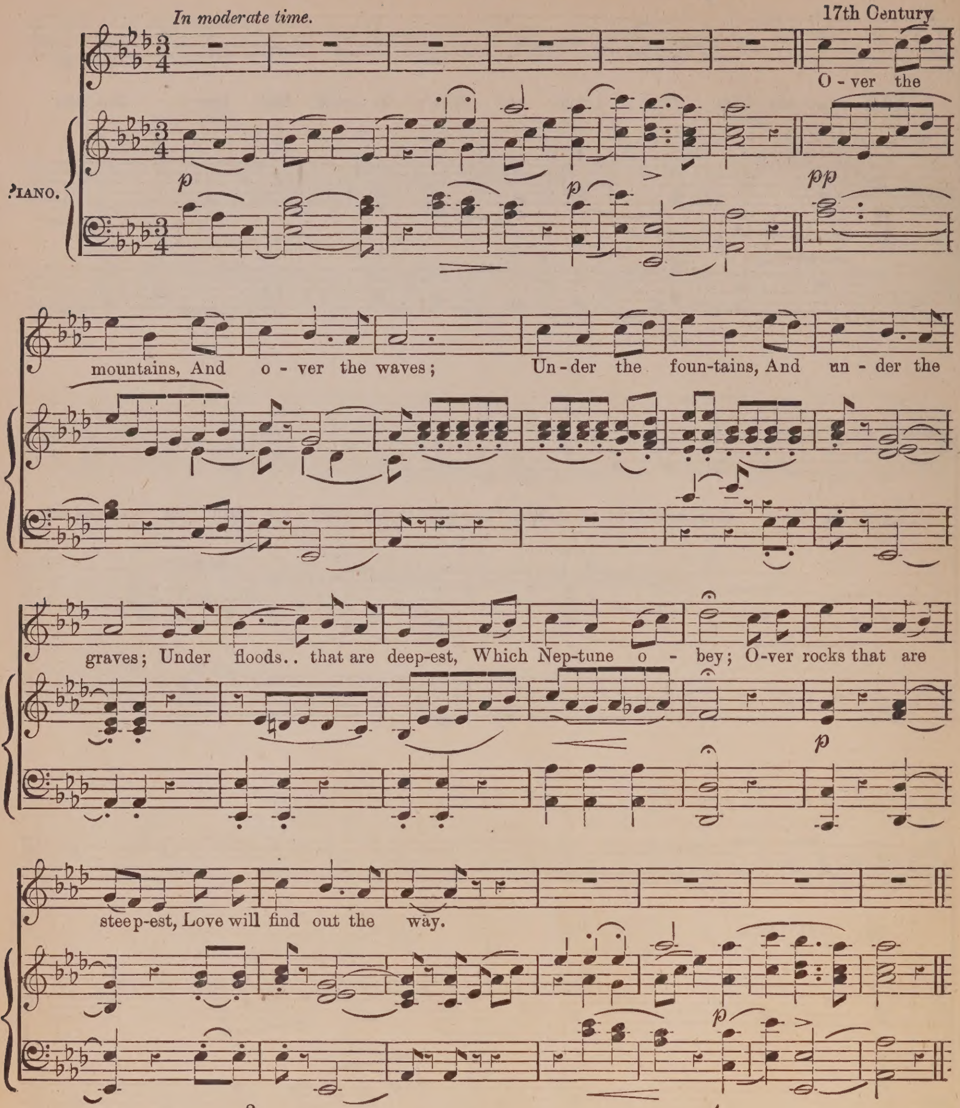
2.

Some drank "The Queen," and some her brave ships,
  And some "The Constitution;"
Some "May our foes, and all such rips,
  Yield to English resolution;"
That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
  And that they soon might hail her;
      But the standing toast,
      That pleas'd the most,
      Was "The wind that blows,
      The ship that goes,
  And the lass that loves a sailor."

3.

Some drank "The Prince," and some "Our Land,"
  This glorious land of freedom;
Some "That our tars may never want
  Heroes brave to lead them;"
"That she who's in distress may find
  Such friends as ne'er will fail her;"
      But the standing toast
      That pleas'd the most,
      Was "The wind that blows
      The ship that goes,
  And the lass that loves a sailor."

Love will find out the way.


In moderate time.
17th Century
PIANO.
p
pp
O-ver the mountains, And o-ver the waves; Un-der the foun-tains, And un-der the graves; Under floods.. that are deep-est, Which Nep-tune o-bey; O-ver rocks that are steep-est, Love will find out the way.

2.
Where there is no place
  For the glow-worm to lie;
Where there is no space
  For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture,
  Lest herself fast she lay;
If Love come he will enter,
  And soon find out his way.

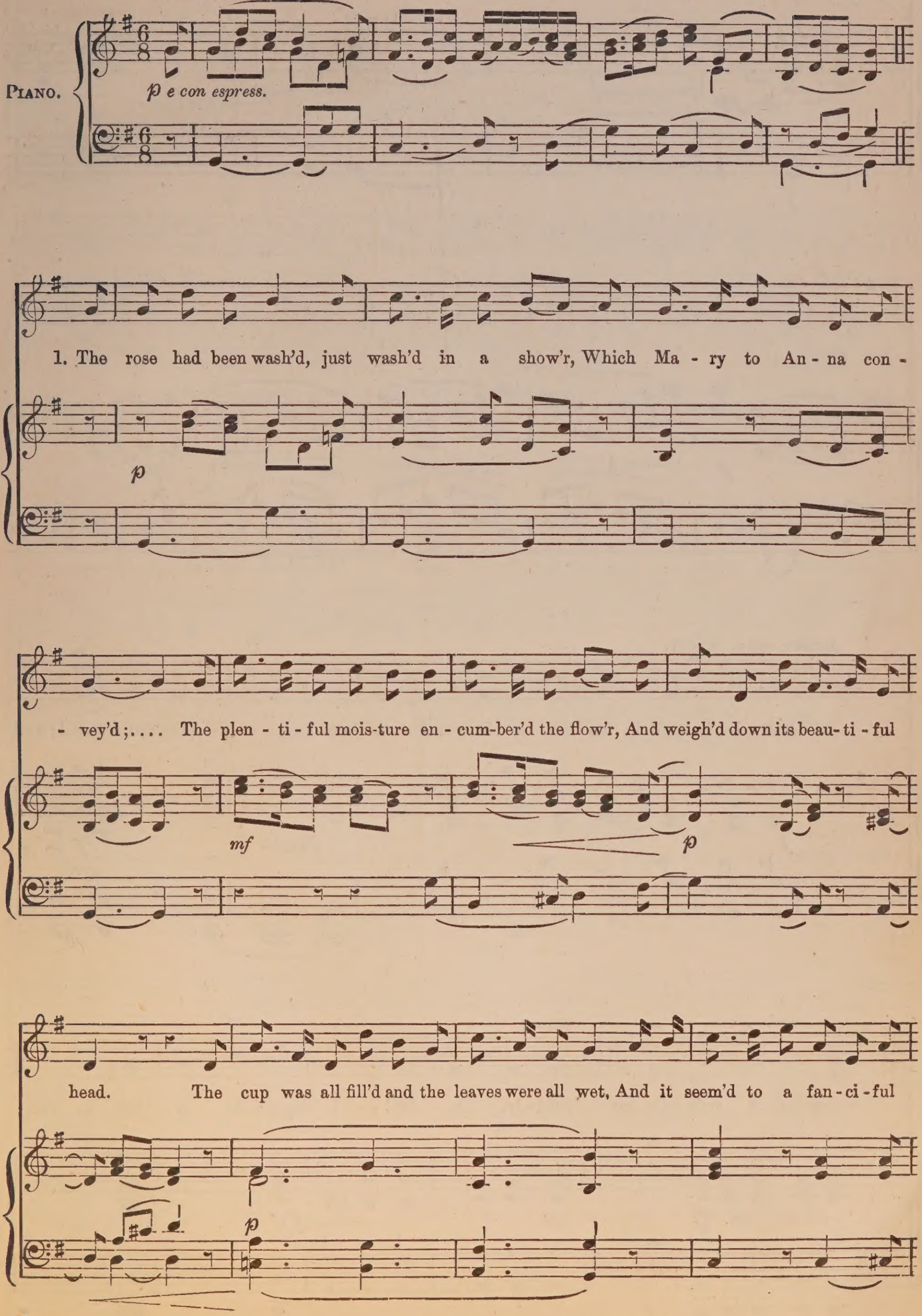
3.
You may esteem him,
  A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
  A coward for his flight;
But if she whom Love doth honour
  Be conceal'd from the day;
Set a thousand guards upon her,
  Love will find out the way.

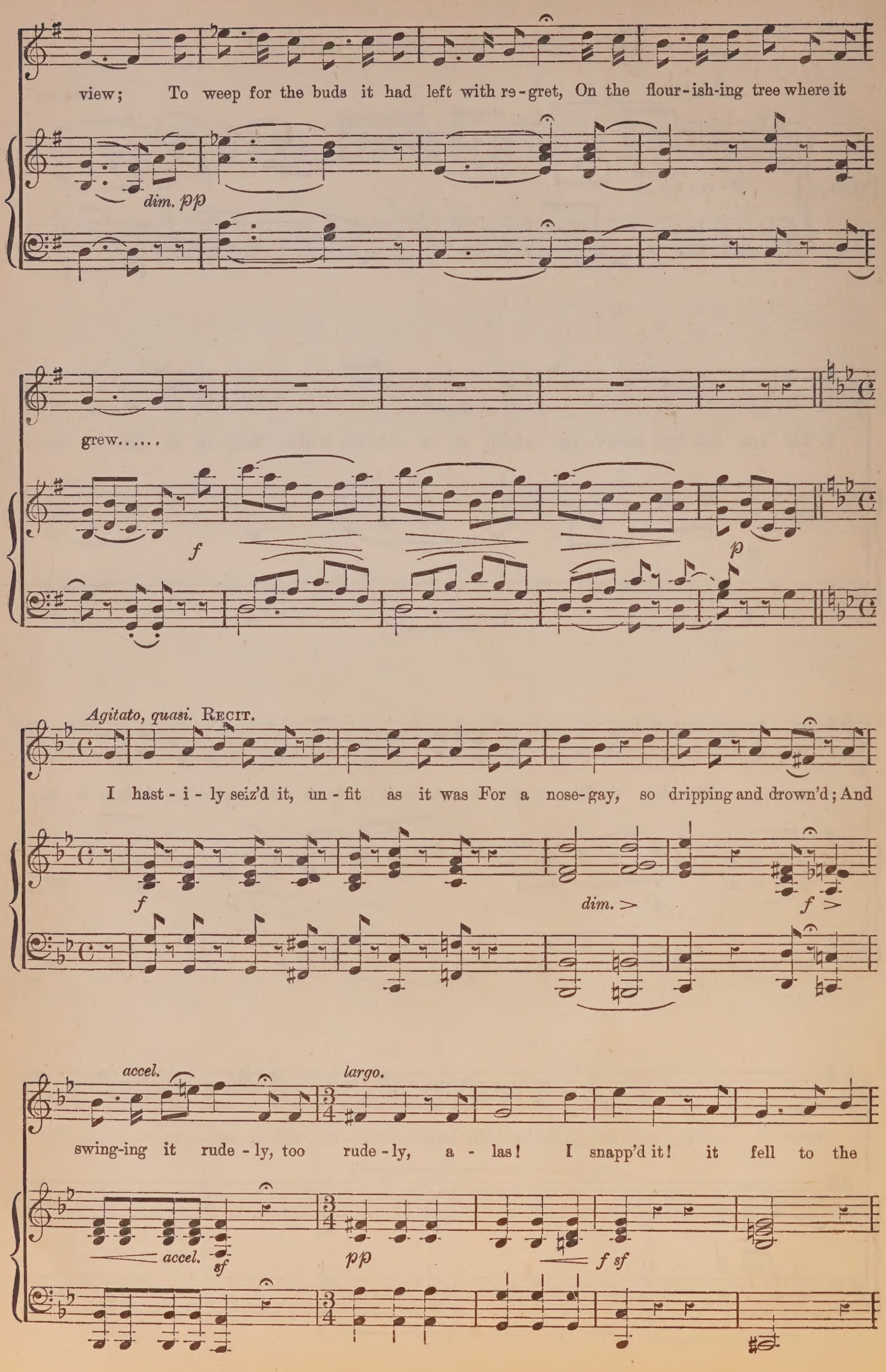
4.
Some think to lose him
  By having him confin'd—
And some do suppose him
  (Poor thing!) to be blind;
But if ne'er so close you wall him,
  Do the best that you may;
Blind Love, (if so you call him,)
  Will find out his way.

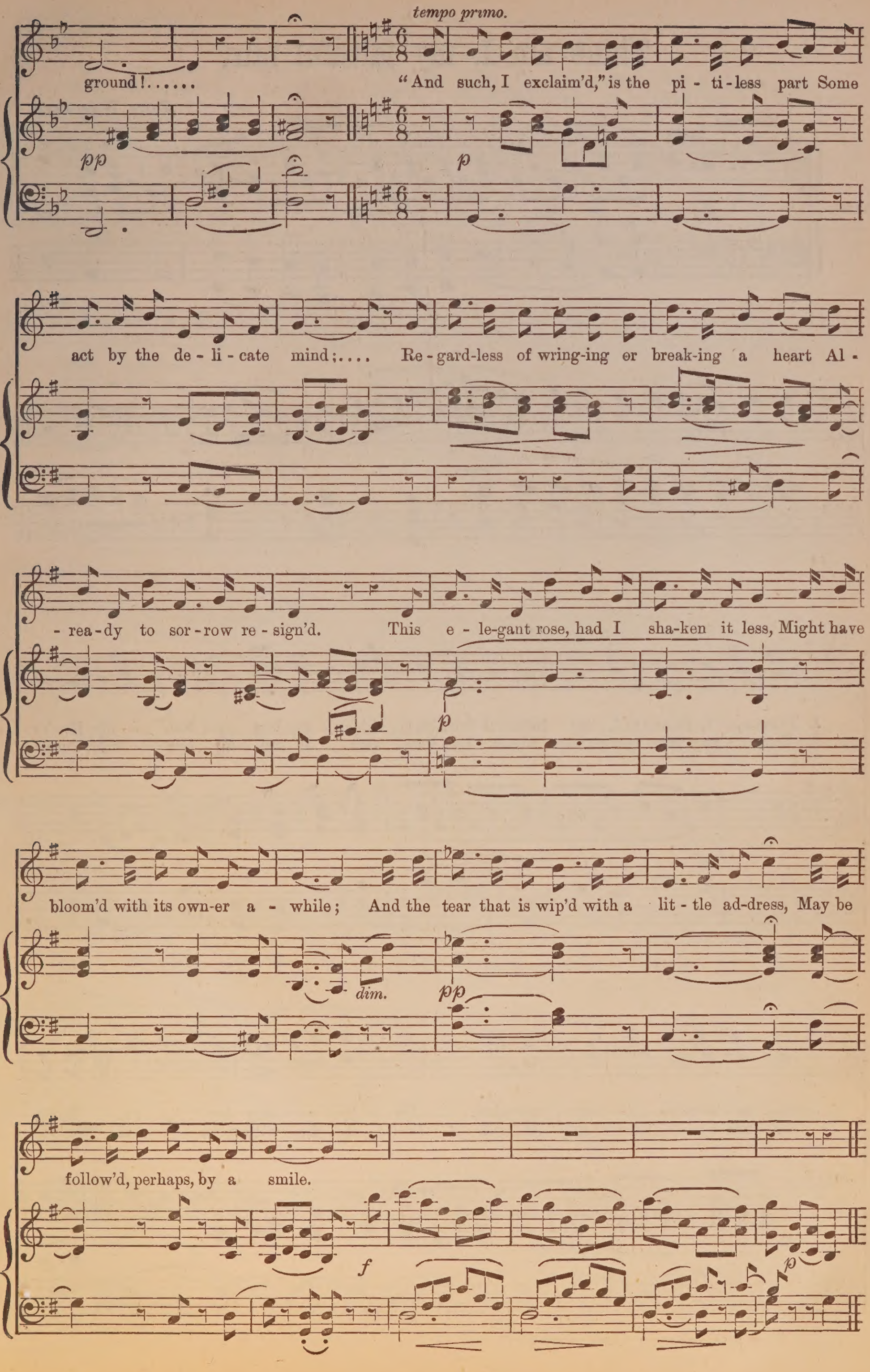
5.
You may train the eagle
  To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
  The Phœnix of the East;
The Lioness, you may move her
  To give o'er her prey;
You'll ne'er stop a lover—
  He will find out his way.

The Rose had been washed.

Larghetto. WEBBE.

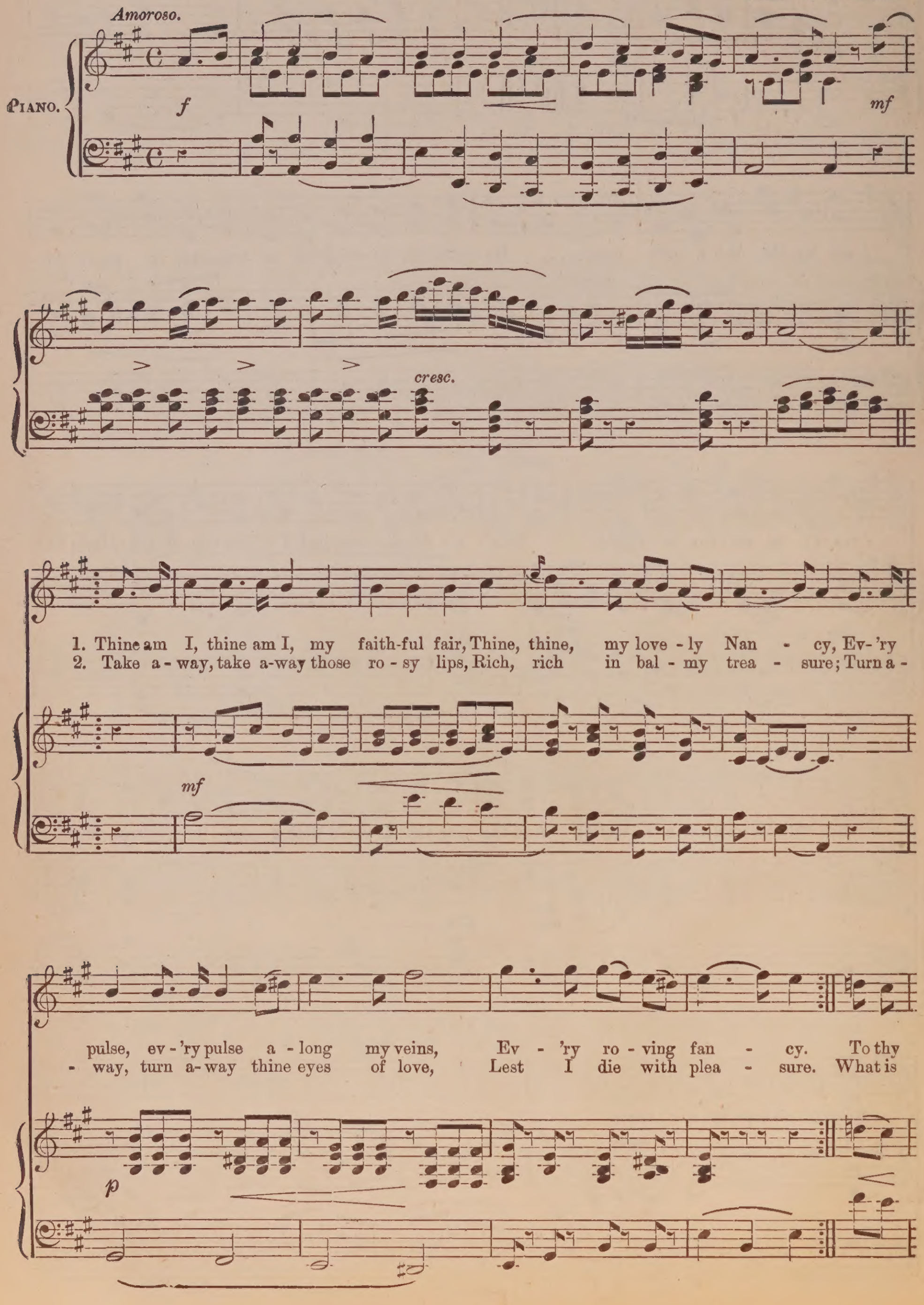

PIANO.
p e con espress.
1. The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r, Which Ma - ry to An - na con -
p
- vey'd;.... The plen - ti - ful mois-ture en - cum-ber'd the flow'r, And weigh'd down its beau- ti - ful
mf
p
head. The cup was all fill'd and the leaves were all wet, And it seem'd to a fan - ci - ful
p

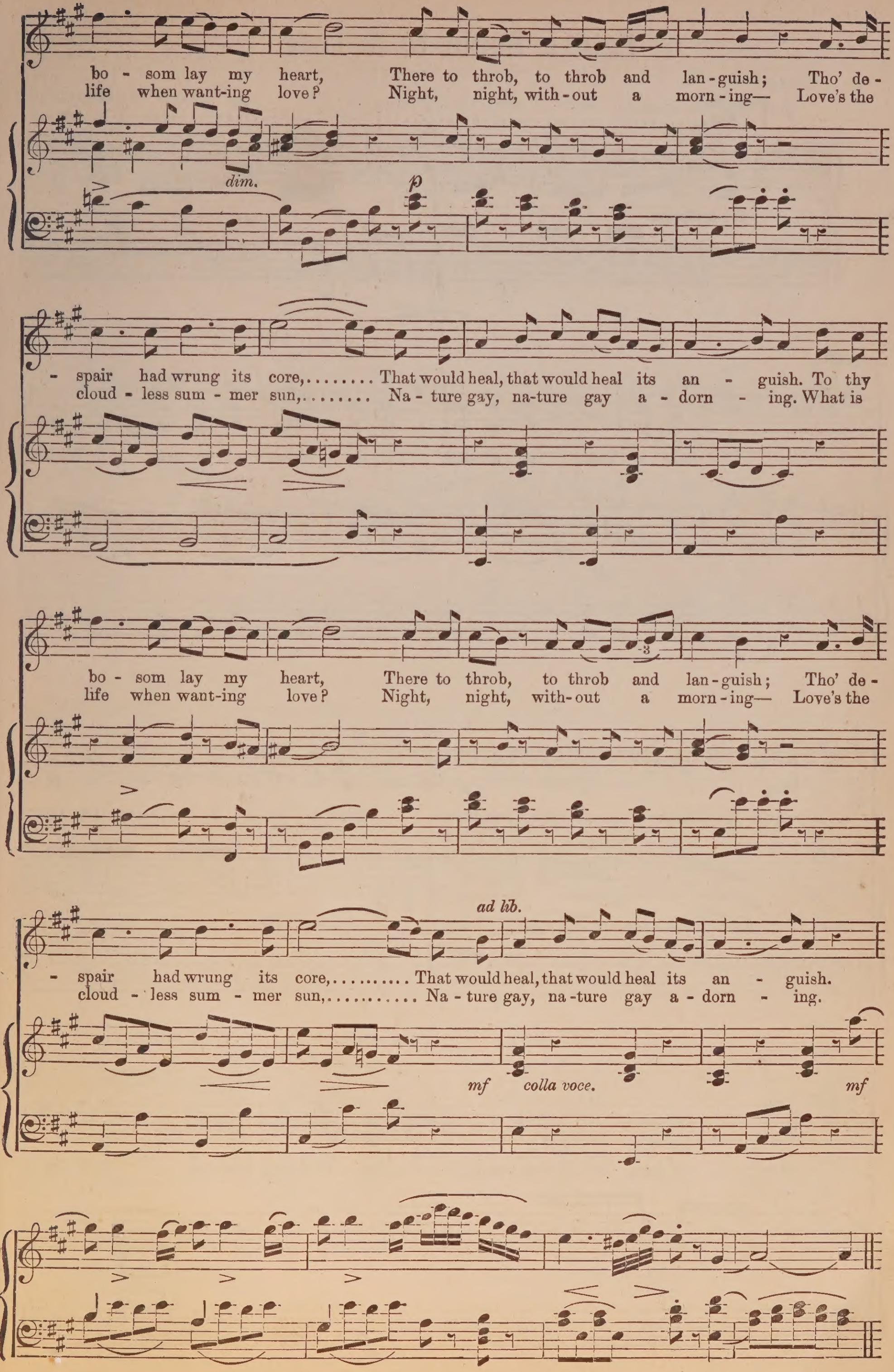

view; To weep for the buds it had left with re-gret, On the flour-ish-ing tree where it
dim. pp
grew......
f
p
Agitato, quasi. RECIT.
I hast-i-ly seiz'd it, un-fit as it was For a nose-gay, so dripping and drown'd; And
f
dim. >
f >
accel.
largo.
swing-ing it rude-ly, too rude-ly, a-las! I snapp'd it! it fell to the
accel.
sf
pp
f sf


tempo primo.
ground!......
"And such, I exclaim'd," is the pi - ti-less part Some
pp
p
act by the de - li - cate mind;.... Re - gard-less of wring-ing or break-ing a heart Al -
- rea - dy to sor - row re - sign'd. This e - le-gant rose, had I sha-ken it less, Might have
p
bloom'd with its own-er a - while; And the tear that is wip'd with a lit - tle ad-dress, May be
dim.
pp
follow'd, perhaps, by a smile.
f
p

Thine am I, my faithful fair.

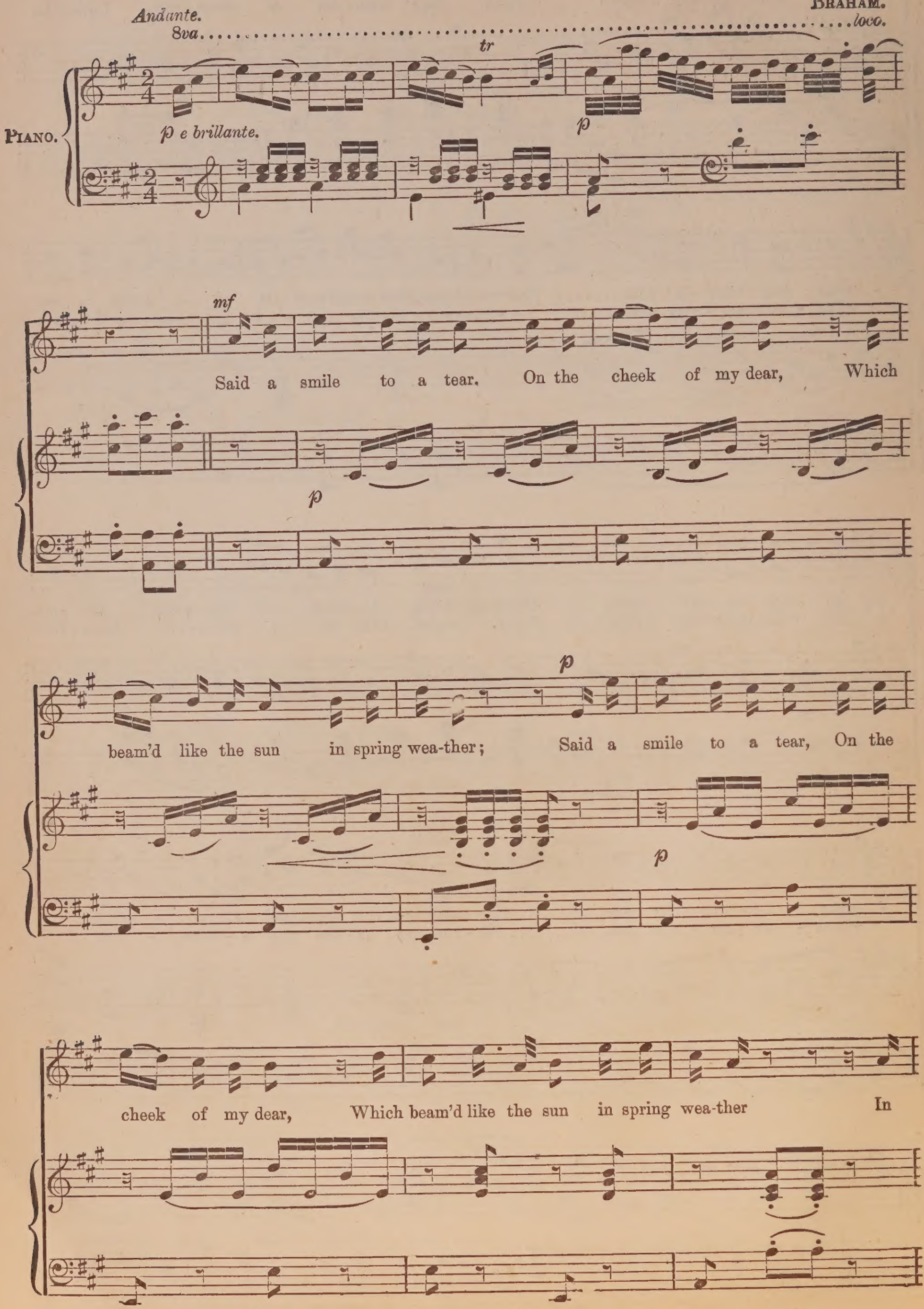
JOHN WHITAKER.

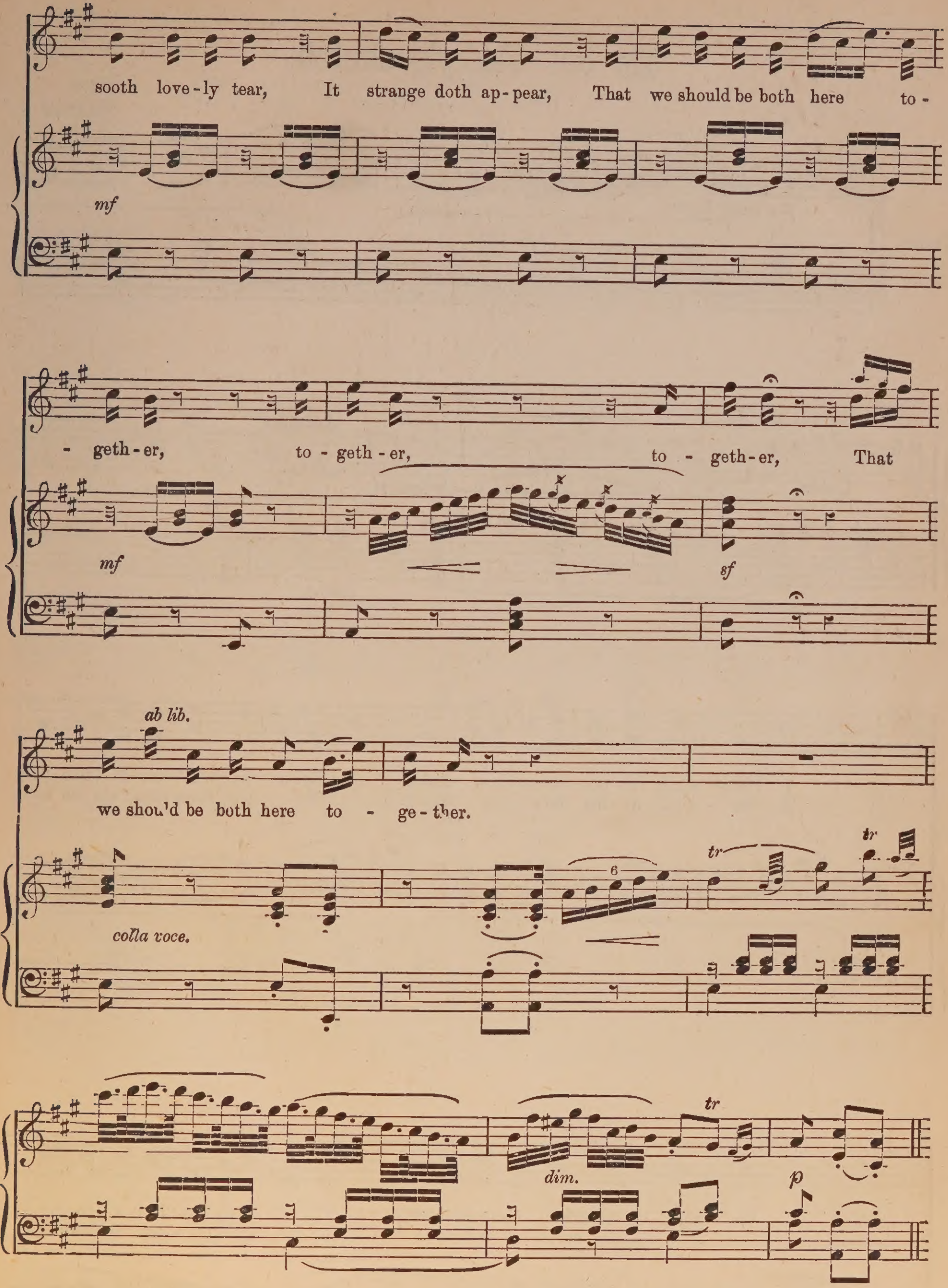

Amoroso.
PIANO.
f
mf
cresc.
1. Thine am I, thine am I, my faith-ful fair, Thine, thine, my love-ly Nan - cy, Ev-'ry pulse, ev-'ry pulse a-long my veins, Ev - 'ry ro-ving fan - cy. To thy
2. Take a-way, take a-way those ro-sy lips, Rich, rich in bal-my trea - sure; Turn a - way, turn a-way thine eyes of love, Lest I die with plea - sure. What is
mf
p


bo - som lay my heart, There to throb, to throb and lan - guish; Tho' de -
life when want-ing love? Night, night, with - out a morn - ing— Love's the
dim.
p
- spair had wrung its core,........ That would heal, that would heal its an - guish. To thy
cloud - less sum - mer sun,........ Na - ture gay, na-ture gay a - dorn - ing. What is
bo - som lay my heart, There to throb, to throb and lan - guish; Tho' de -
life when want-ing love? Night, night, with - out a morn - ing— Love's the
3
- spair had wrung its core,.......... That would heal, that would heal its an - guish.
cloud - less sum - mer sun,.......... Na - ture gay, na - ture gay a - dorn - ing.
ad lib.
mf
colla voce.
mf

Said a Smile to a Tear.

BRAHAM.


Andante.
8va
loco.
tr
PIANO.
p e brillante.
p
mf
Said a smile to a tear, On the cheek of my dear, Which
p
beam'd like the sun in spring wea-ther; Said a smile to a tear, On the
p
p
cheek of my dear, Which beam'd like the sun in spring wea-ther In


sooth love-ly tear, It strange doth ap-pear, That we should be both here to-
mf
-geth-er, to-geth-er, to-geth-er, That
mf
sf
ab lib.
we shou'd be both here to-ge-ther.
colla voce.
tr
tr
6
tr
dim.
p

2.

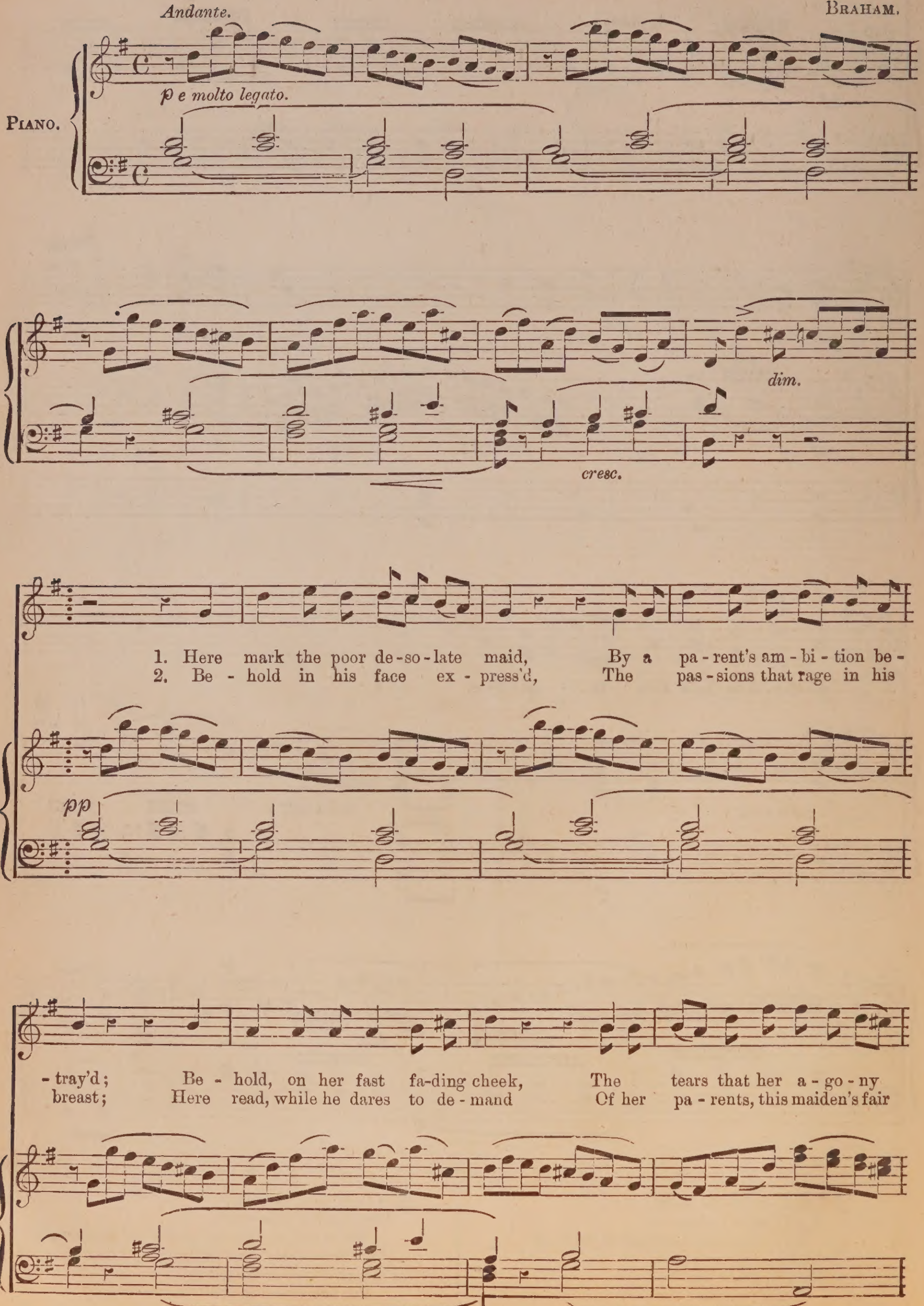
://: I came from the heart,
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief; ://:
And I, said the smile,
That heart to beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

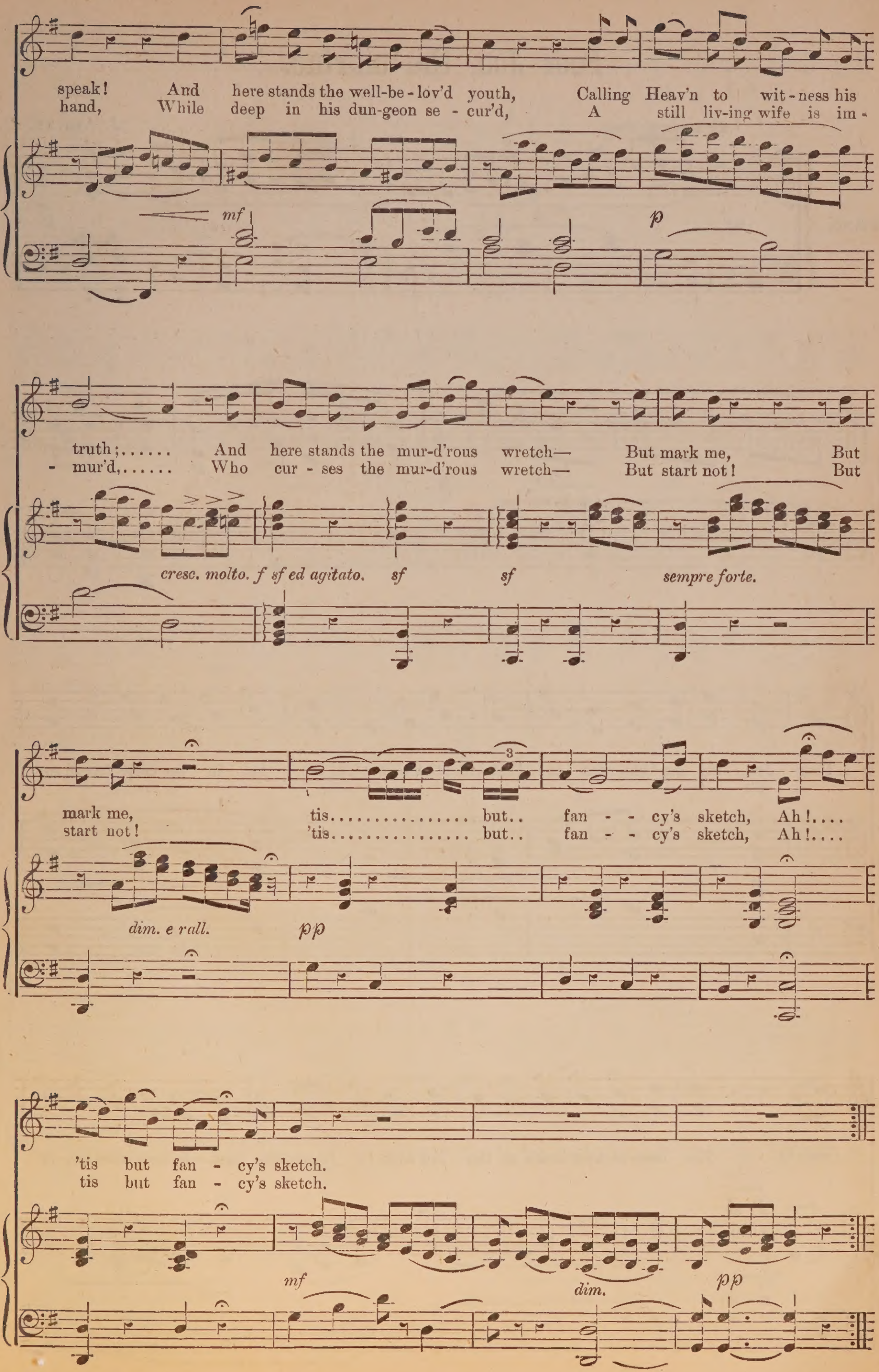
3.

://: O then, said the tear,
Sweet smile it is clear,
We're twins, and soft pity's our mother; ://:
And how lovely that face
Which together we grace,
For the woe and the bliss of another.

'Tis but Fancy's sketch.

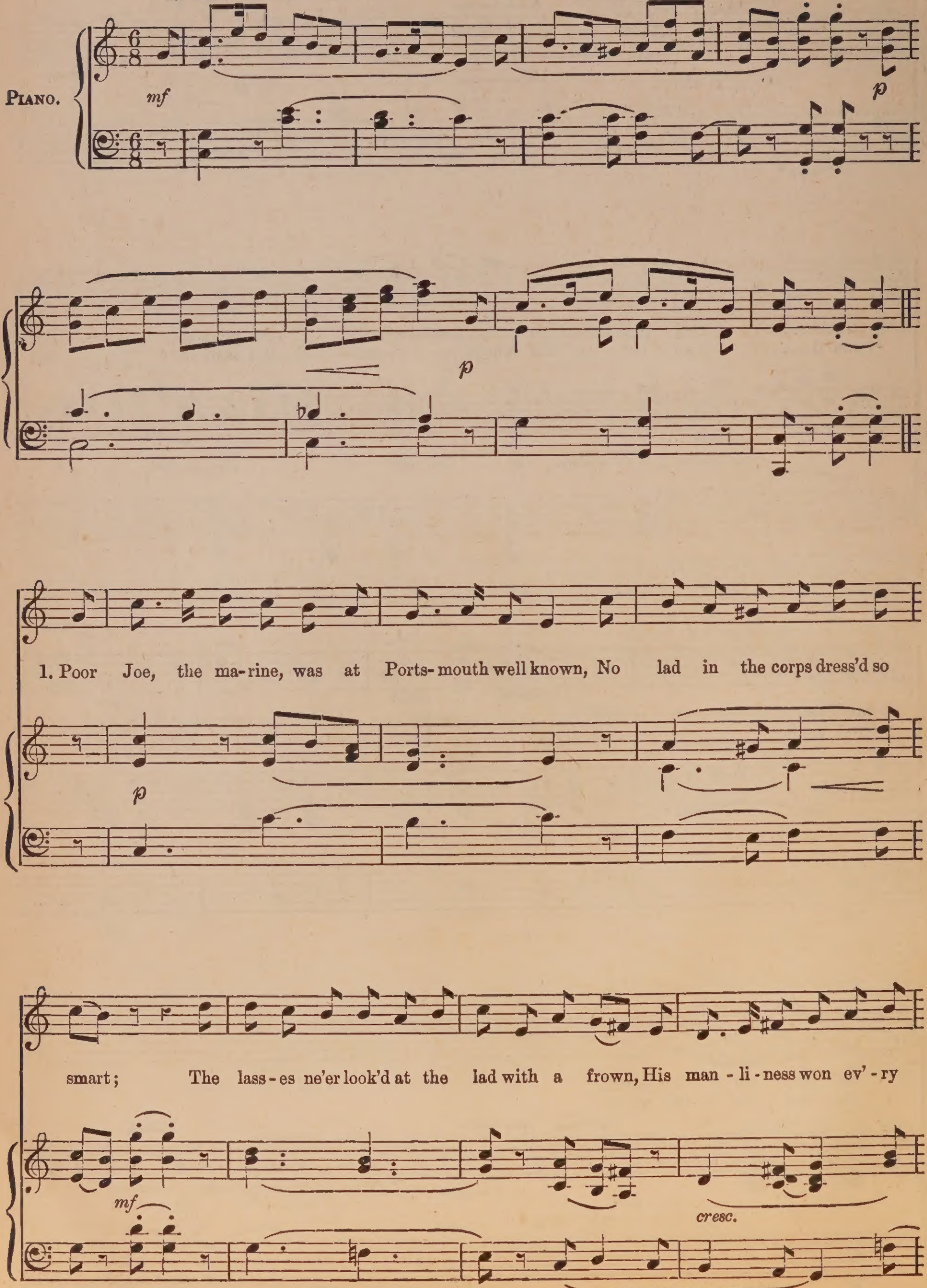
BRAHAM.

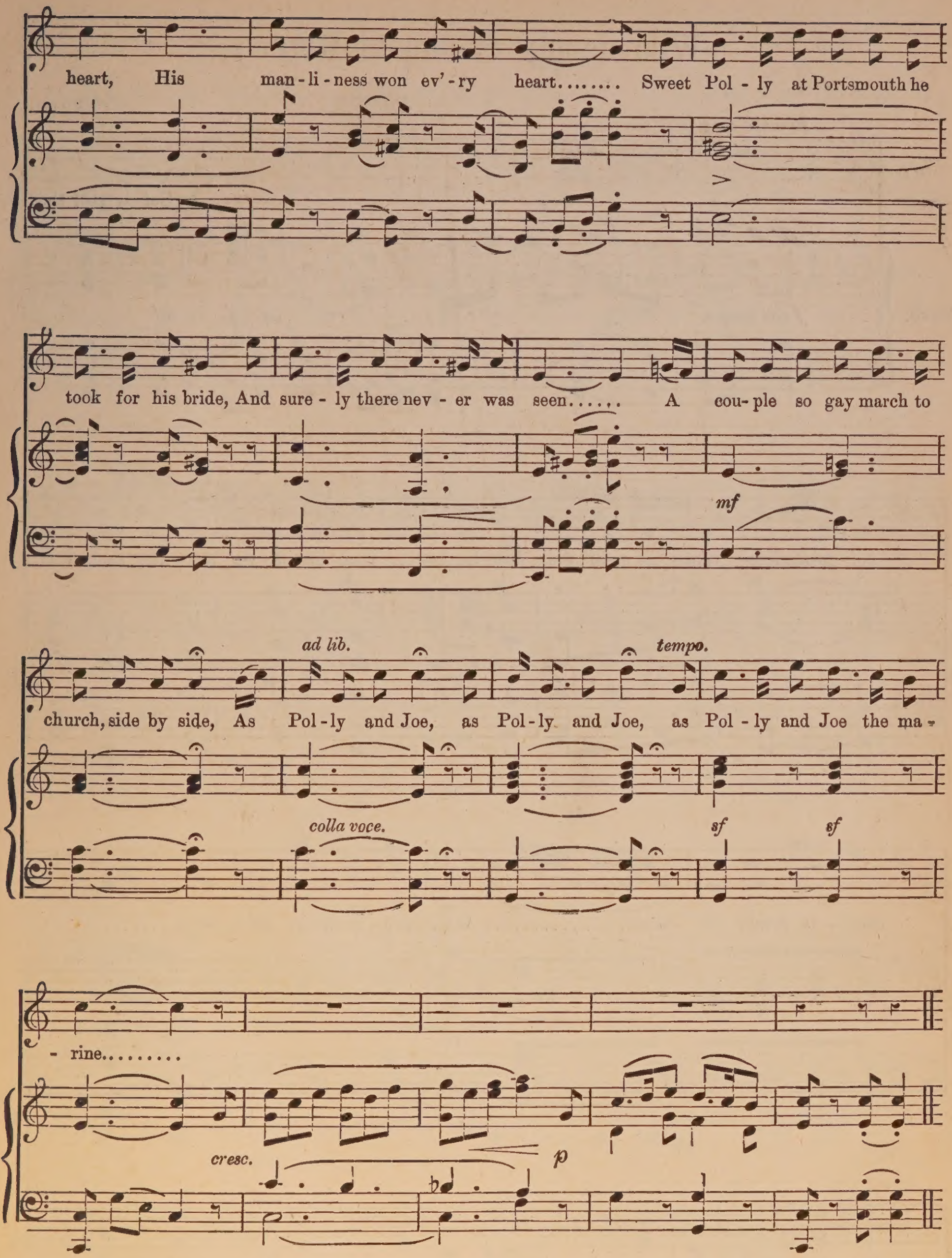

Andante.
PIANO.
p e molto legato.
dim.
cresc.
1. Here mark the poor de-so-late maid, By a pa-rent's am-bi-tion be-
2. Be-hold in his face ex-press'd, The pas-sions that rage in his
pp
-tray'd; Be-hold, on her fast fa-ding cheek, The tears that her a-go-ny
breast; Here read, while he dares to de-mand Of her pa-rents, this maiden's fair


speak! And here stands the well-be-lov'd youth, Calling Heav'n to wit-ness his
hand, While deep in his dun-geon se-cur'd, A still liv-ing wife is im-
mf
p
truth;...... And here stands the mur-d'rous wretch— But mark me, But
-mur'd,...... Who cur-ses the mur-d'rous wretch— But start not! But
cresc. molto. f sf ed agitato. sf sf sempre forte.
mark me, tis................ but.. fan-cy's sketch, Ah!....
start not! 'tis................ but.. fan-cy's sketch, Ah!....
3
dim. e rall. pp
'tis but fan-cy's sketch.
tis but fan-cy's sketch.
mf dim. pp

Poor Joe, the marine.

J. ASHLEY.


In moderate time.
PIANO.
mf
p
p
1. Poor Joe, the ma-rine, was at Ports-mouth well known, No lad in the corps dress'd so
p
smart; The lass-es ne'er look'd at the lad with a frown, His man-li-ness won ev'-ry
mf
cresc.


heart, His man-li-ness won ev'-ry heart........ Sweet Pol-ly at Portsmouth he
took for his bride, And sure-ly there nev-er was seen...... A cou-ple so gay march to
mf
church, side by side, As Pol-ly and Joe, as Pol-ly and Joe, as Pol-ly and Joe the ma-
ad lib.
tempo.
colla voce.
sf
sf
-rine.........
cresc.
p

2.

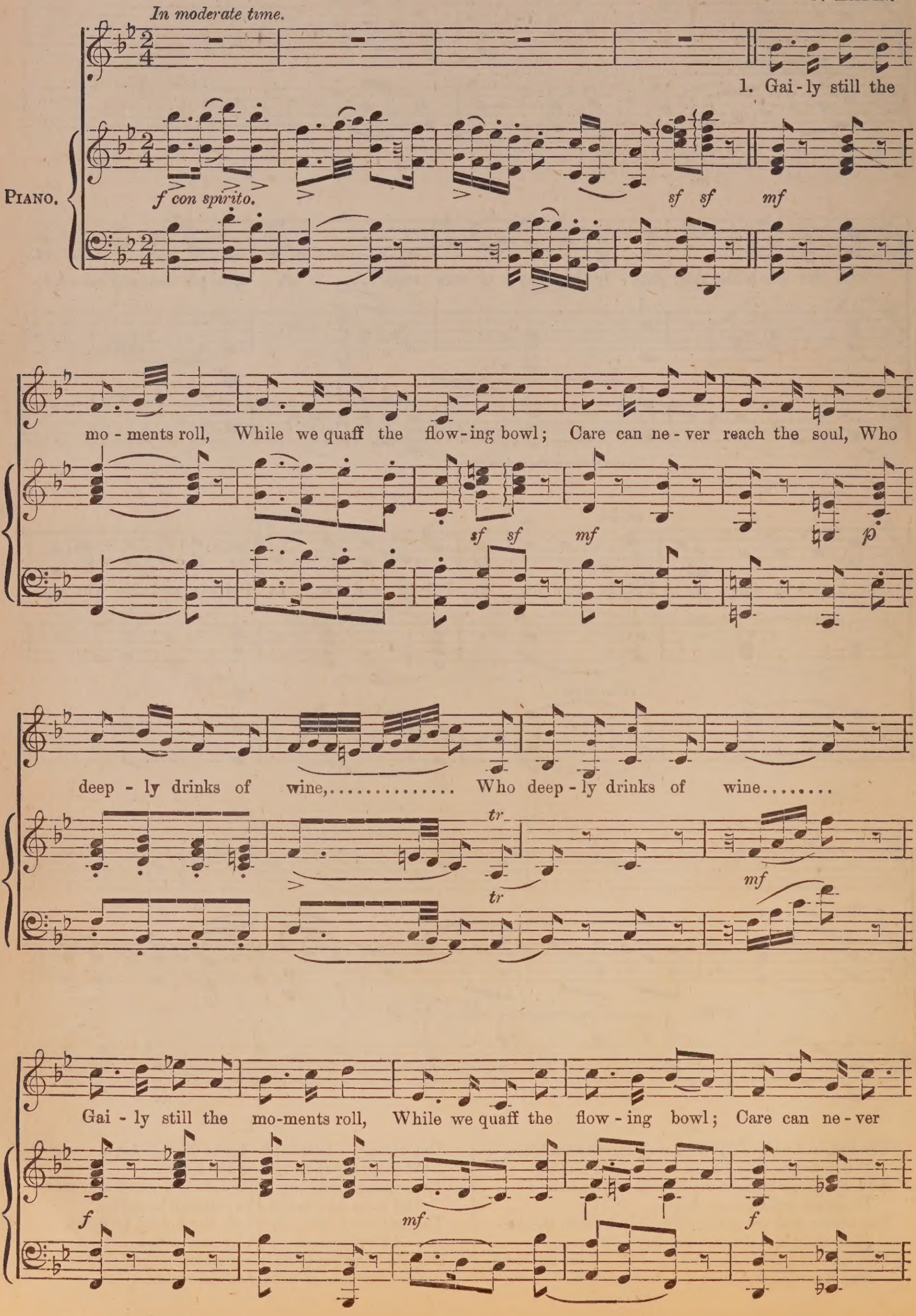
The bright torch of Hymen was scarce in a blaze,
When thund'ring drums they heard rattle;
And Joe in an instant was forc'd to the seas
To give a bold enemy battle.
The action was dreadful, each ship a mere wreck,
Such slaughter few sailors have seen;
Two hundred brave fellows lay strew'd on the deck,
And among them poor Joe the marine.

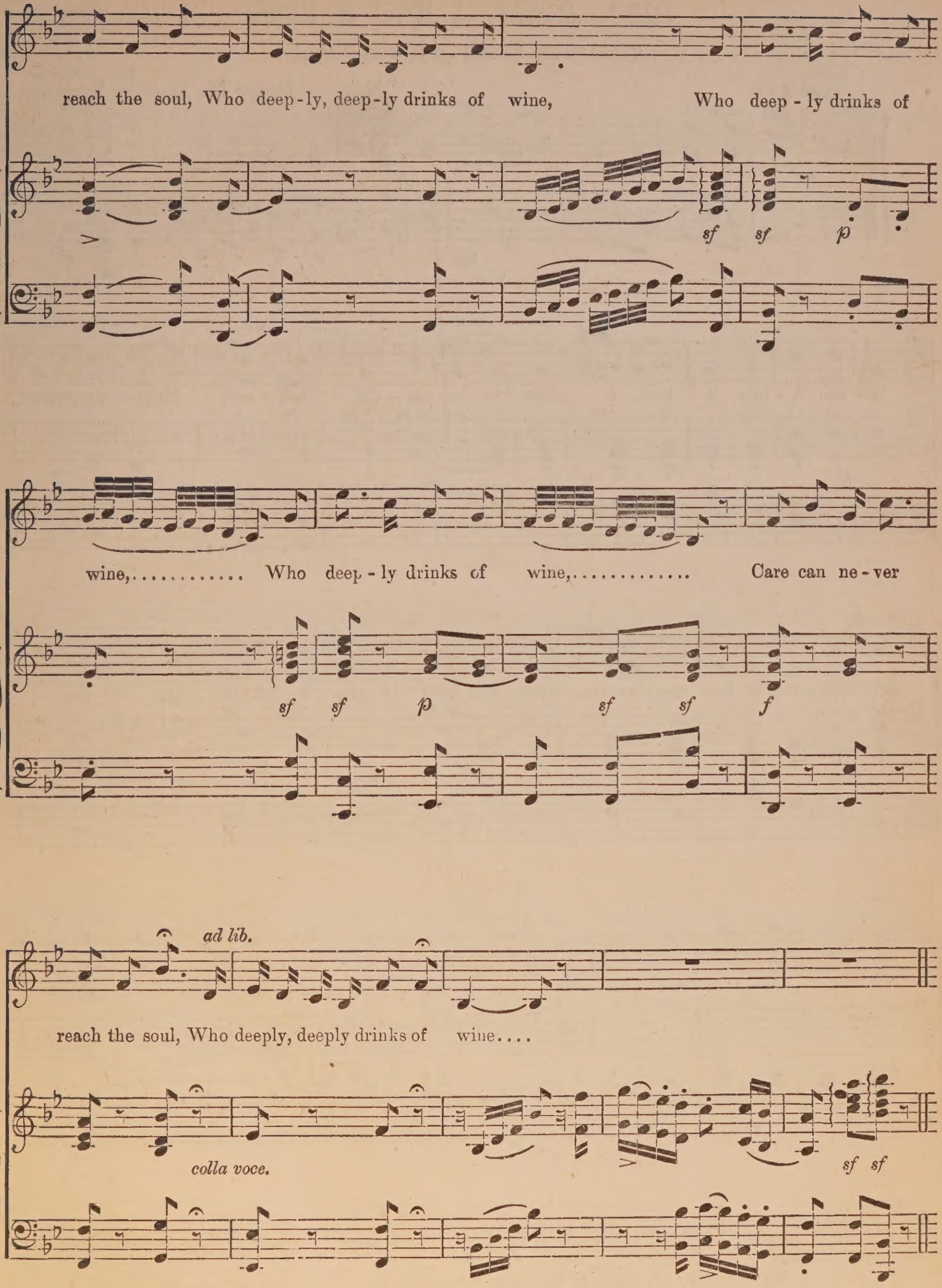
3.

But victory—faithful to brave British tars,
At length put an end to the fight;
Then homeward they steer'd, full of glory and scars,
And soon had fam'd Portsmouth in sight.
The ramparts were crowded, the heroes to greet,
And foremost sweet Polly was seen;
But the very first sailor she chanc'd for to meet,
Told the fate of poor Joe the marine.

Who deeply drinks of wine.

J. EMDIN.


In moderate time.
PIANO.
f con spirito.
sf sf mf
1. Gai-ly still the mo-ments roll, While we quaff the flow-ing bowl; Care can ne-ver reach the soul, Who
sf sf mf p
deep-ly drinks of wine,.............. Who deep-ly drinks of wine........
tr
tr
mf
Gai-ly still the mo-ments roll, While we quaff the flow-ing bowl; Care can ne-ver
f
mf
f


reach the soul, Who deep-ly, deep-ly drinks of wine, Who deep-ly drinks of
sf sf p
wine,………… Who deep-ly drinks of wine,………… Care can ne-ver
sf sf p sf sf f
ad lib.
reach the soul, Who deeply, deeply drinks of wine….
colla voce.
sf sf

2.

See the lover, pale with grief,
Bind his brows with willow leaf;
But his heart soon finds relief,
From drinking deep of wine.

3.

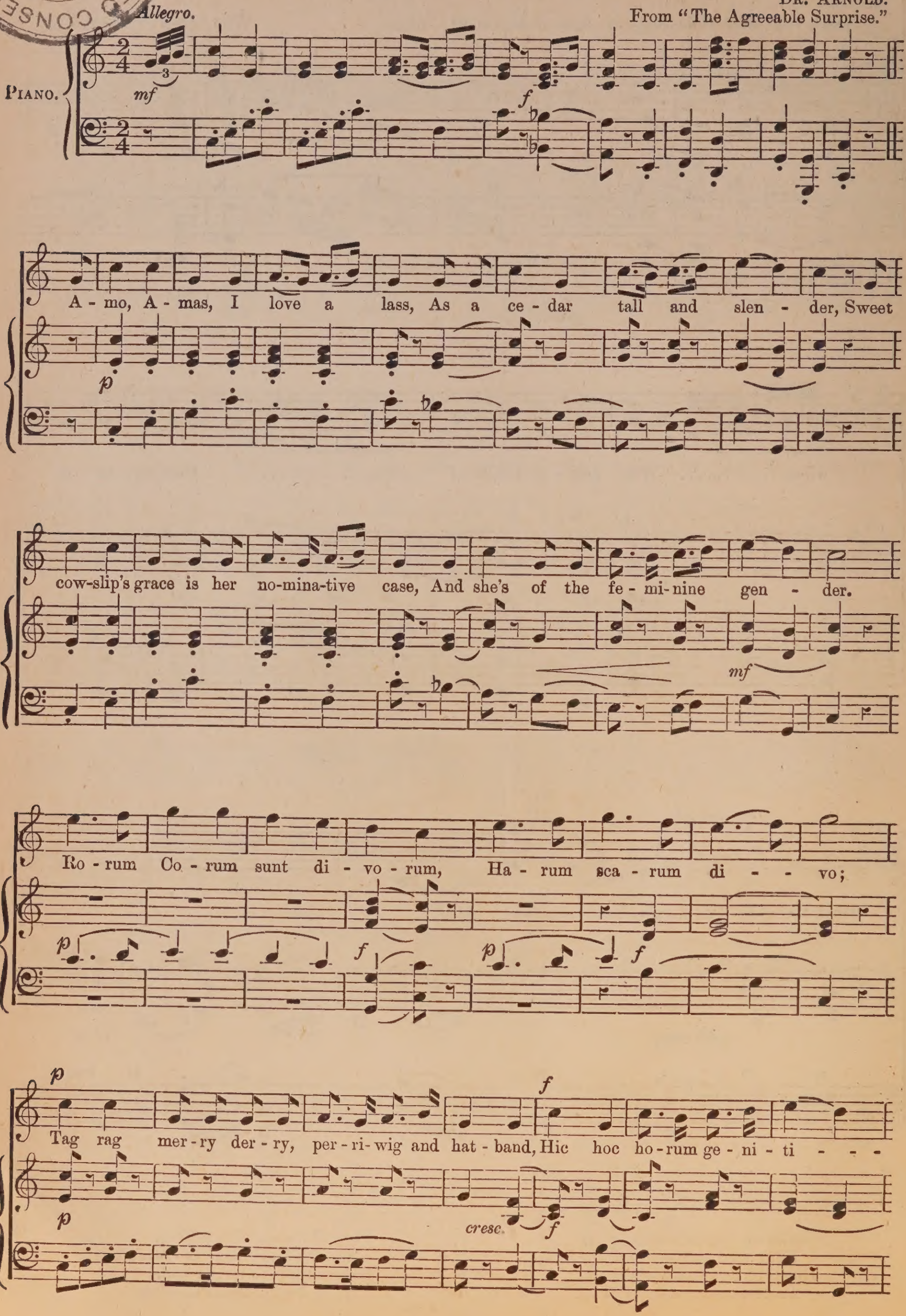
Eyes of fire and lips of dew,
Cheeks that shame the rose's hue;
Dearer those to me, or you,
Who deeply drinks of wine.

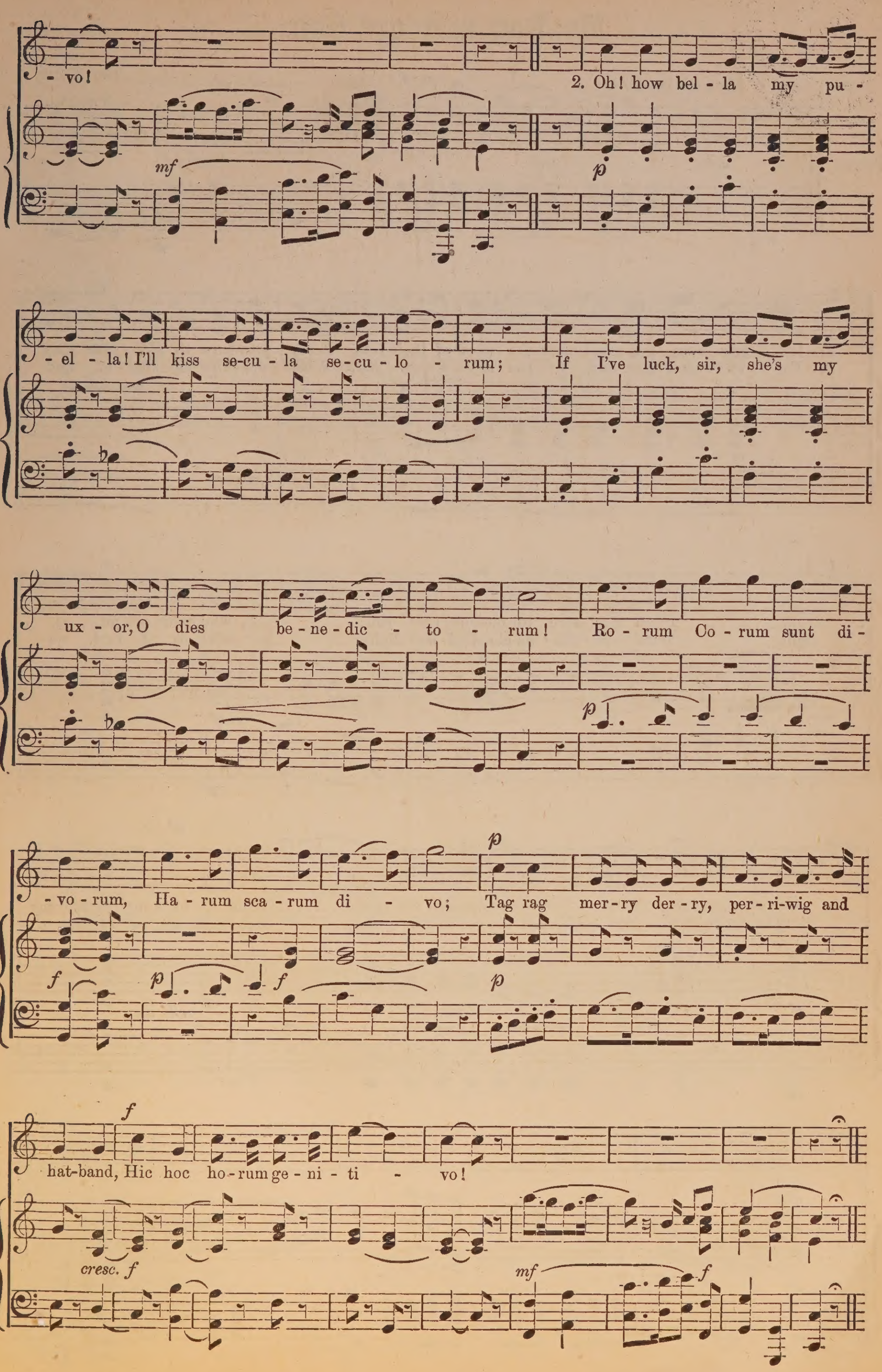
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. TORONTO
MUSICAL LIBRARY

Amo, Amas, I love a lass.

TUNE—"THE MOUSE AND THE FROG."

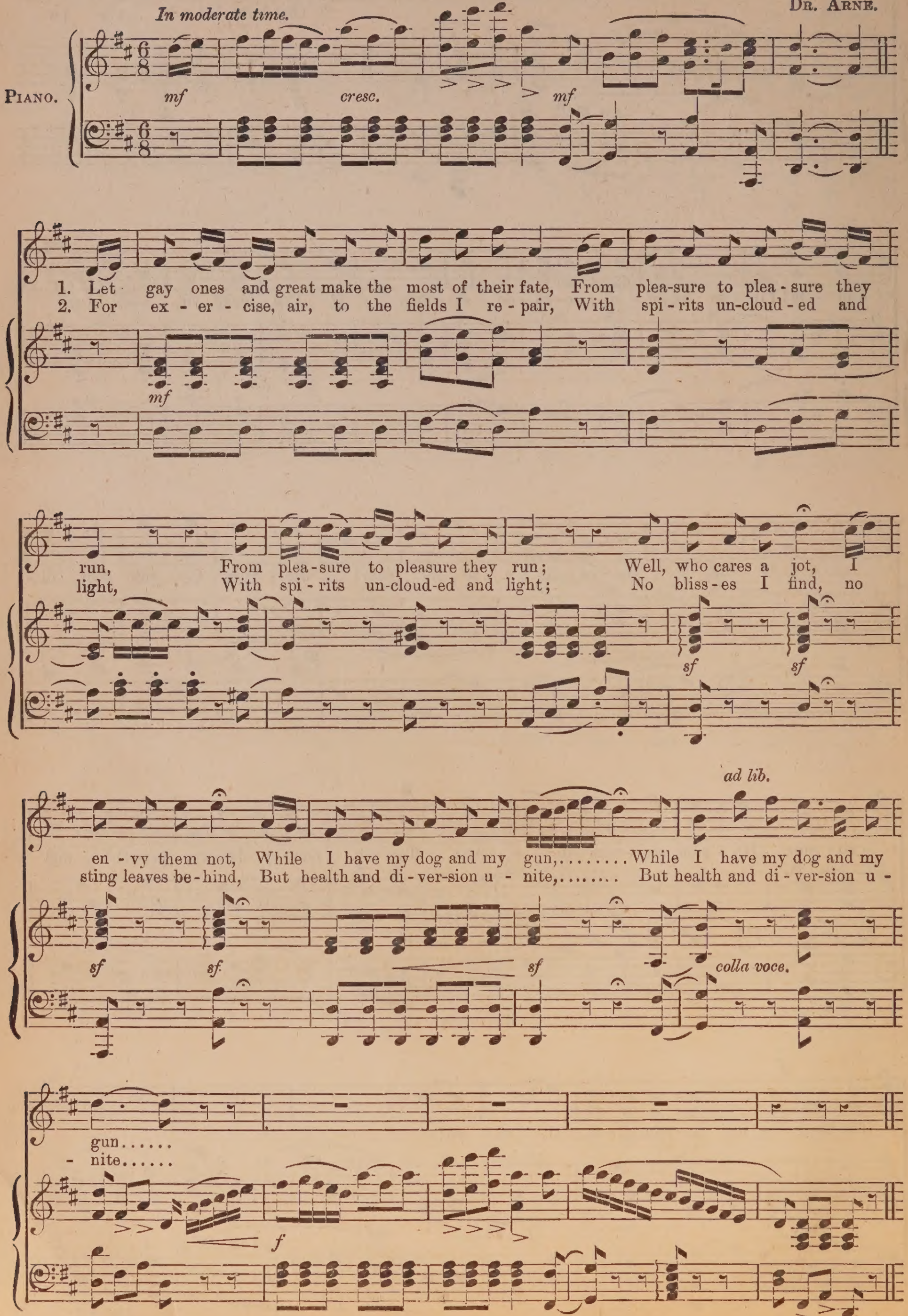
DR. ARNOLD.
From "The Agreeable Surprise."


Allegro.
PIANO.
mf
f
A - mo, A - mas, I love a lass, As a ce - dar tall and slen - der, Sweet
p
cow-slip's grace is her no-mina-tive case, And she's of the fe - mi-nine gen - der.
mf
Ro - rum Co - rum sunt di - vo - rum, Ha - rum sca - rum di - - vo;
p
f
p
f
p
Tag rag mer-ry der - ry, per - ri - wig and hat - band, Hic hoc ho - rum ge - ni - ti - - -
f
p
cresc.
f


- vo! 2. Oh! how bel - la my pu -
mf
p
- el - la! I'll kiss se-cu - la se-cu - lo - rum; If I've luck, sir, she's my
ux - or, O dies be - ne - dic - to - rum! Ro - rum Co - rum sunt di -
p
- vo - rum, Ha - rum sca - rum di - vo; Tag rag mer-ry der - ry, per-ri-wig and
p
f
p
f
p
hat-band, Hic hoc ho-rum ge - ni - ti - vo!
f
cresc. f
mf
f

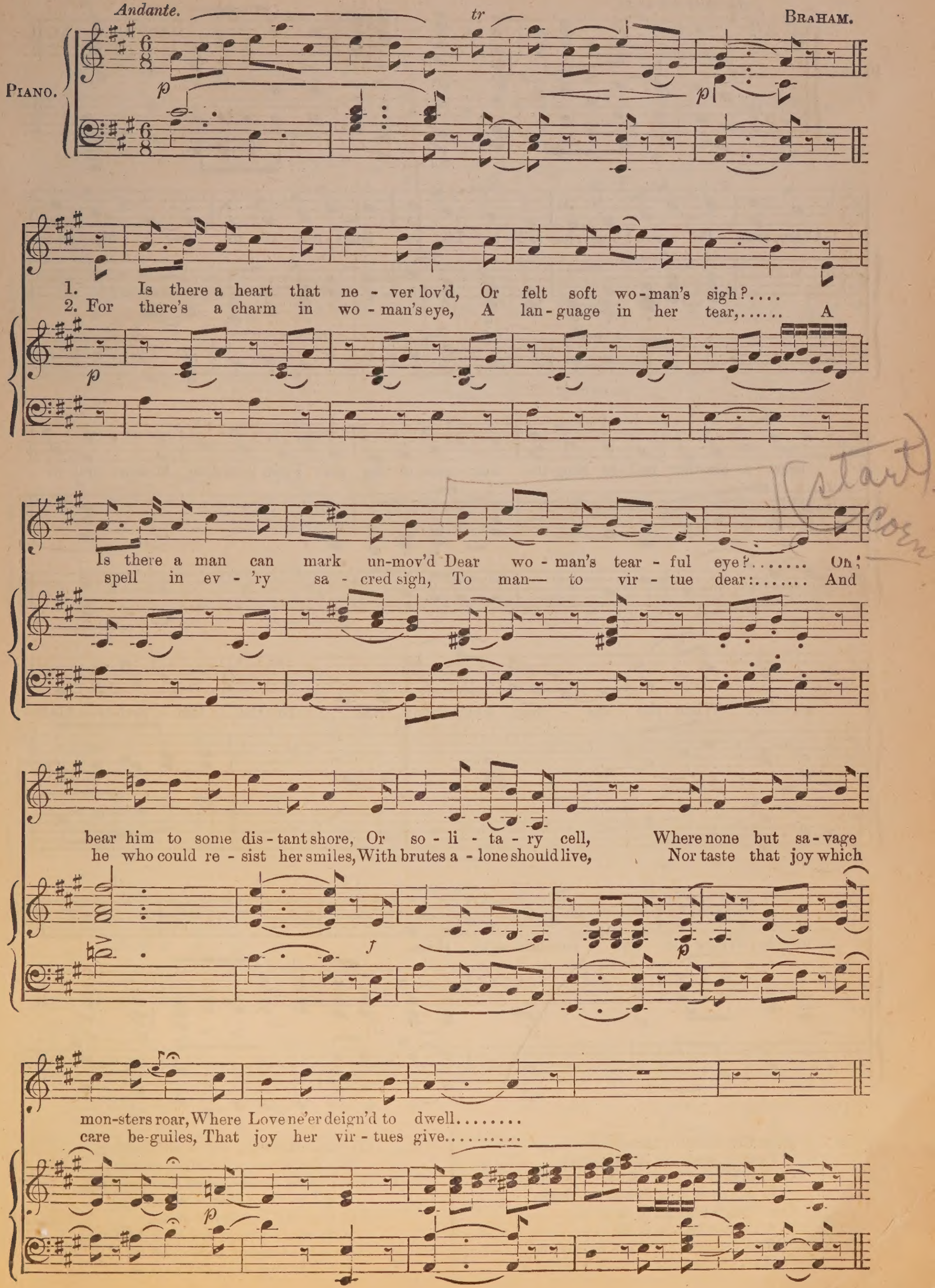
My Dog and my Gun.

DR. ARNE.


In moderate time.
PIANO.
mf
cresc.
mf
1. Let gay ones and great make the most of their fate, From plea-sure to plea-sure they run, From plea-sure to pleasure they run; Well, who cares a jot, I en-vy them not, While I have my dog and my gun,........While I have my dog and my gun......
2. For ex-er-cise, air, to the fields I re-pair, With spi-rits un-cloud-ed and light, With spi-rits un-cloud-ed and light; No bliss-es I find, no sting leaves be-hind, But health and di-ver-sion u-nite,........ But health and di-ver-sion u-nite......
mf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
ad lib.
colla voce.
f

Is there a heart that never lov'd?

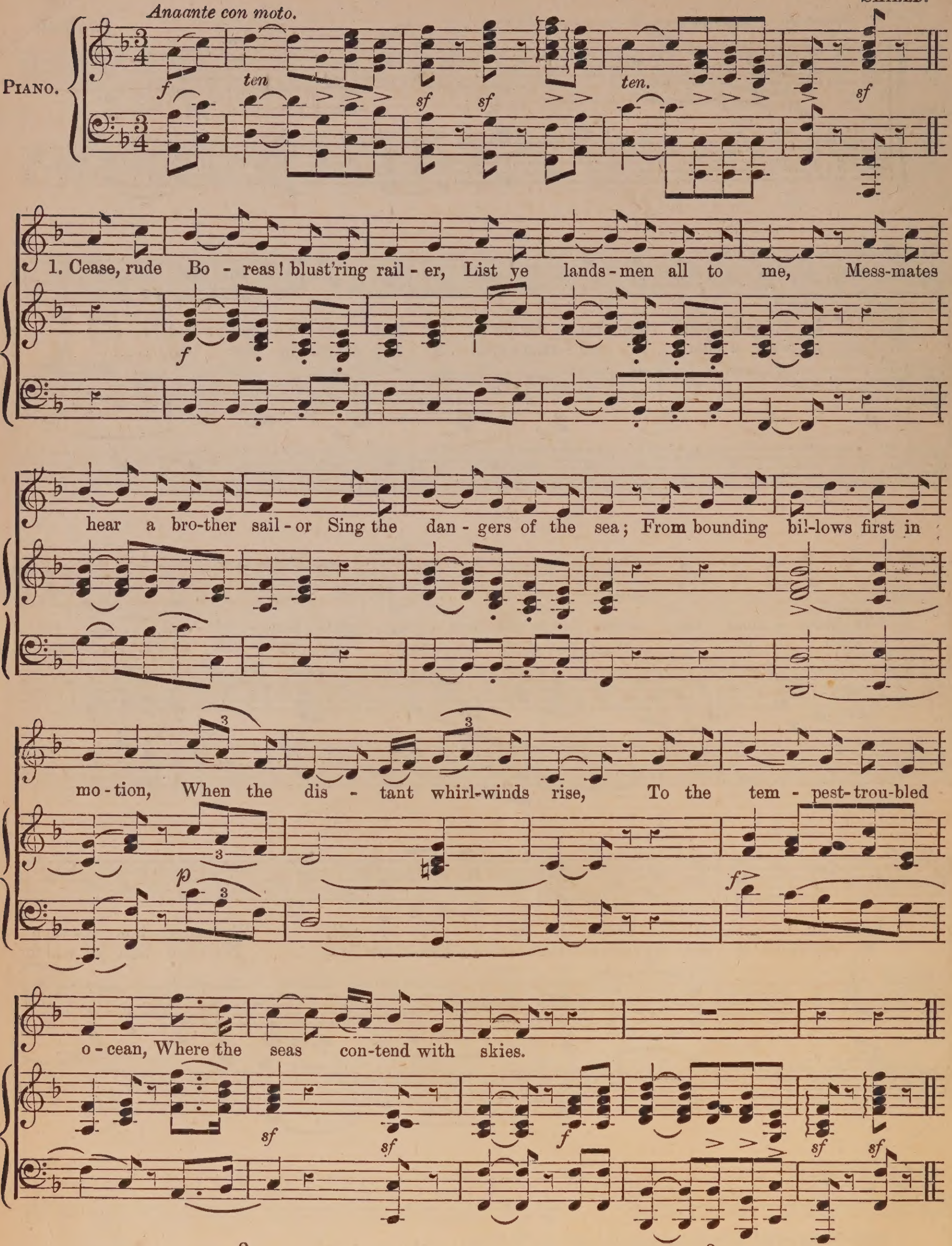
BRAHAM.


Andante.
PIANO.
tr
p
1. Is there a heart that ne - ver lov'd, Or felt soft wo-man's sigh?....
2. For there's a charm in wo - man's eye, A lan-guage in her tear,...... A
Is there a man can mark un-mov'd Dear wo - man's tear - ful eye?....... Oh;
spell in ev - 'ry sa - cred sigh, To man— to vir - tue dear:....... And
bear him to some dis - tant shore, Or so - li - ta - ry cell, Where none but sa - vage
he who could re - sist her smiles, With brutes a - lone should live, Nor taste that joy which
mon-sters roar, Where Love ne'er deign'd to dwell........
care be-guiles, That joy her vir - tues give..........
f
(start
corr

The Storm.

(CEASE, RUDE BOREAS, BLUST'RING RAILER.)

SHIELD.

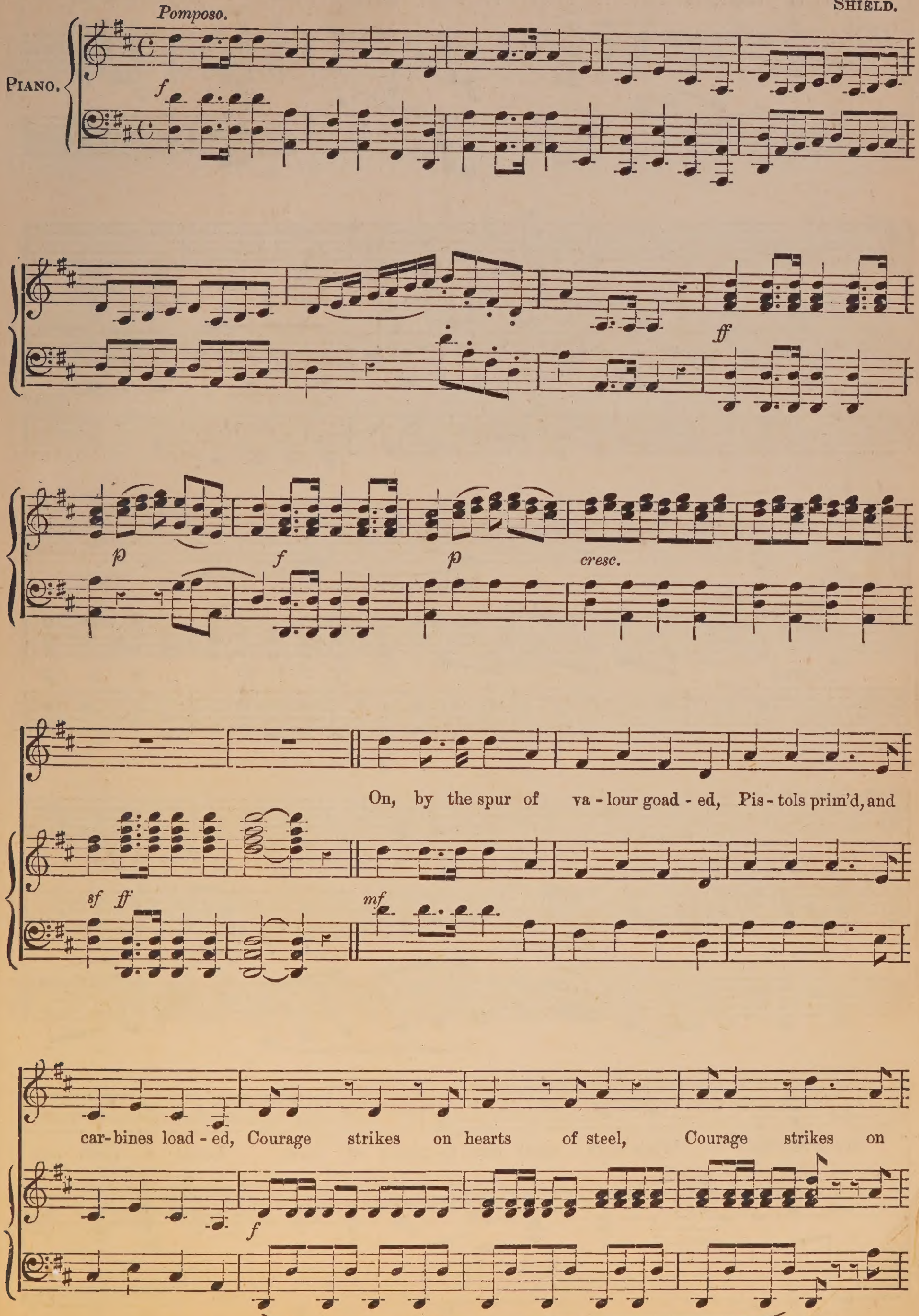

Andante con moto.
Piano.
f
ten
ten.
sf
p
1. Cease, rude Bo - reas! blust'ring rail - er, List ye lands - men all to me, Mess-mates
hear a bro-ther sail - or Sing the dan - gers of the sea; From bounding bil-lows first in
mo - tion, When the dis - tant whirl-winds rise, To the tem - pest-trou-bled
o - cean, Where the seas con-tend with skies.
3

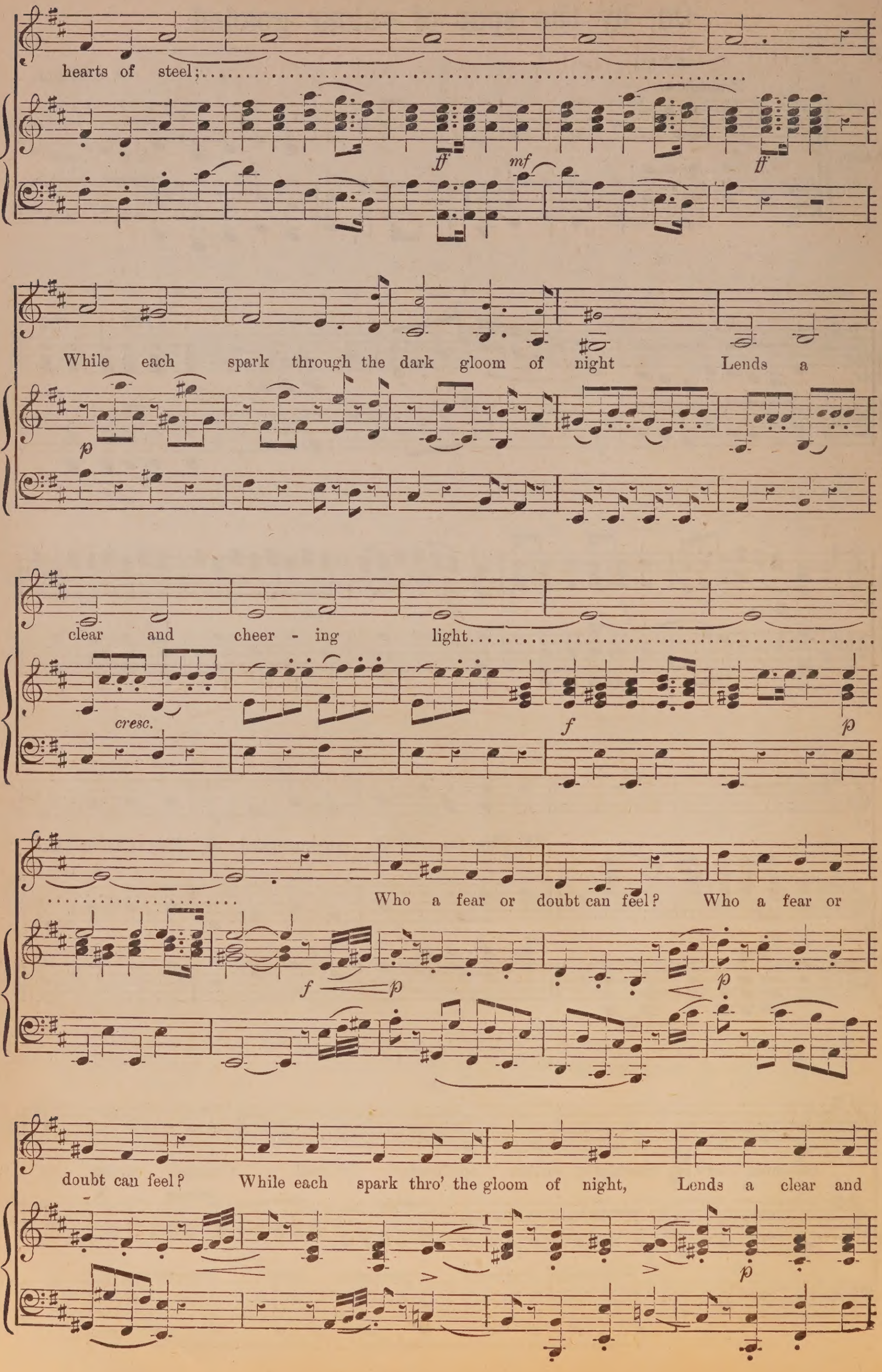
2.
Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring
In our eyes blue lightnings flash;
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky:
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

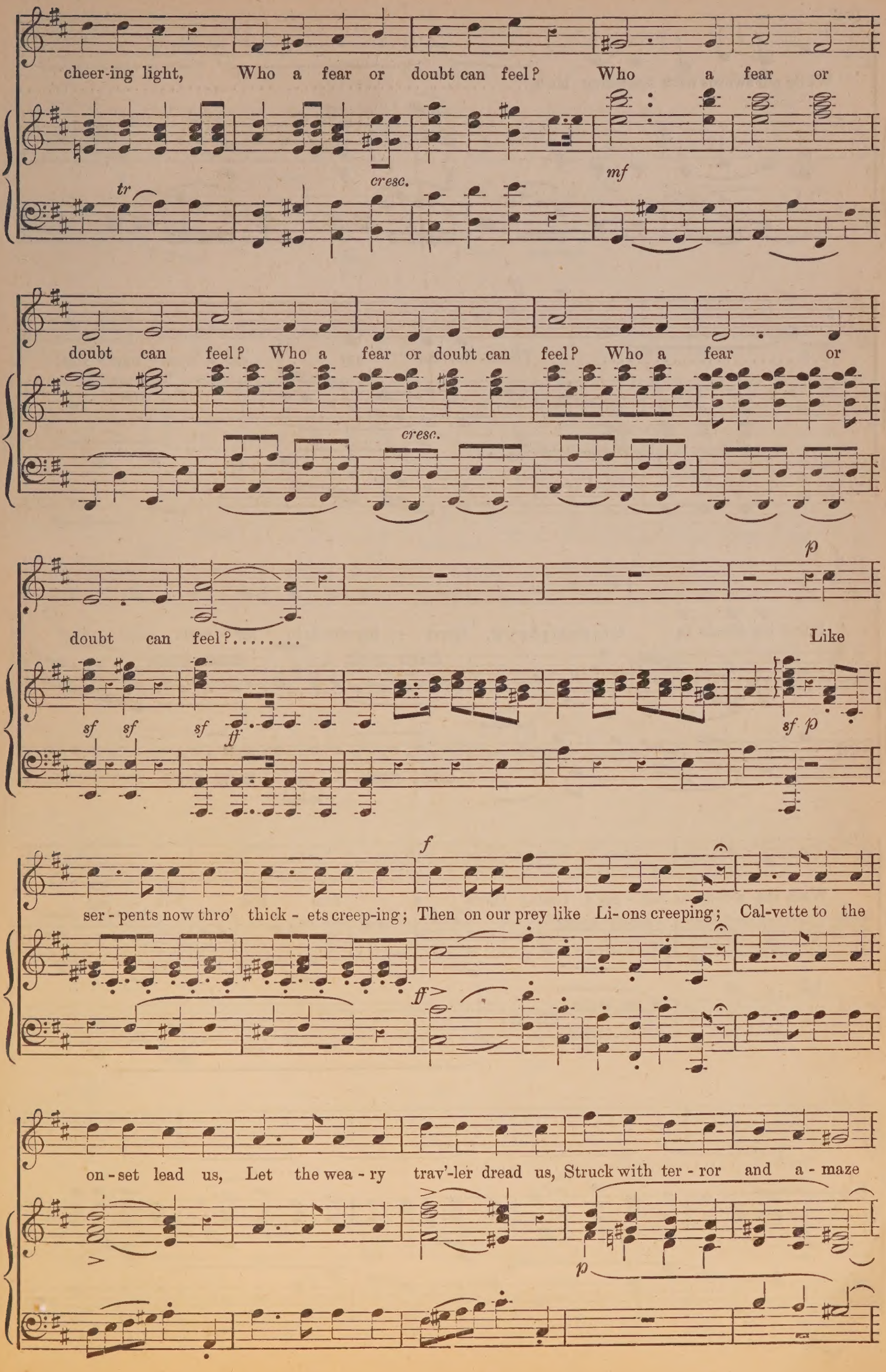
3.
O'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return;
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are chok'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
For only that can save us now.

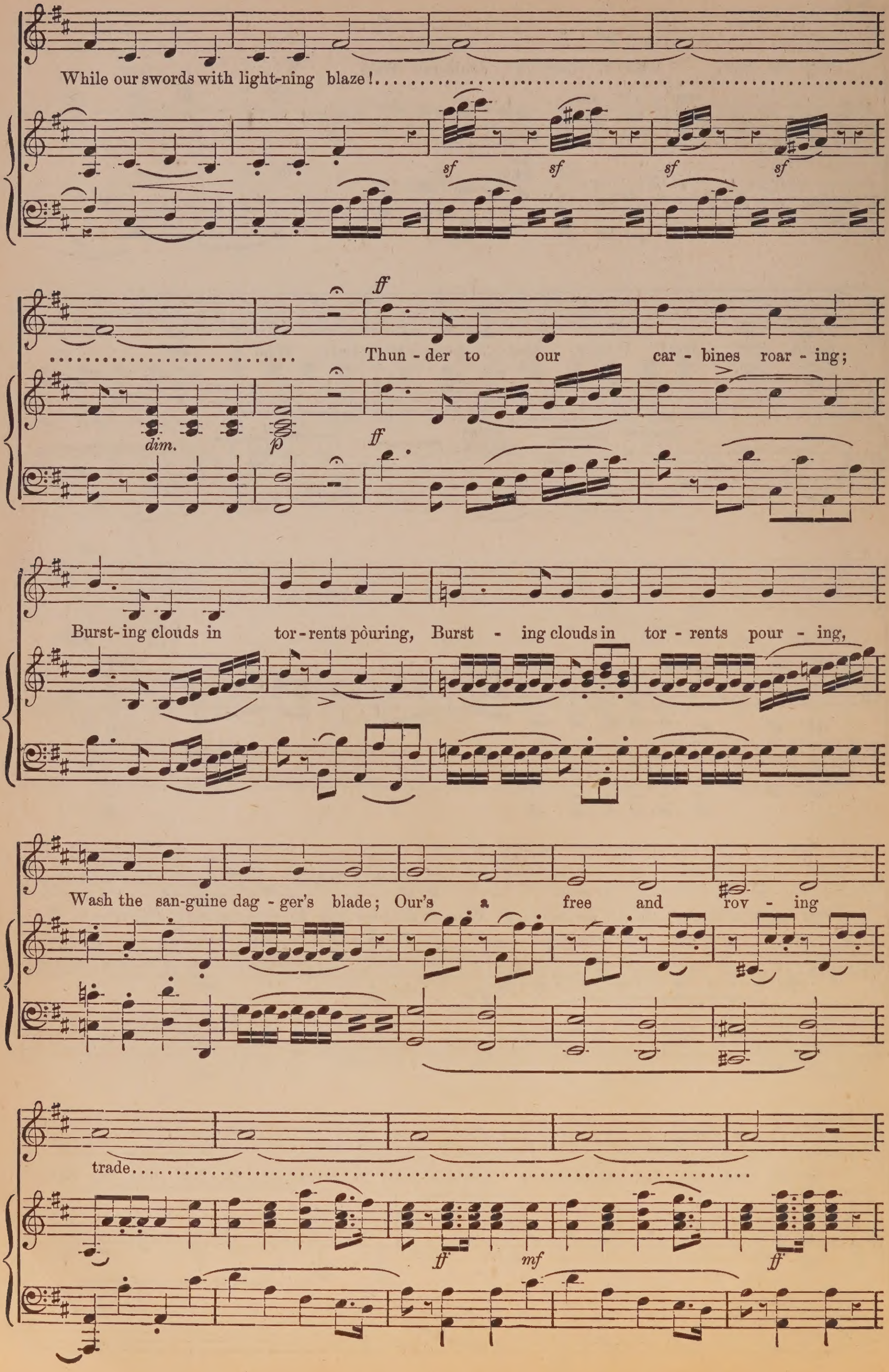
On, by the spur of valour goaded.

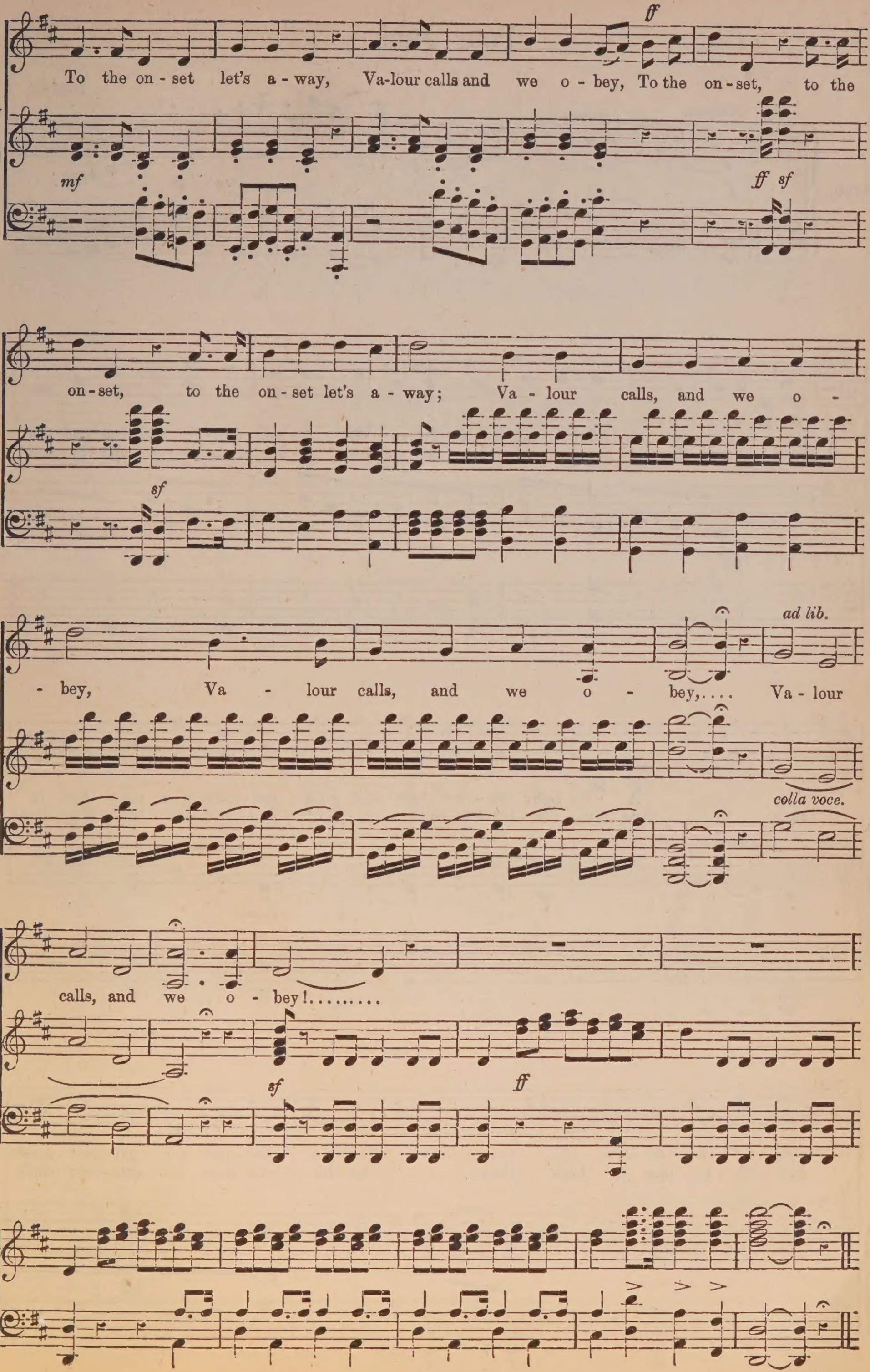
SHIELD.


Pomposo.
PIANO.
f
ff
p
f
p
cresc.
sf
ff
mf
On, by the spur of va - lour goad - ed, Pis - tols prim'd, and
car - bines load - ed, Courage strikes on hearts of steel, Courage strikes on
f


hearts of steel; ....
ff
mf
ff
While each spark through the dark gloom of night Lends a
p
clear and cheer - ing light..
cresc.
f
p
.... Who a fear or doubt can feel? Who a fear or
f p
p
doubt can feel? While each spark thro' the gloom of night, Lends a clear and
p

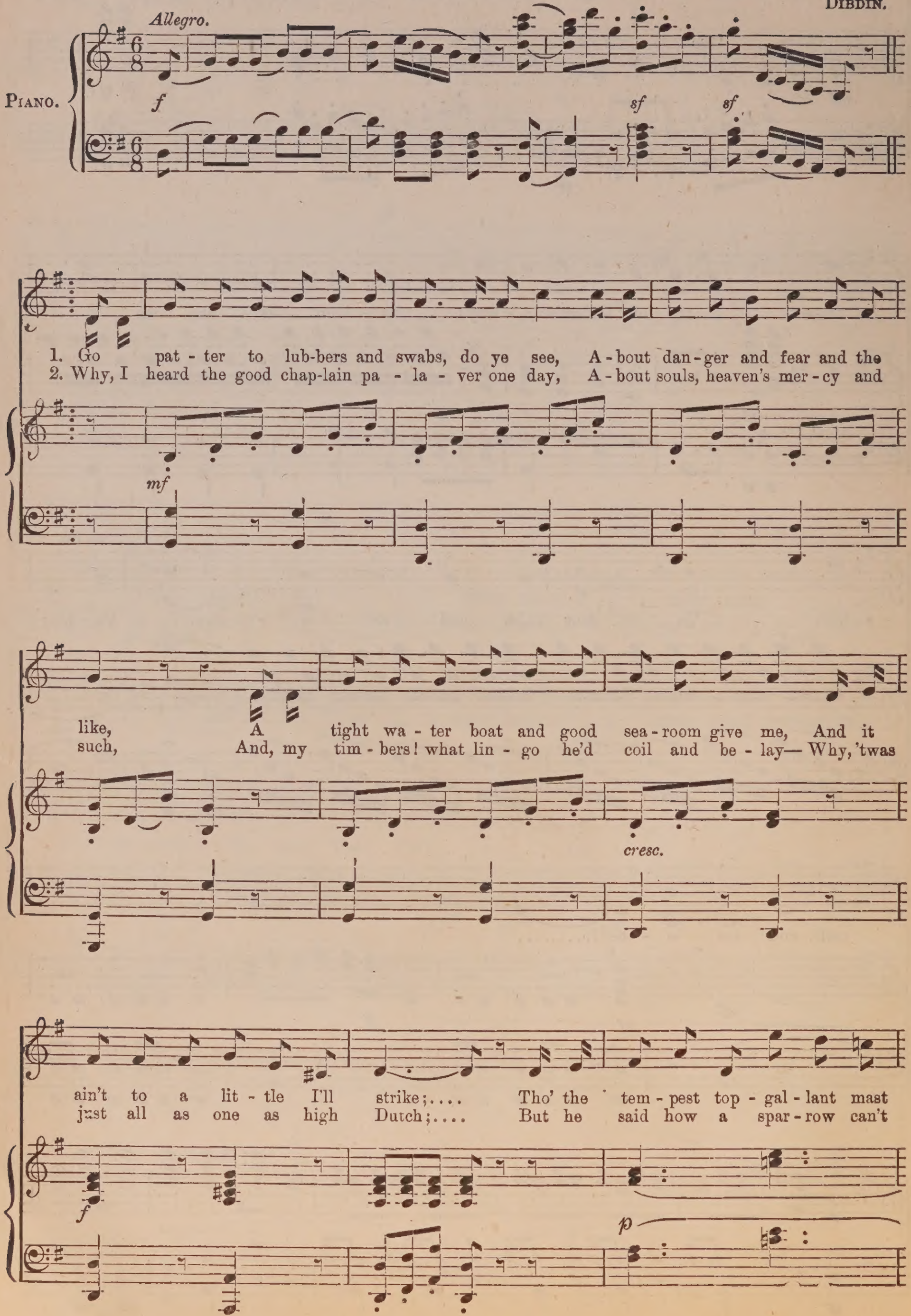

cheer-ing light, Who a fear or doubt can feel? Who a fear or
tr
cresc.
mf
doubt can feel? Who a fear or doubt can feel? Who a fear or
cresc.
doubt can feel?........
sf sf sf ff sf p
p
Like
ser-pents now thro' thick-ets creep-ing; Then on our prey like Li-ons creeping; Cal-vette to the
f
ff
on-set lead us, Let the wea-ry trav'ler dread us, Struck with ter-ror and a-maze
p

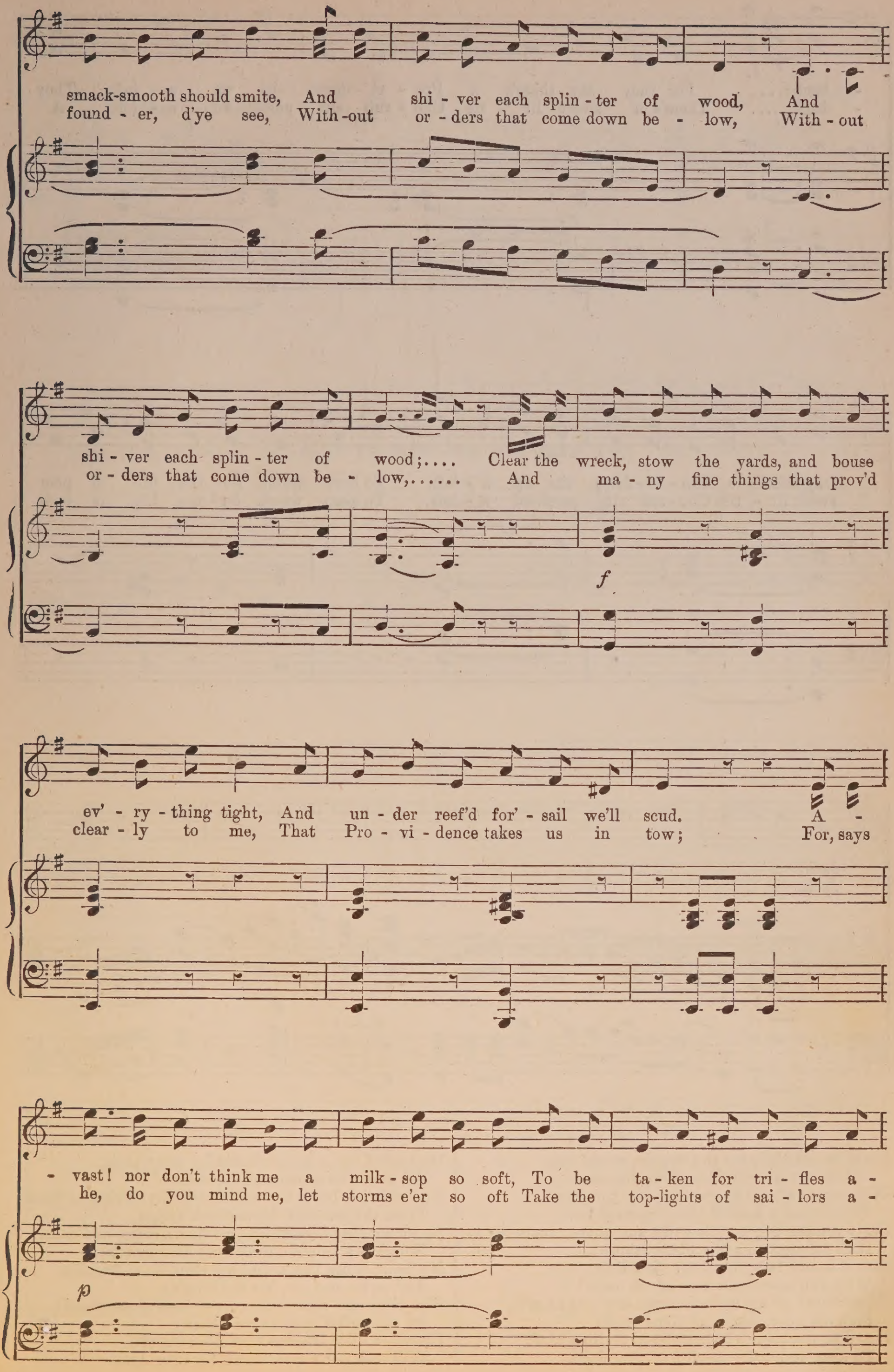

While our swords with light-ning blaze!
sf
sf
sf
sf
Thun - der to our car - bines roar - ing;
ff
dim.
p
ff
Burst-ing clouds in tor-rents pòuring, Burst - ing clouds in tor - rents pour - ing,
Wash the san-guine dag - ger's blade; Our's a free and rov - ing
trade.
ff
mf
ff

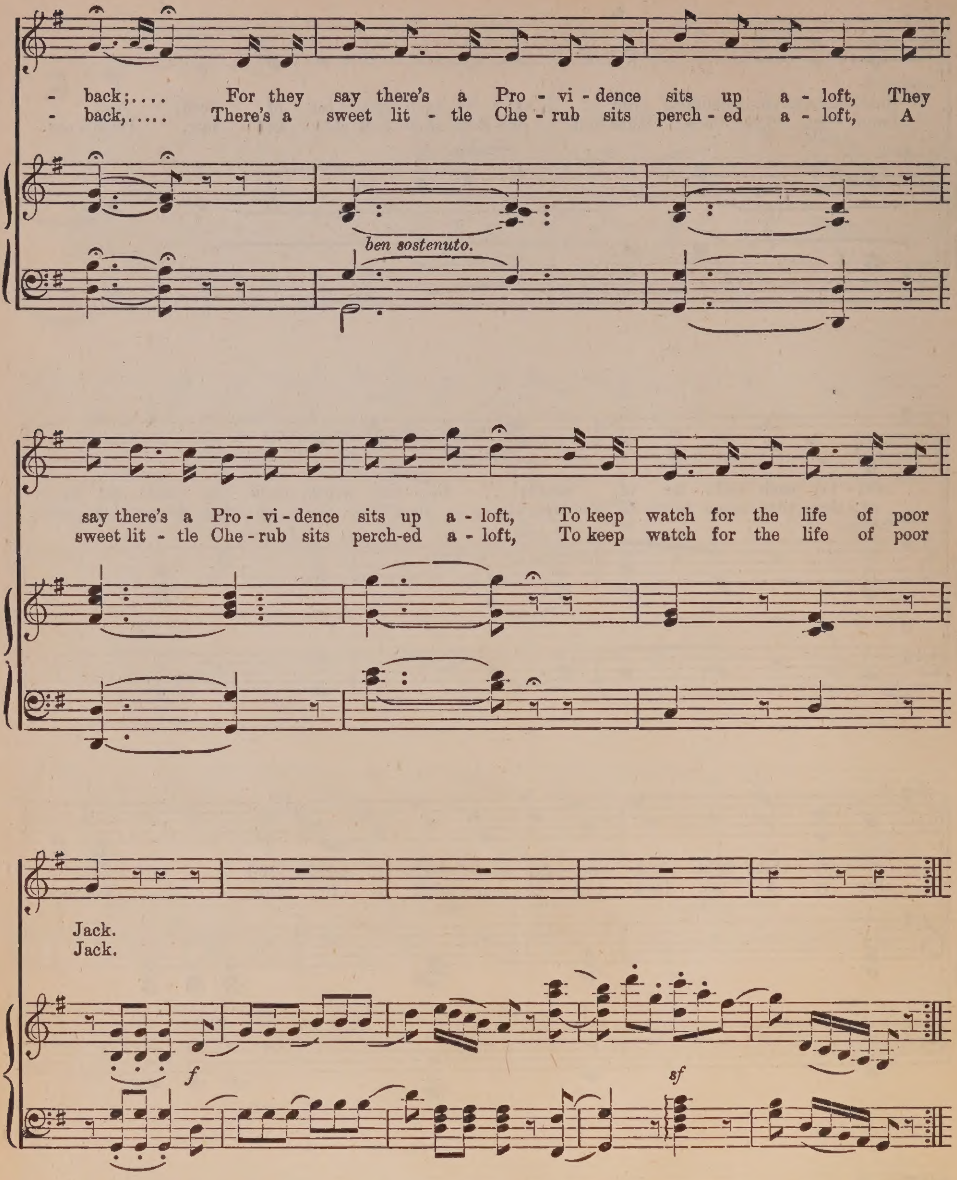

ff
To the on-set let's a-way, Va-lour calls and we o-bey, To the on-set, to the
mf
ff sf
on-set, to the on-set let's a-way; Va-lour calls, and we o-
sf
ad lib.
-bey, Va-lour calls, and we o-bey,.... Va-lour
colla voce.
calls, and we o-bey!.........
sf
ff

Poor Jack

DIBDIN.


Allegro.
PIANO.
f
sf
sf
1. Go pat - ter to lub-bers and swabs, do ye see, A - bout dan - ger and fear and the
2. Why, I heard the good chap-lain pa - la - ver one day, A - bout souls, heaven's mer - cy and
mf
like, A tight wa - ter boat and good sea - room give me, And it
such, And, my tim - bers! what lin - go he'd coil and be - lay— Why, 'twas
cresc.
ain't to a lit - tle I'll strike;.... Tho' the tem - pest top - gal - lant mast
just all as one as high Dutch;.... But he said how a spar - row can't
f
p


smack-smooth should smite, And shi - ver each splin - ter of wood, And
found - er, d'ye see, With-out or - ders that come down be - low, With - out
shi - ver each splin - ter of wood;.... Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse
or - ders that come down be - low,...... And ma - ny fine things that prov'd
f
ev' - ry - thing tight, And un - der reef'd for' - sail we'll scud. A -
clear - ly to me, That Pro - vi - dence takes us in tow; For, says
- vast! nor don't think me a milk - sop so soft, To be ta - ken for tri - fles a -
he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft Take the top-lights of sai - lors a -
p


- back;.... For they say there's a Pro - vi - dence sits up a - loft, They
- back,..... There's a sweet lit - tle Che - rub sits perch - ed a - loft, A
ben sostenuto.
say there's a Pro - vi - dence sits up a - loft, To keep watch for the life of poor
sweet lit - tle Che - rub sits perch-ed a - loft, To keep watch for the life of poor
Jack.
Jack.
f
sf

3.

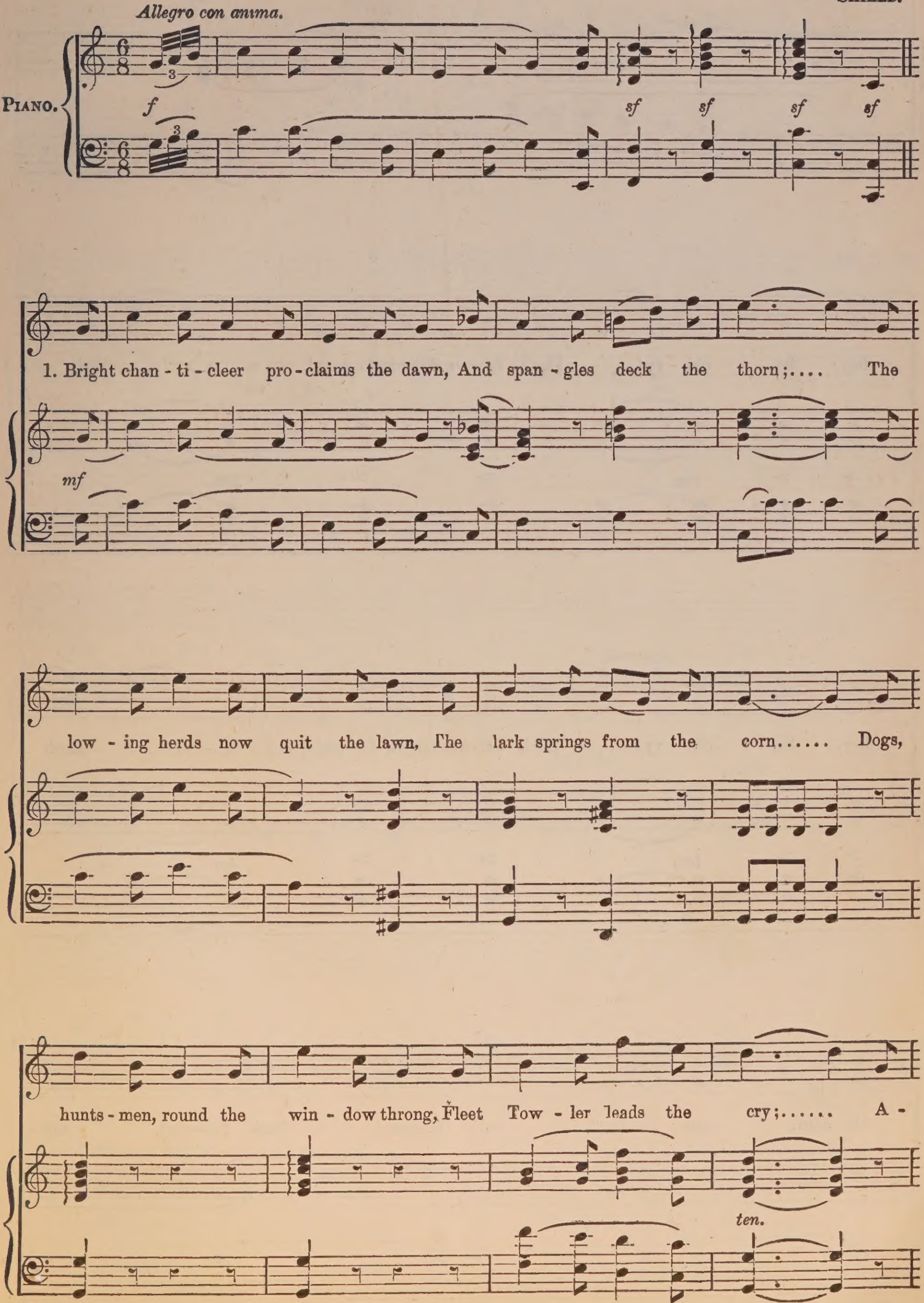
I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye?
Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore;
And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more!
What then! all's a hazard, come, don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a Cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

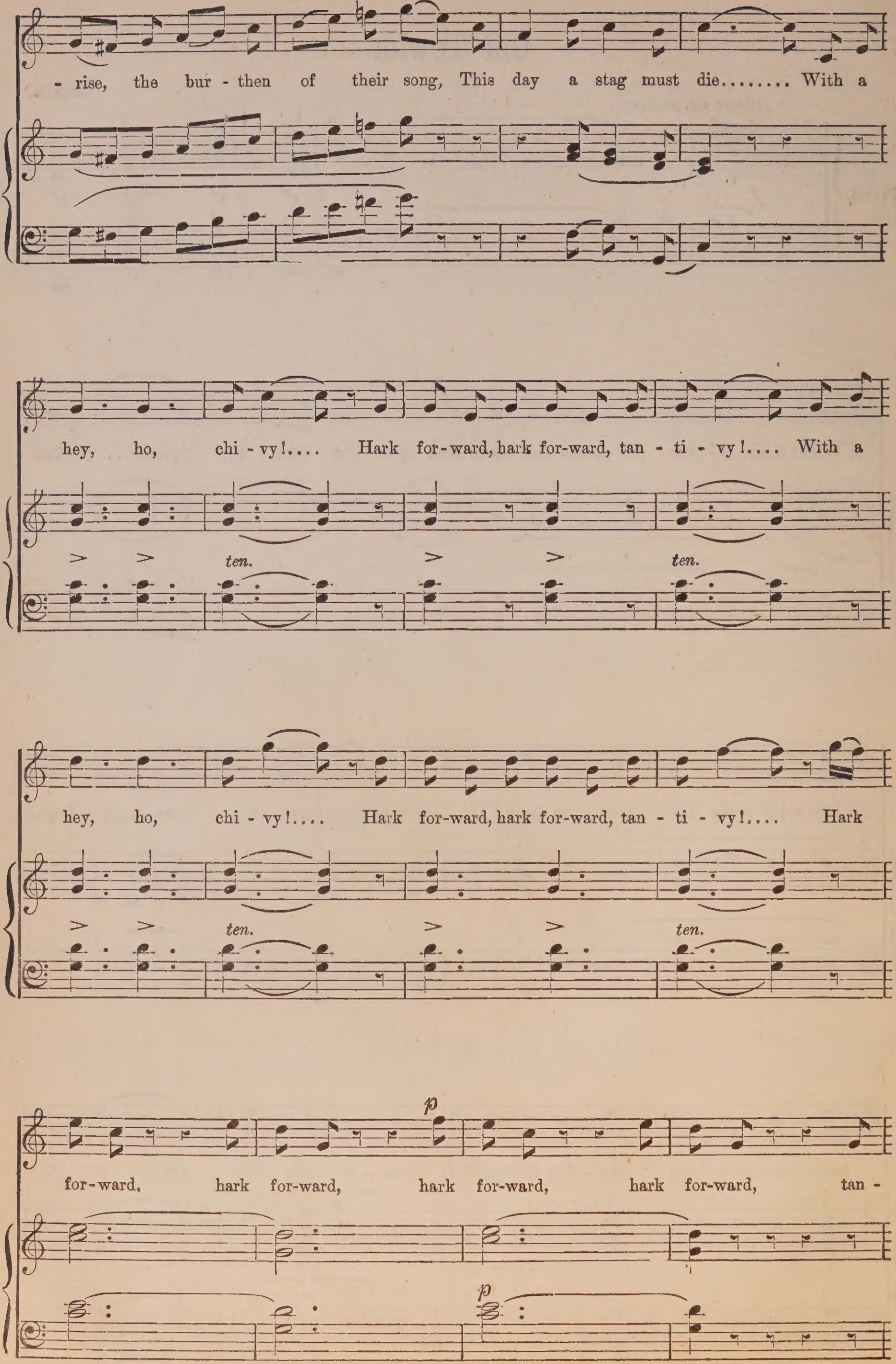
4.

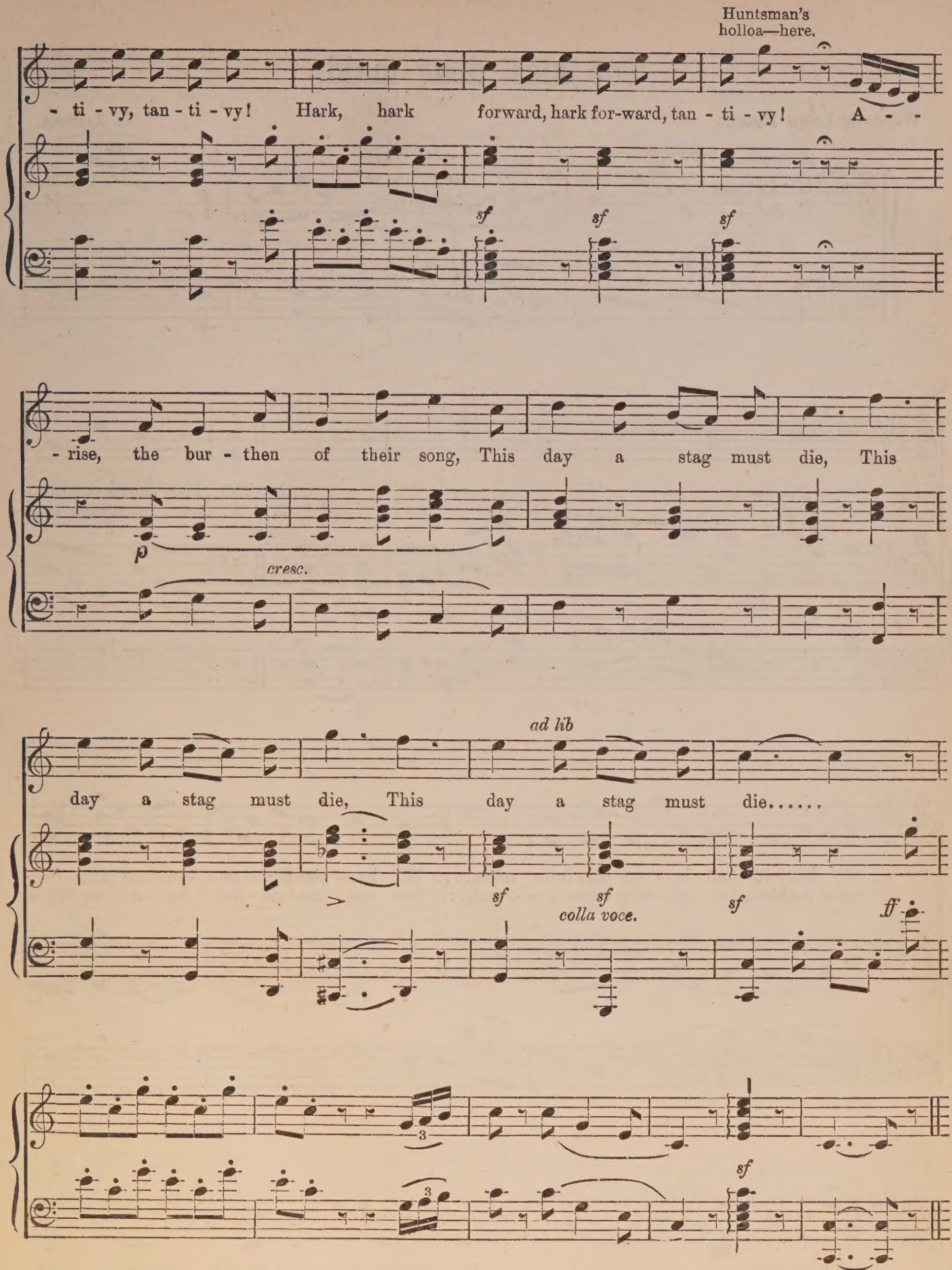
D'ye mind me, a sailor should be, ev'ry inch,
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, without off'ring to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's atrip:
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble, from duty that springs;
My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's;
E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft,
As with grief to be taken aback;
The same little Cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

Old Towler

Shield.


Allegro con anima.
Piano.
f
sf
sf
sf
sf
mf
1. Bright chan - ti - cleer pro - claims the dawn, And span - gles deck the thorn;.... The
low - ing herds now quit the lawn, The lark springs from the corn...... Dogs,
hunts - men, round the win - dow throng, Fleet Tow - ler leads the cry;...... A -
ten.


- rise, the bur - then of their song, This day a stag must die........ With a
hey, ho, chi - vy!.... Hark for-ward, hark for-ward, tan - ti - vy!.... With a
ten.
ten.
hey, ho, chi - vy!.... Hark for-ward, hark for-ward, tan - ti - vy!.... Hark
ten.
ten.
p
for-ward, hark for-ward, hark for-ward, hark for-ward, tan -
p


Huntsman's holloa—here.
- ti - vy, tan - ti - vy! Hark, hark forward, hark for-ward, tan - ti - vy! A - -
sf
sf
sf
- rise, the bur - then of their song, This day a stag must die, This
p
cresc.
day a stag must die, This day a stag must die......
ad lib
sf
sf
colla voce.
sf
ff
3
3
sf

2.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail;
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale:
The upland winds they sweep along,
O'er fields, through brakes they fly;
The game is rous'd, too true the song,
This day a stag must die.
With a hey, ho, &c.

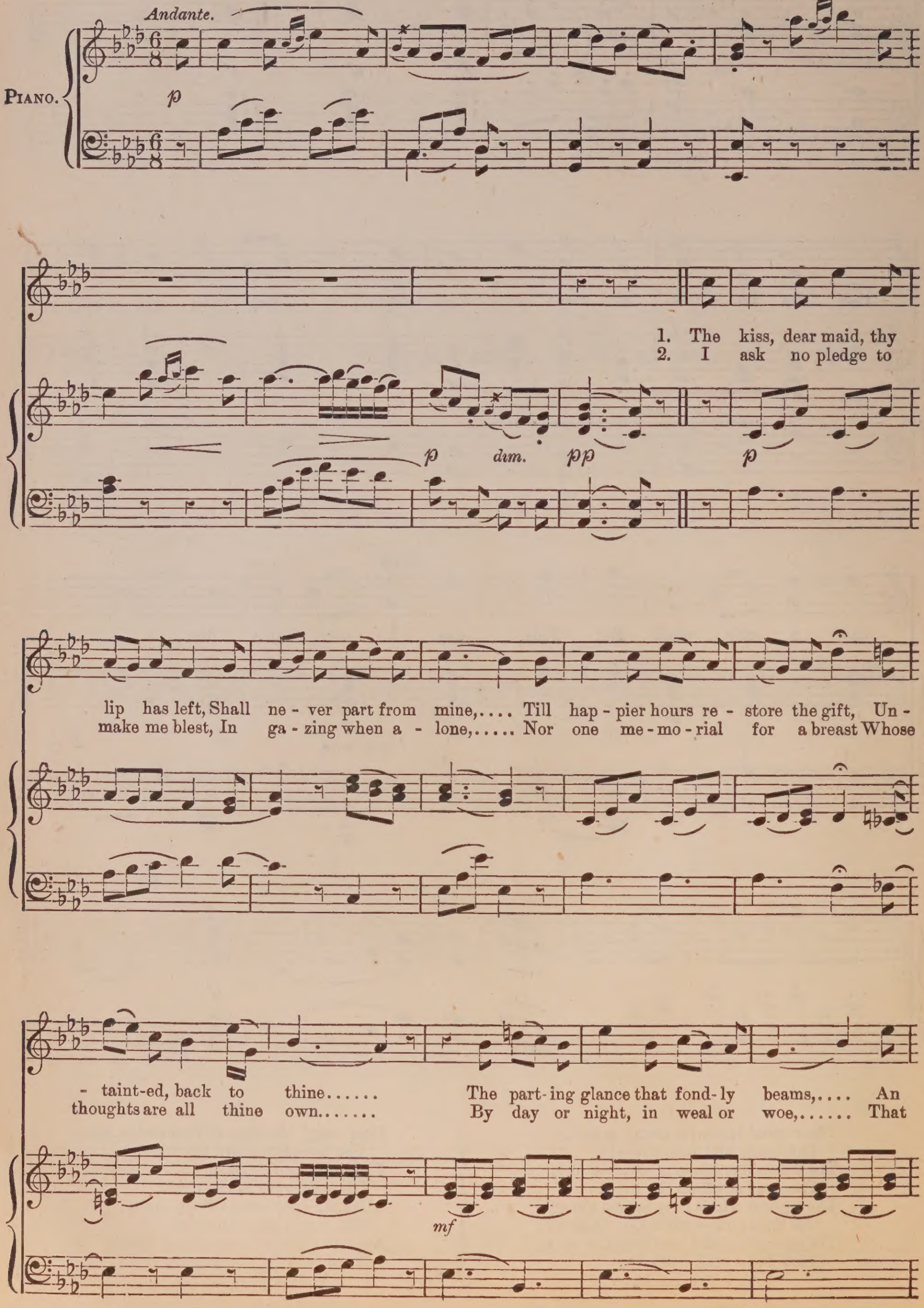
3.

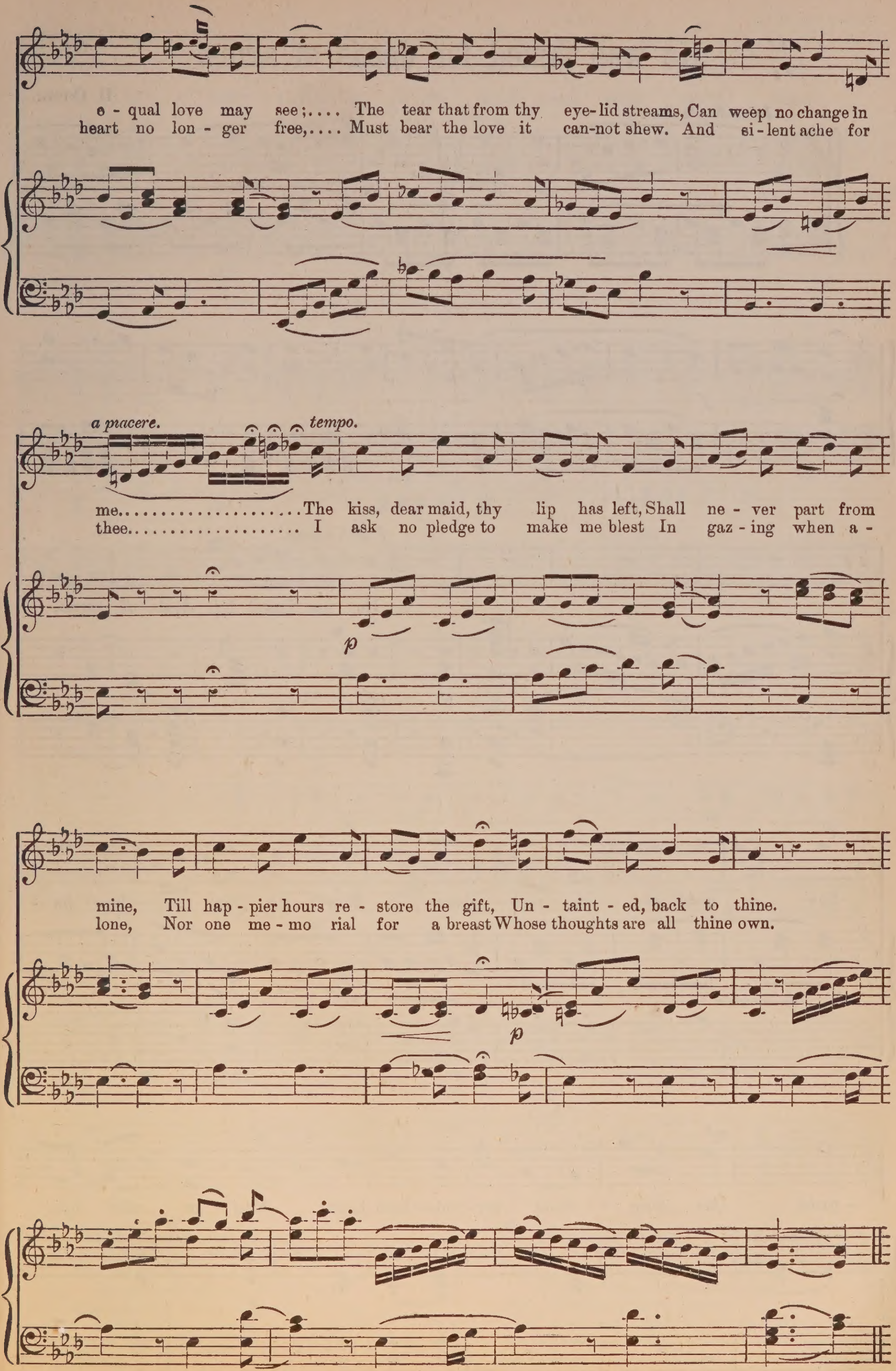
Poor stag! the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face;
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chace.
Alike the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.
With a hey, ho, &c.

The kiss, dear maid.

Words by **Lord Byron.**

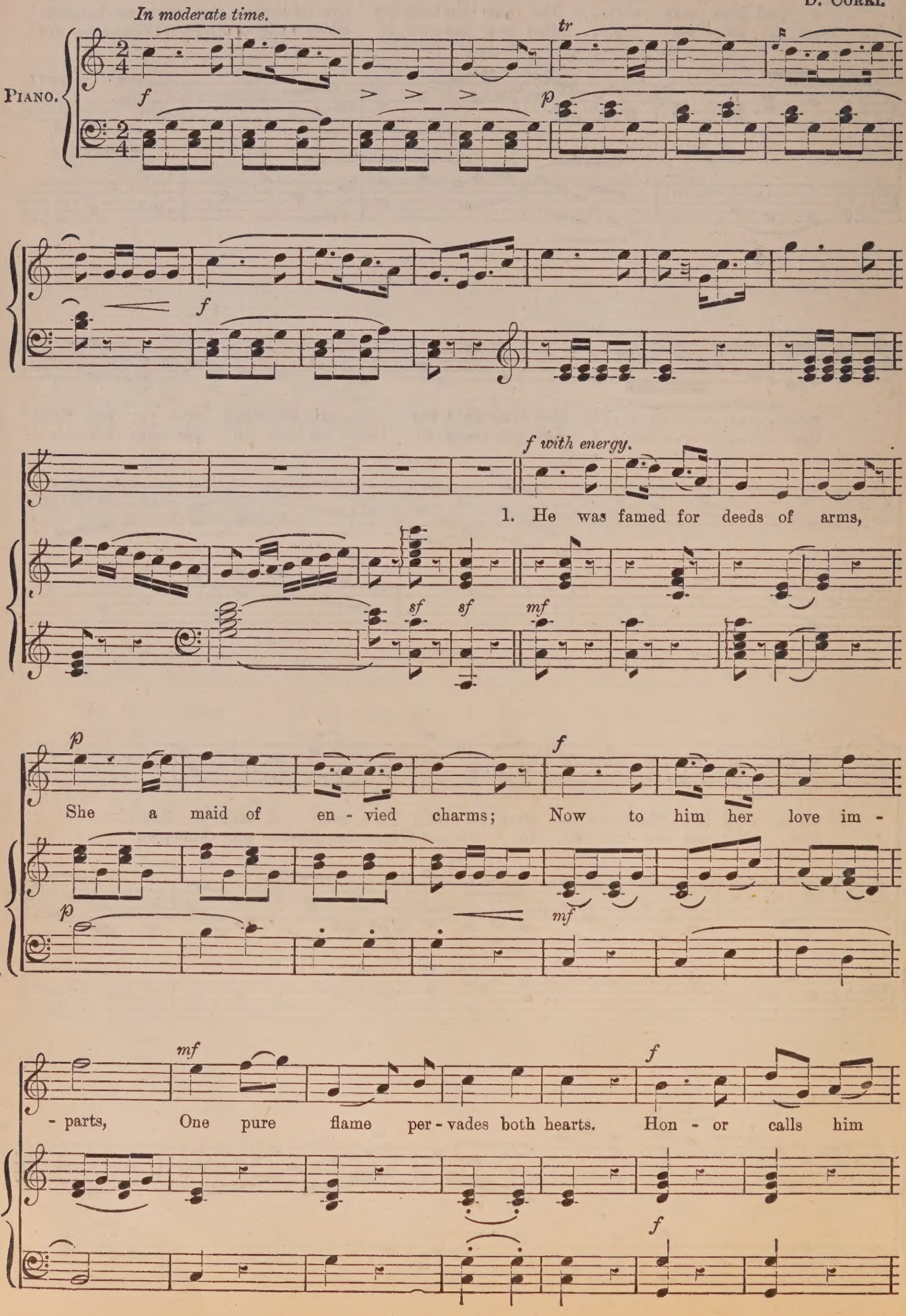
L. Jausen.

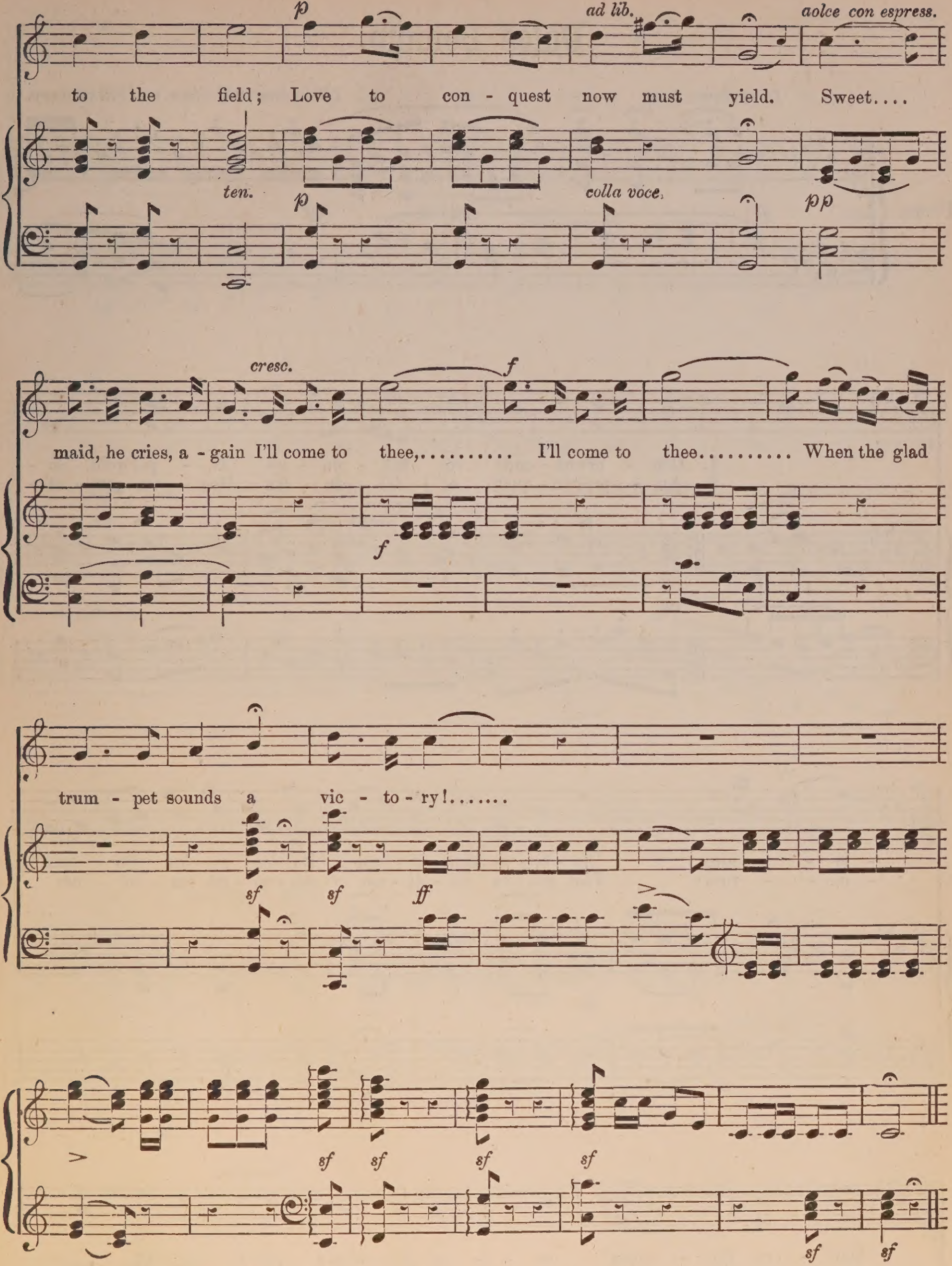

Andante.
Piano.
p
p
dim.
pp
p
mf
1. The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left, Shall ne - ver part from mine,.... Till hap - pier hours re - store the gift, Un - - taint-ed, back to thine...... The part- ing glance that fond- ly beams,.... An
2. I ask no pledge to make me blest, In ga - zing when a - lone,..... Nor one me - mo - rial for a breast Whose thoughts are all thine own....... By day or night, in weal or woe,...... That


e - qual love may see;.... The tear that from thy eye-lid streams, Can weep no change in
heart no lon - ger free,.... Must bear the love it can-not shew. And si - lent ache for
a piacere.
tempo.
me......................The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left, Shall ne - ver part from
thee...................... I ask no pledge to make me blest In gaz - ing when a -
p
mine, Till hap - pier hours re - store the gift, Un - taint - ed, back to thine.
lone, Nor one me - mo rial for a breast Whose thoughts are all thine own.
p

He was famed for deeds of arms.

D. Corri.


In moderate time.
Piano.
f
tr
p
f
f with energy.
sf
sf
mf
1. He was famed for deeds of arms,
p
She a maid of en - vied charms;
f
Now to him her love im -
p
mf
- parts,
mf
One pure flame per - vades both hearts.
f
Hon - or calls him
f


p
ad lib.
aolce con espress.
to the field; Love to con - quest now must yield. Sweet....
ten.
p
colla voce.
pp
cresc.
f
maid, he cries, a - gain I'll come to thee,.......... I'll come to thee.......... When the glad
f
trum - pet sounds a vic - to - ry!.......
sf
sf
ff
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf

2.

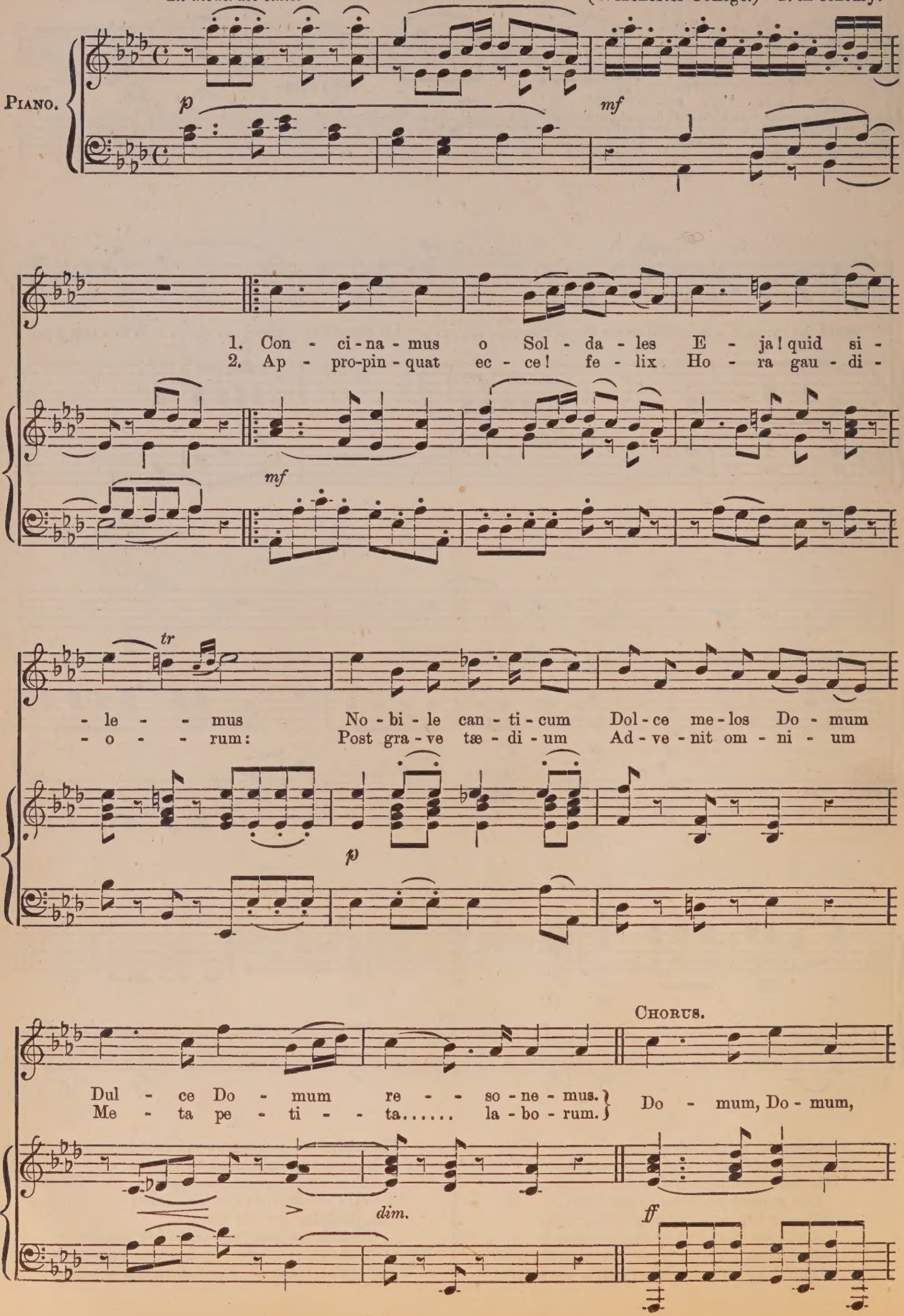
Battle now with fury glows,
  Hostile blood in torrent flows,
His duty tells him to depart,
  She pressed her hero to her heart.
And now the trumpet sounds to arms,
  And now the clash of war's alarms!
Sweet maid, he cries, again I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

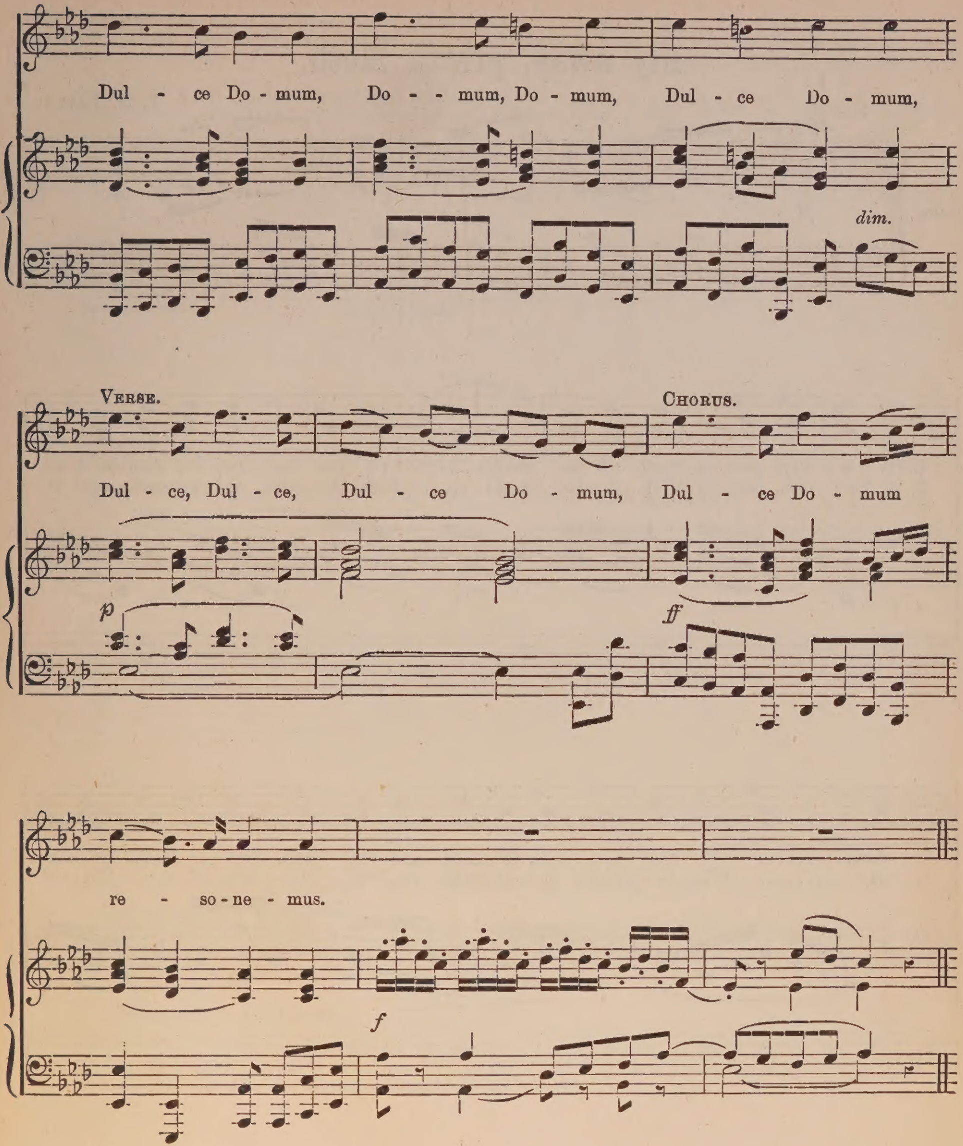
3.

He with love and conquest burns,
  Both subdue his mind by turns;
Death the soldier now enthralls,
  With his wounds the hero falls;
She, disdaining war's alarms,
  Rushed, and caught him in her arms.
O death, he cried, thou'rt welcome now to me,
For hark! the glad trumpet sounds a victory!

Dulce Domum.

In moderate time. (Winchester College.) 17th century.


Piano.
p
mf
1. Con - ci - na - mus o Sol - da - les E - ja! quid si -
2. Ap - pro-pin - quat ec - ce! fe - lix Ho - ra gau - di -
mf
tr
- le - - mus No - bi - le can - ti - cum Dol - ce me - los Do - mum
- o - - rum: Post gra - ve tæ - di - um Ad - ve - nit om - ni - um
p
Chorus.
Dul - ce Do - mum re - - so - ne - mus.
Me - ta pe - ti - - ta...... la - bo - rum.
Do - mum, Do - mum,
dim.
ff


Dul - ce Do - mum, Do - - mum, Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum,
dim.
VERSE.
CHORUS.
Dul - ce, Dul - ce, Dul - ce Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum
p
ff
re - so - ne - mus.
f

3.
Musa! libros mitte, fessa;
Mitte pensa dura:
Mitte negotium;
Jam datur otium:
Me mea mittito cura.
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

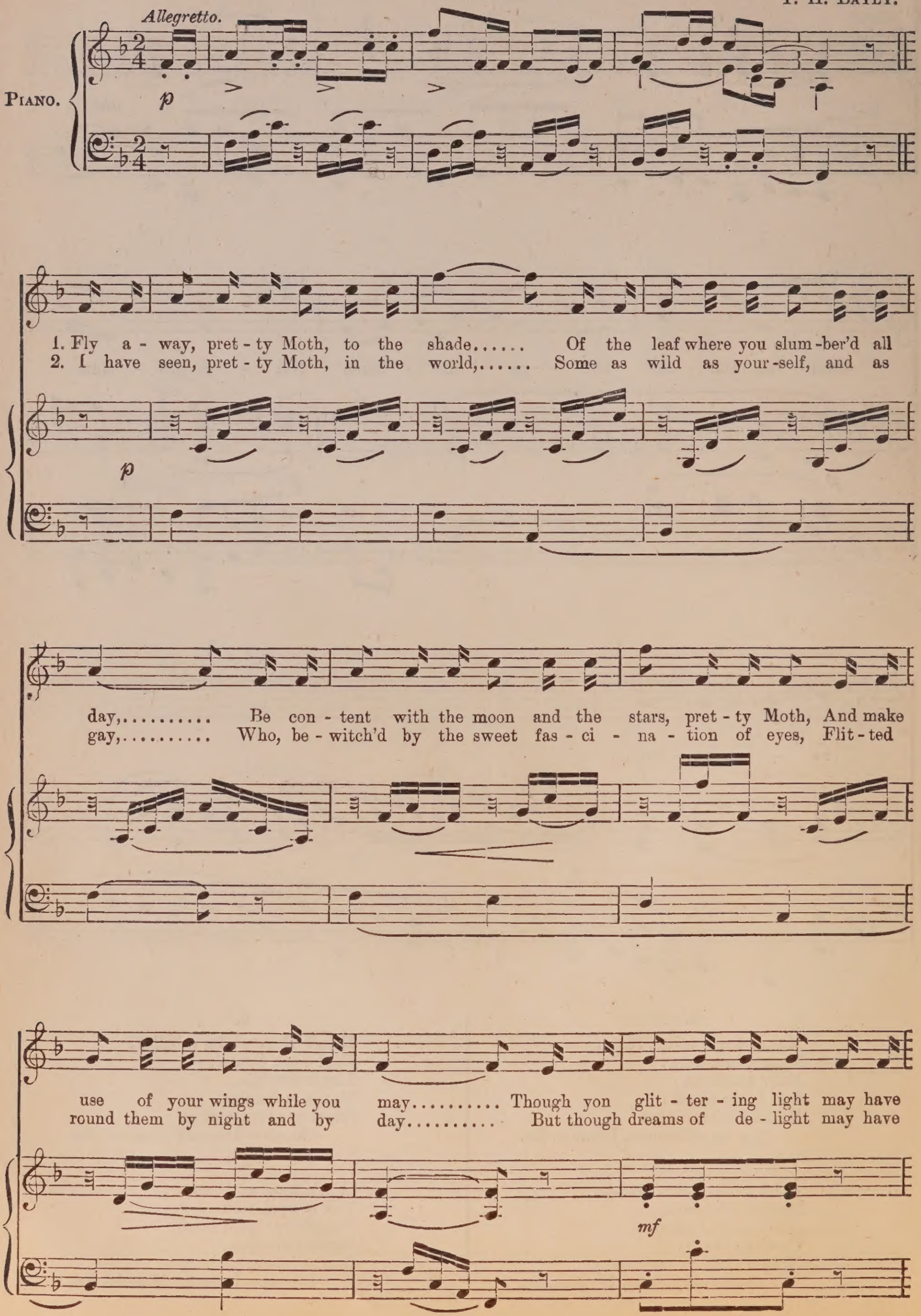
4.
Ridet annus, prata rident:
Nosque rideamus.
Jam repetit Domum
Daulias advena:
Nosque Domum repetamus.
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

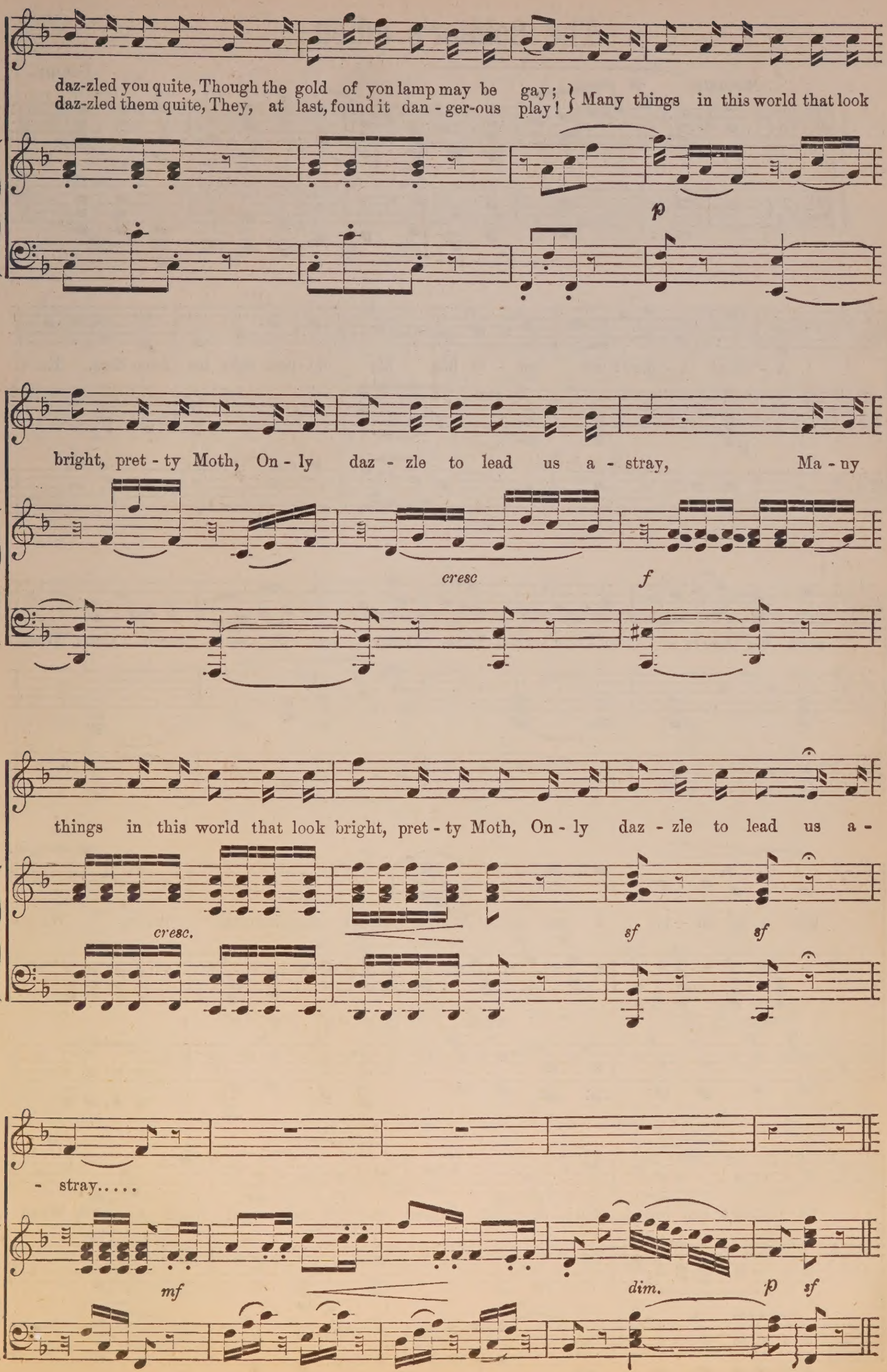
5.
Heus! Rogere! fer caballos:
Eja! nunc eamus;
Limen amabile,
Matris et oscula,
Suaviter et repetamus.
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

6.
Concinamus ad Penates;
Vox et audiatur:
Phosphore! quid jubar,
Segnius emicans,
Gaudia nostra moratur?
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

Fly away, pretty Moth.

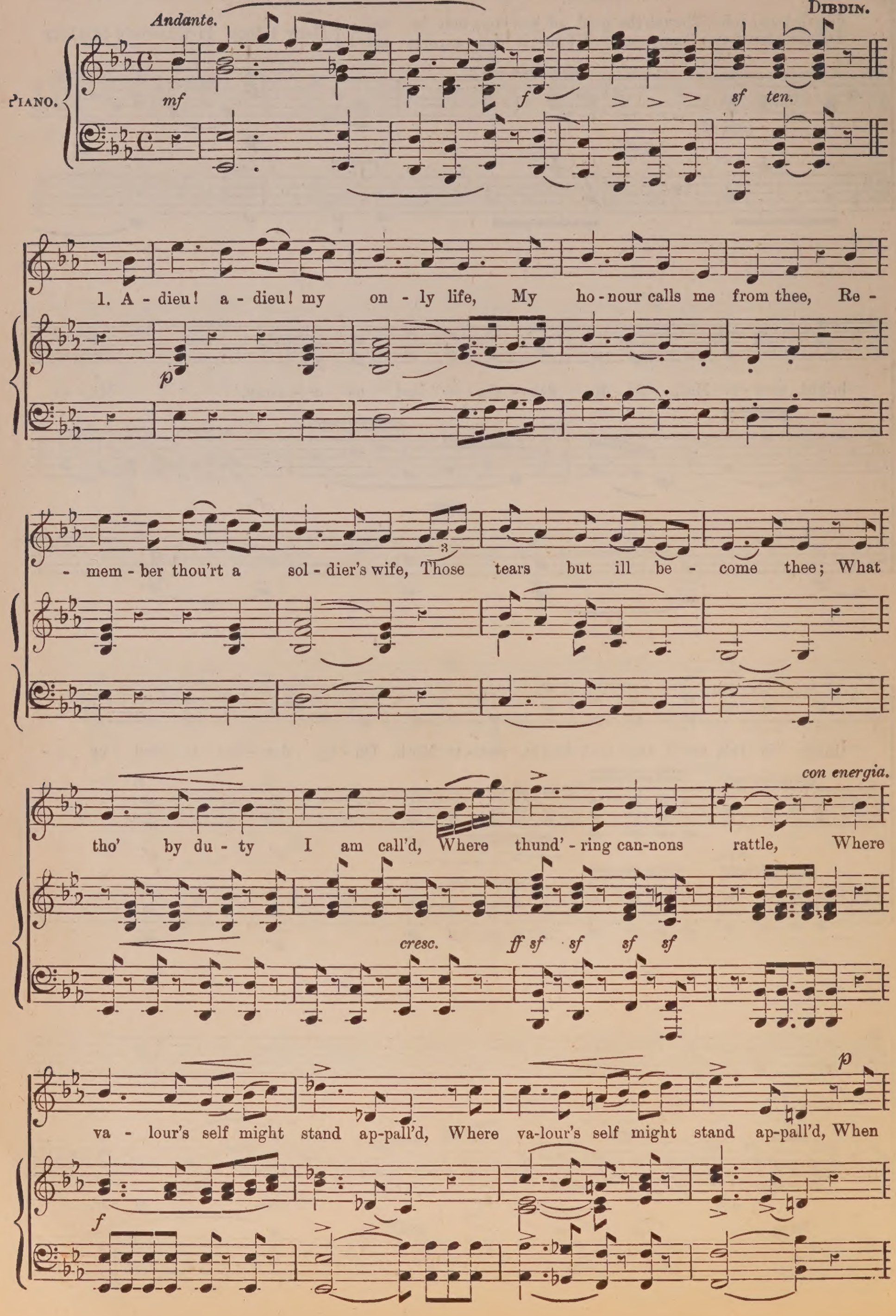
T. H. Bayly.

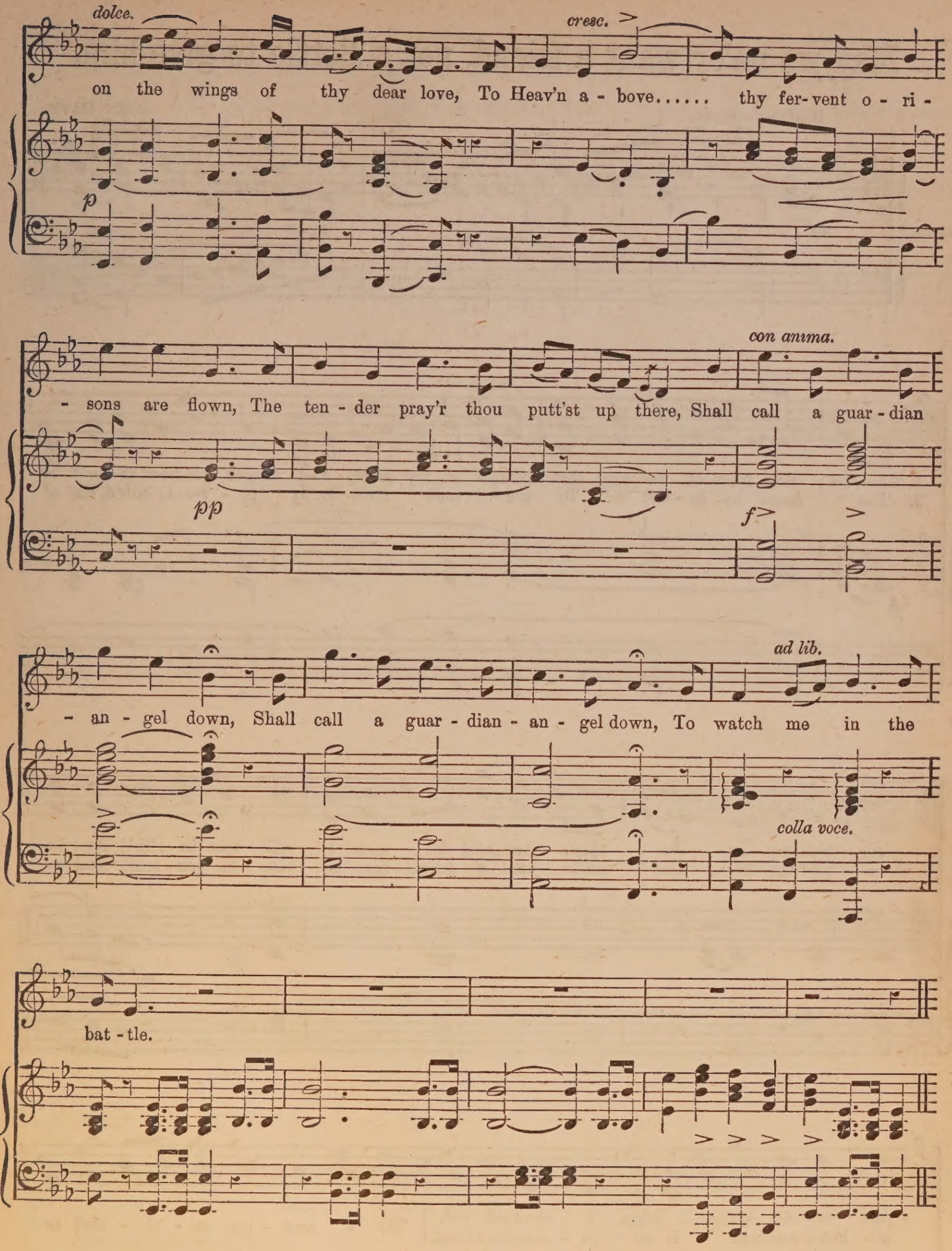

Allegretto.
Piano.
p
1. Fly a - way, pret - ty Moth, to the shade...... Of the leaf where you slum-ber'd all
2. I have seen, pret - ty Moth, in the world,...... Some as wild as your-self, and as
p
day,.......... Be con - tent with the moon and the stars, pret - ty Moth, And make
gay,.......... Who, be - witch'd by the sweet fas - ci - na - tion of eyes, Flit-ted
use of your wings while you may.......... Though yon glit - ter - ing light may have
round them by night and by day.......... But though dreams of de - light may have
mf


daz-zled you quite, Though the gold of yon lamp may be gay; }
daz-zled them quite, They, at last, found it dan - ger-ous play! }
Many things in this world that look
p
bright, pret - ty Moth, On - ly daz - zle to lead us a - stray, Ma - ny
cresc
f
things in this world that look bright, pret - ty Moth, On - ly daz - zle to lead us a -
cresc.
sf
sf
- stray.....
mf
dim.
p
sf

The Soldier's adieu.

DIBDIN.


Andante.
PIANO.
mf
f
sf ten.
1. A - dieu! a - dieu! my on - ly life, My ho - nour calls me from thee, Re -
p
- mem - ber thou'rt a sol - dier's wife, Those tears but ill be - come thee; What
3
tho' by du - ty I am call'd, Where thund' - ring can-nons rattle, Where
con energia.
cresc.
ff sf sf sf sf
va - lour's self might stand ap-pall'd, Where va-lour's self might stand ap-pall'd, When
p
f


dolce.
cresc.
on the wings of thy dear love, To Heav'n a - bove...... thy fer - vent o - ri -
p
- sons are flown, The ten - der pray'r thou putt'st up there, Shall call a guar - dian
con anima.
pp
f
- an - gel down, Shall call a guar - dian - an - gel down, To watch me in the
ad lib.
colla voce.
bat - tle.

2.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving,
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving;
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assured when on the wings of love,
To heav'n above, &c.

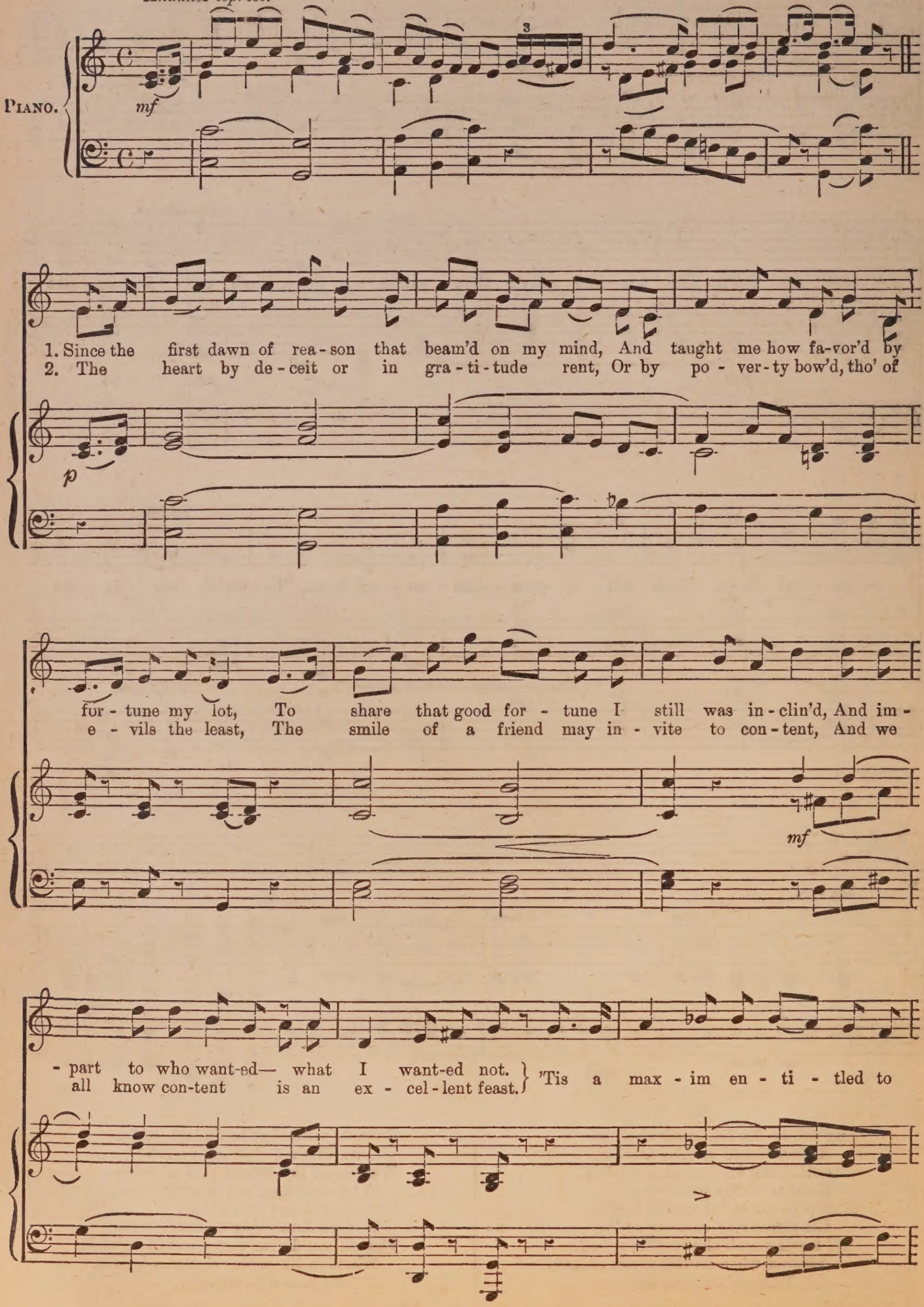
3.

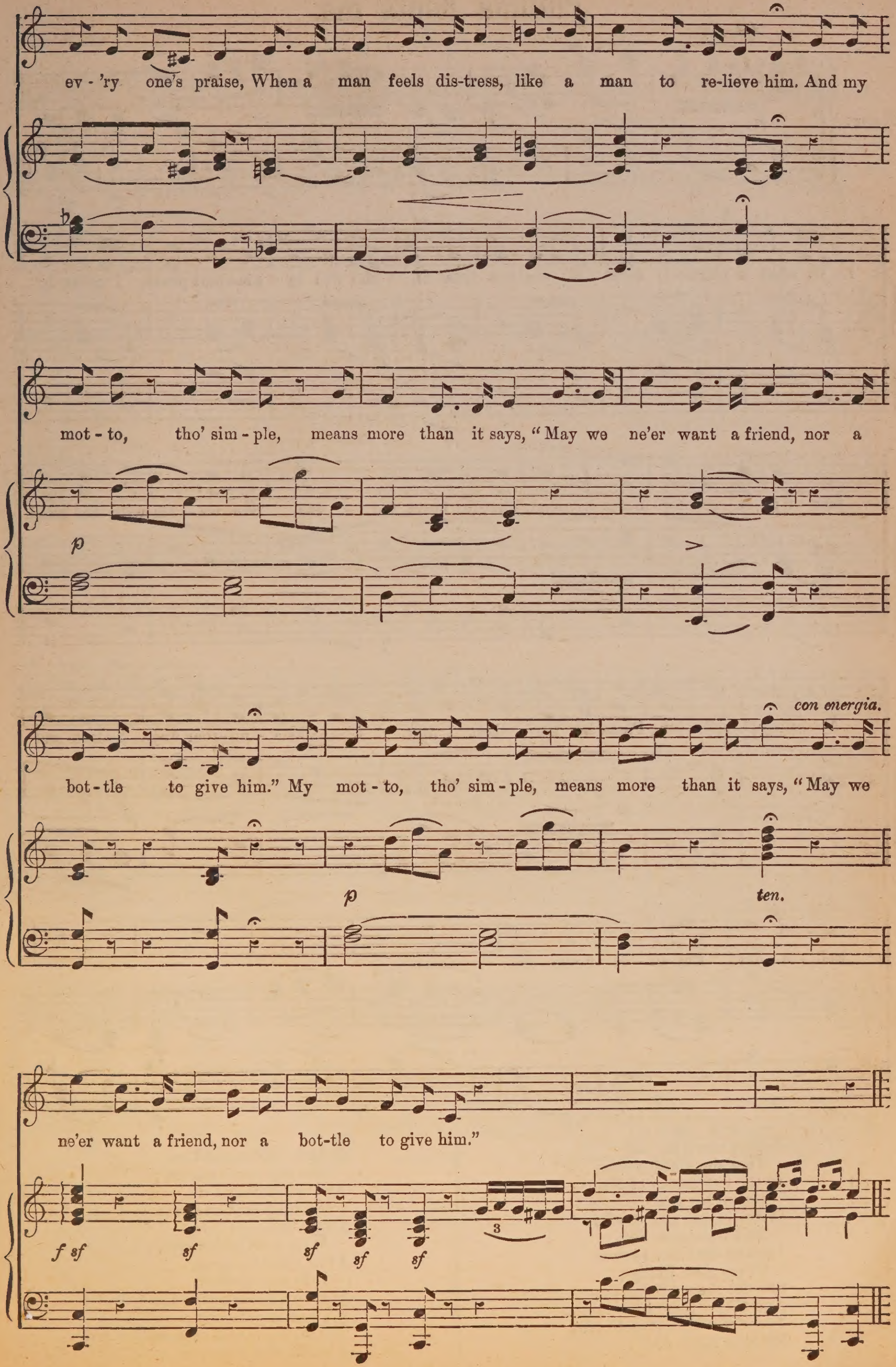
Enough, with that benignant smile,
Some kindred God inspired thee,
Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
Who wondered and admired thee;
I go assured, my life, adieu!
Though thund'ring cannon's rattle,
Though murdering carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heav'n above, &c.

May we ne'er want a friend, nor a Bottle to give him.

Andante espress.

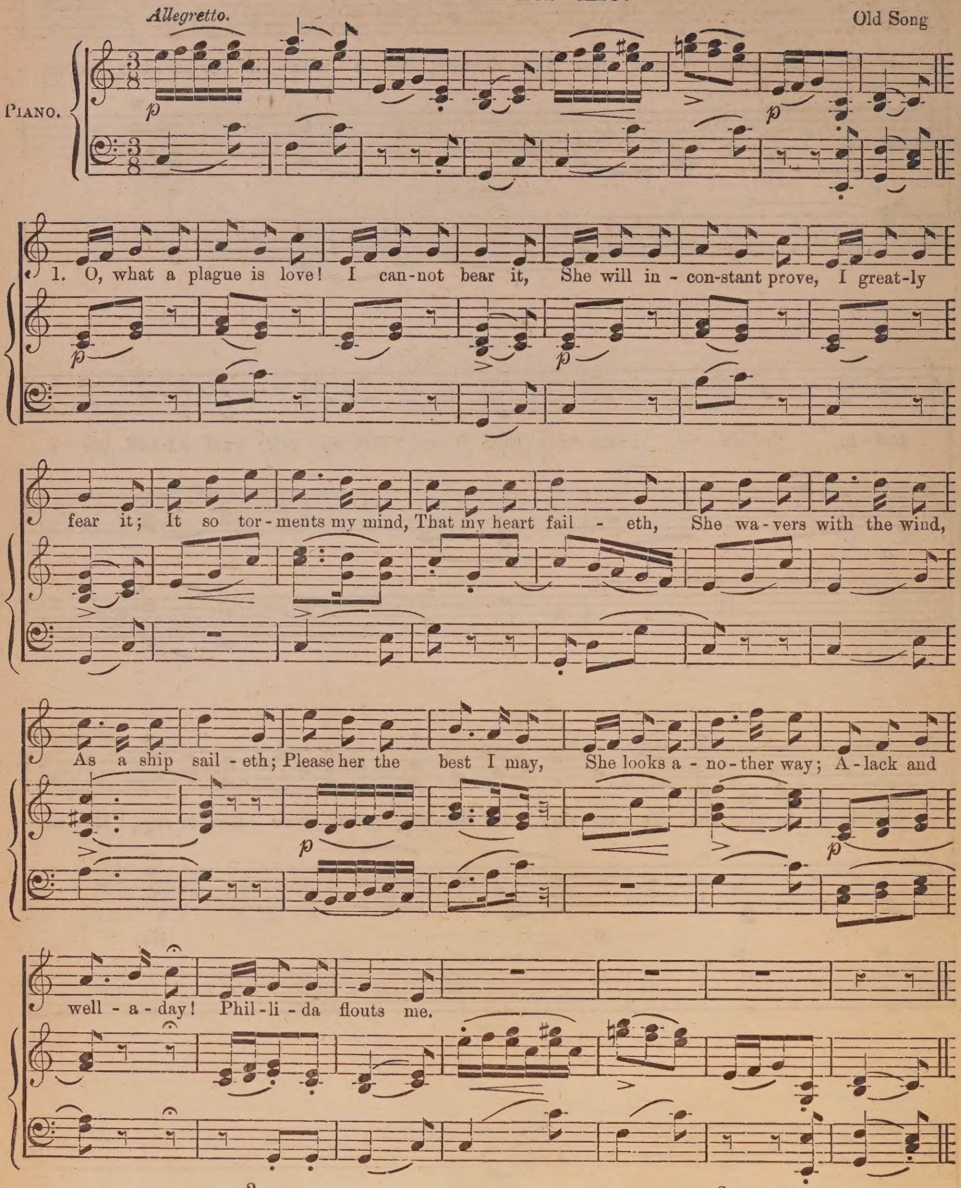
John Davy.


Piano.
mf
p
mf
1. Since the first dawn of rea - son that beam'd on my mind, And taught me how fa - vor'd by
2. The heart by de - ceit or in gra - ti - tude rent, Or by po - ver - ty bow'd, tho' of
for - tune my lot, To share that good for - tune I still was in - clin'd, And im -
e - vils the least, The smile of a friend may in - vite to con - tent, And we
- part to who want-ed— what I want-ed not.
all know con-tent is an ex - cel - lent feast.
'Tis a max - im en - ti - tled to


ev - 'ry one's praise, When a man feels dis-tress, like a man to re-lieve him. And my
mot - to, tho' sim - ple, means more than it says, "May we ne'er want a friend, nor a
p
bot - tle to give him." My mot - to, tho' sim - ple, means more than it says, "May we
con energia.
p
ten.
ne'er want a friend, nor a bot-tle to give him."
f sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
3

Phillida flouts me.

Old Song


Allegretto.
PIANO.
p
1. O, what a plague is love! I can-not bear it, She will in-con-stant prove, I great-ly
fear it; It so tor-ments my mind, That my heart fail-eth, She wa-vers with the wind,
As a ship sail-eth; Please her the best I may, She looks a-no-ther way; A-lack and
well-a-day! Phil-li-da flouts me.

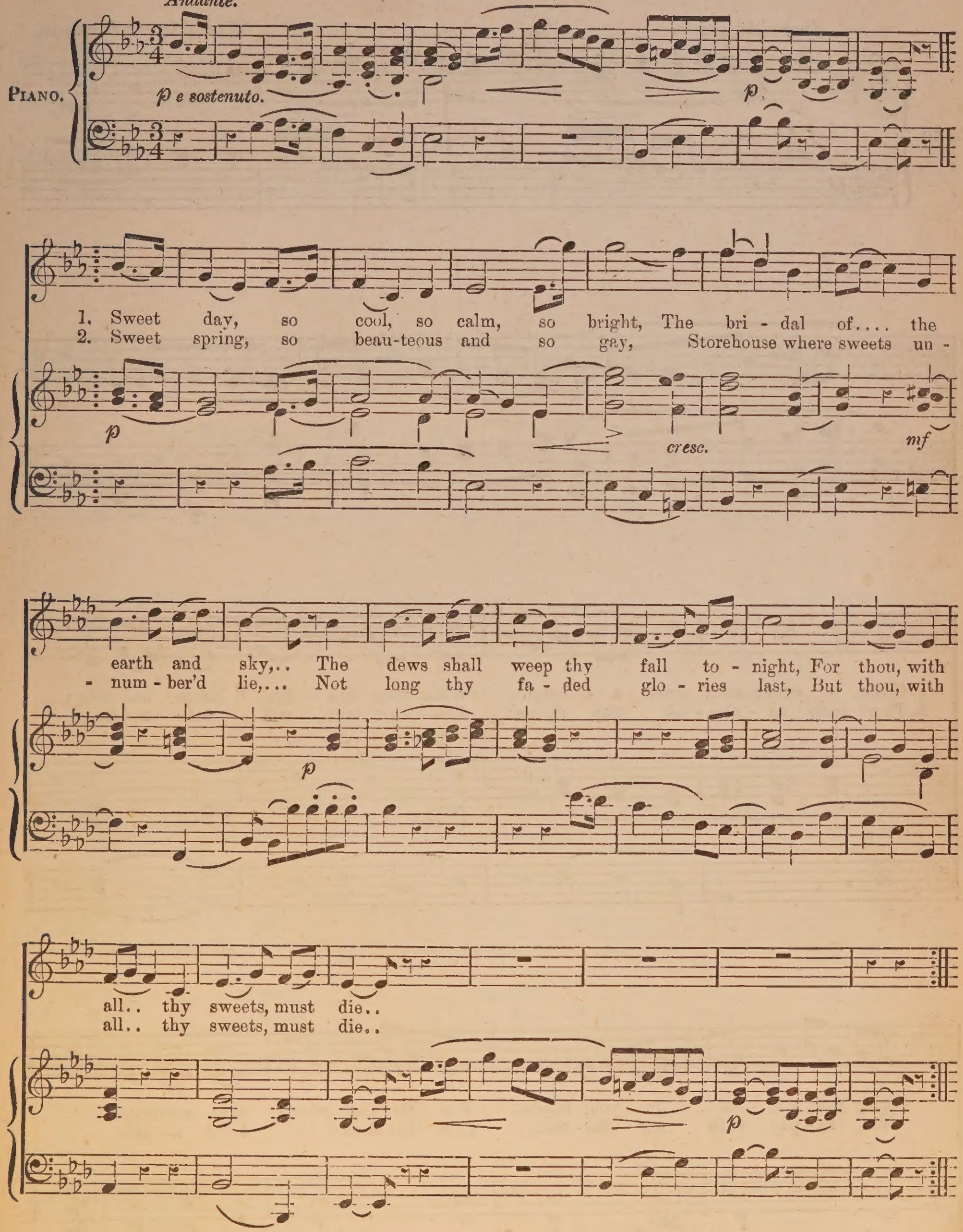
2
I often heard her say
  That she loved posies;
In the last month of May
  I gave her roses.
Cowslips and gillyflow'rs,
  And the sweet lily,
I got to deck the bowers
  Of my dear Philly;
She did them all disdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore, 'tis flat and plain,
Phillida flouts me.

3.
Which way soe'er I go
  She still torments me;
And whatsoe'er I do,
  Nothing contents me:
I fade and pine away
  With grief and sorrow;
I fall quite to decay,
  Like any shadow,
Since 'twill no better be,
I'll bear it patiently;
Yet all the world may see
Phillida flouts me.

Sweet day, so cool.

Words by G. Herbert.
Andante.

17th Century


PIANO.
p e sostenuto.
p
1. Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, The bri - dal of.... the earth and sky,.. The dews shall weep thy fall to - night, For thou, with all.. thy sweets, must die..
2. Sweet spring, so beau-teous and so gay, Storehouse where sweets un - num - ber'd lie,... Not long thy fa - ded glo - ries last, But thou, with all.. thy sweets, must die..
p
cresc.
mf
p
p

3.

Sweet rose, so fragrant and so brave,
Dazzling the sweet beholder's eye,
Thy root is even in thy grave,
For thou, with all thy sweets, must die.

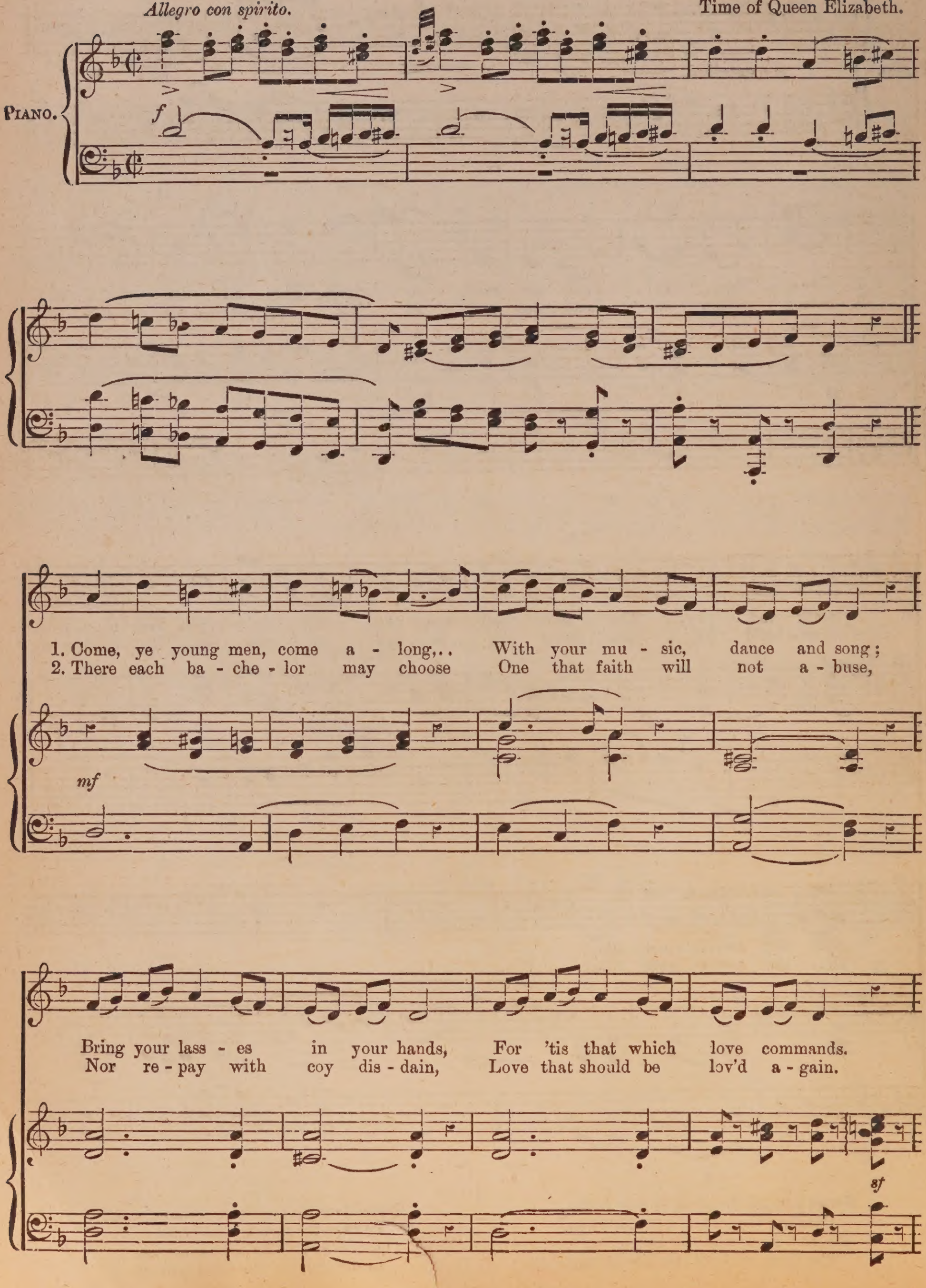
4.

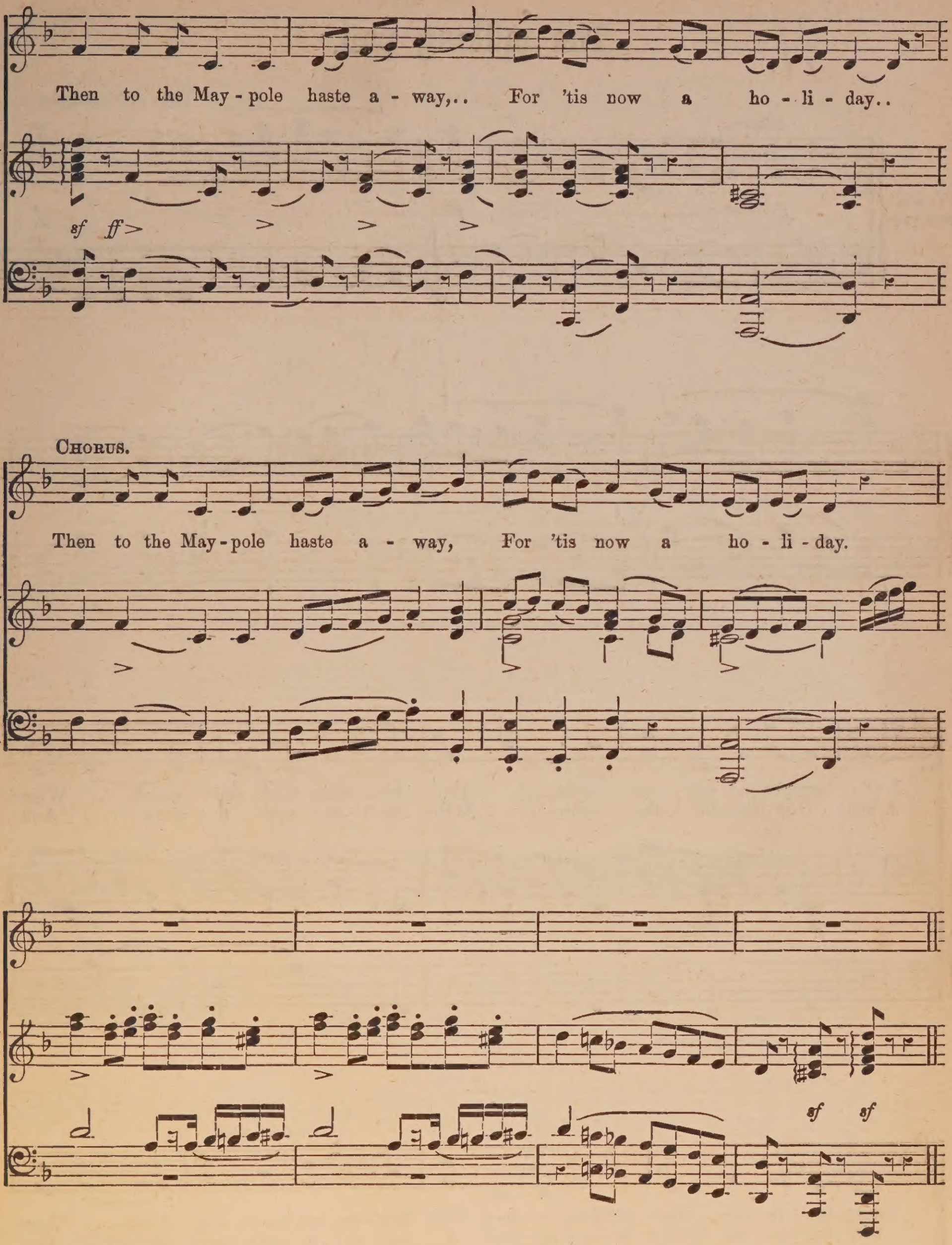
Sweet love alone, sweet wedded love!
To thee no period is assigned;
Thy tender joys by time improve,
In death itself the most refined.

To the Maypole haste away.

(MORRIS DANCE.)

Time of Queen Elizabeth.


Allegro con spirito.
PIANO.
f
mf
1. Come, ye young men, come a - long,.. With your mu - sic, dance and song;
2. There each ba - che - lor may choose One that faith will not a - buse,
Bring your lass - es in your hands, For 'tis that which love commands.
Nor re - pay with coy dis - dain, Love that should be lov'd a - gain.
sf


Then to the May-pole haste a-way,.. For 'tis now a ho-li-day..
sf ff
Chorus.
Then to the May-pole haste a-way, For 'tis now a ho-li-day.
sf sf

3.

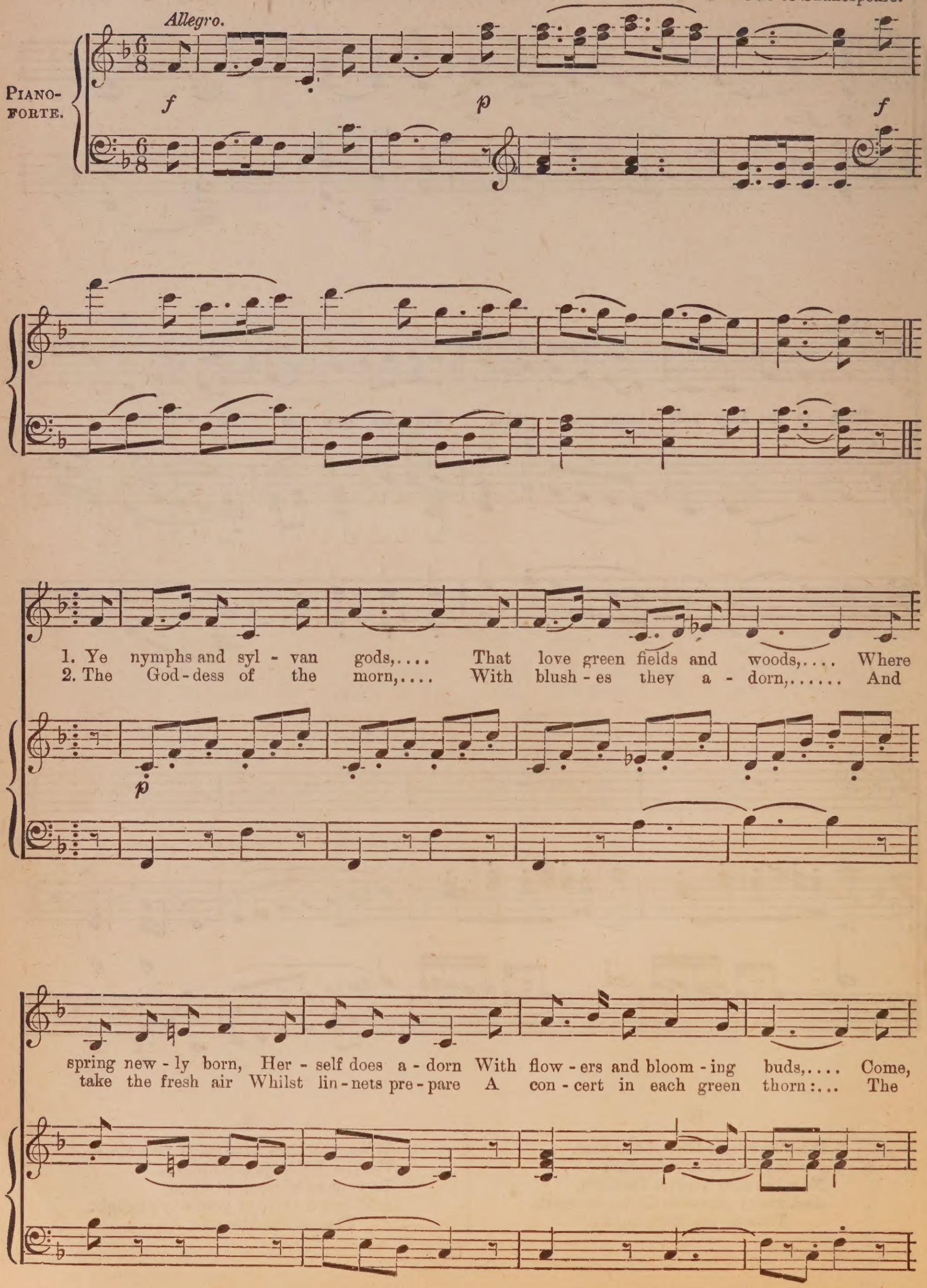
It is the choice time of the year,
For the violets now appear;
Now the rose receives its birth,
And pretty primrose decks the earth.
Then to the Maypole, &c.

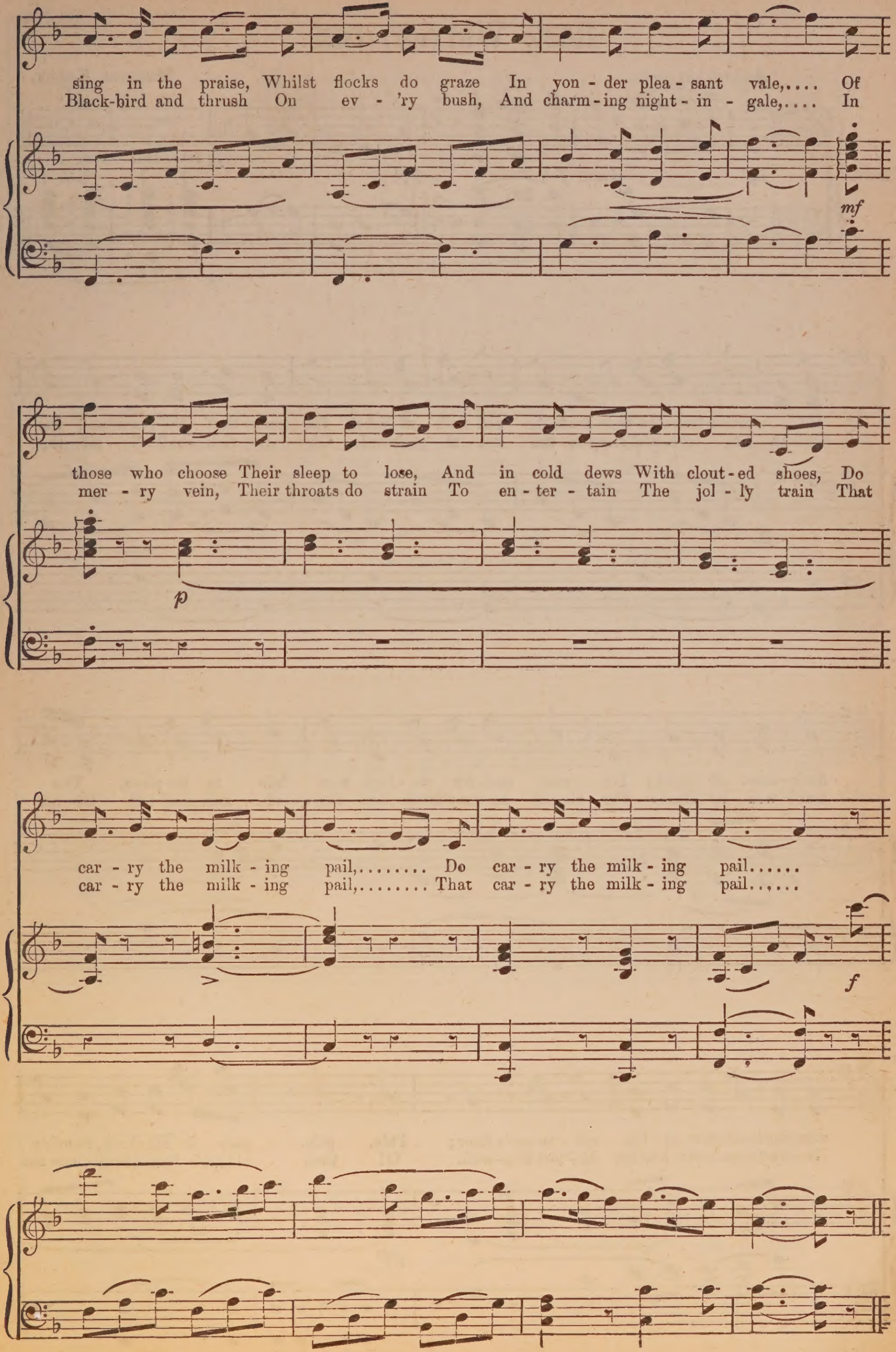
4.

When you thus have spent your time,
Till the day be past its prime,
To your beds repair at night,
And dream there of your day's delight.
Then to the Maypole, &c.

The milking pail.

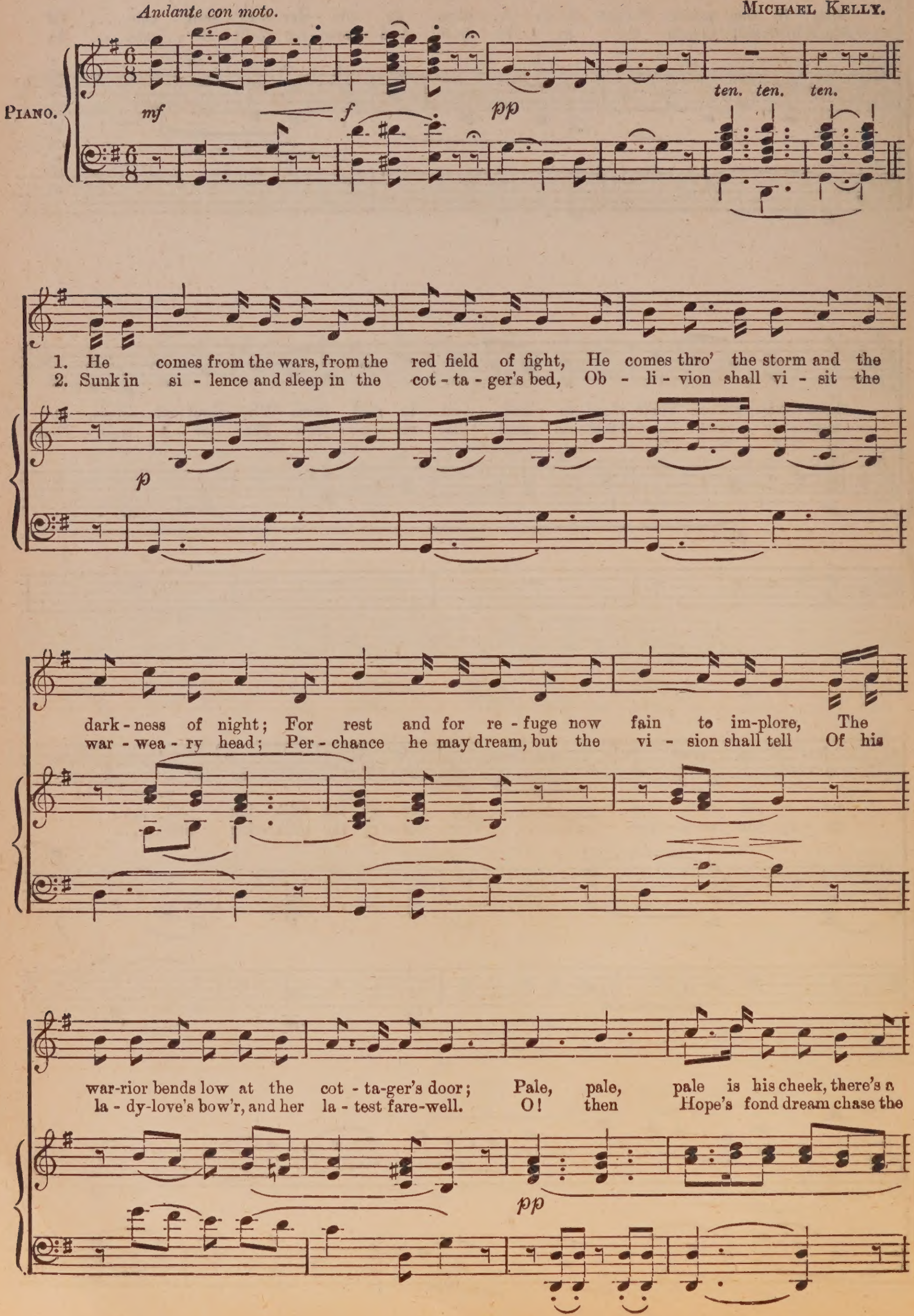
Time of Shakespeare.

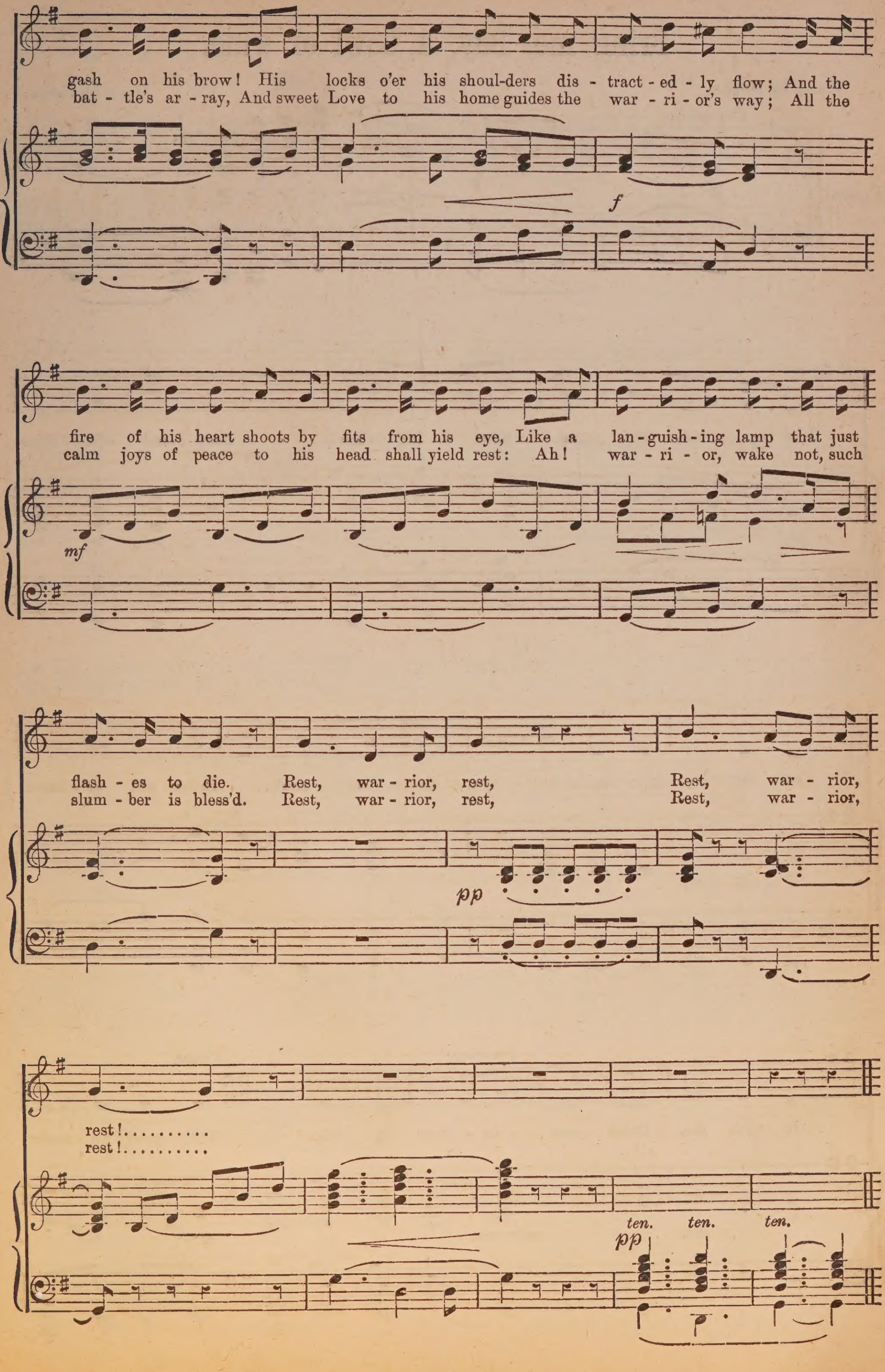

Allegro.
PIANO-FORTE.
f
p
f
p
1. Ye nymphs and syl - van gods,.... That love green fields and woods,.... Where
2. The God - dess of the morn,.... With blush - es they a - dorn,...... And
spring new - ly born, Her - self does a - dorn With flow - ers and bloom - ing buds,.... Come,
take the fresh air Whilst lin - nets pre - pare A con - cert in each green thorn:... The


sing in the praise, Whilst flocks do graze In yon - der plea - sant vale,.... Of
Black-bird and thrush On ev - 'ry bush, And charm - ing night - in - gale,.... In
mf
those who choose Their sleep to lose, And in cold dews With clout - ed shoes, Do
mer - ry vein, Their throats do strain To en - ter - tain The jol - ly train That
p
car - ry the milk - ing pail,........ Do car - ry the milk - ing pail......
car - ry the milk - ing pail,........ That car - ry the milk - ing pail......
f

Rest, Warrior, rest.

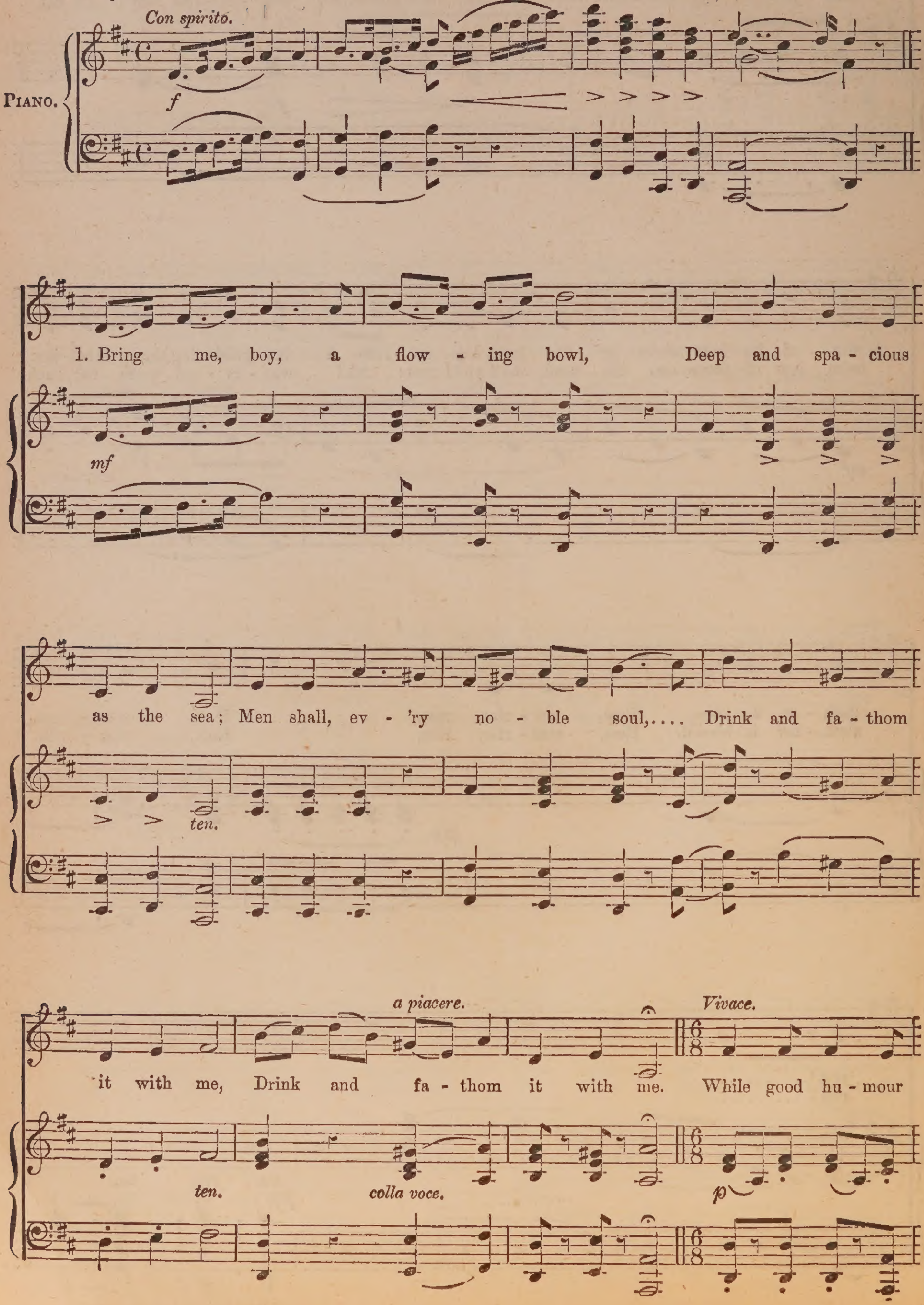
MICHAEL KELLY.

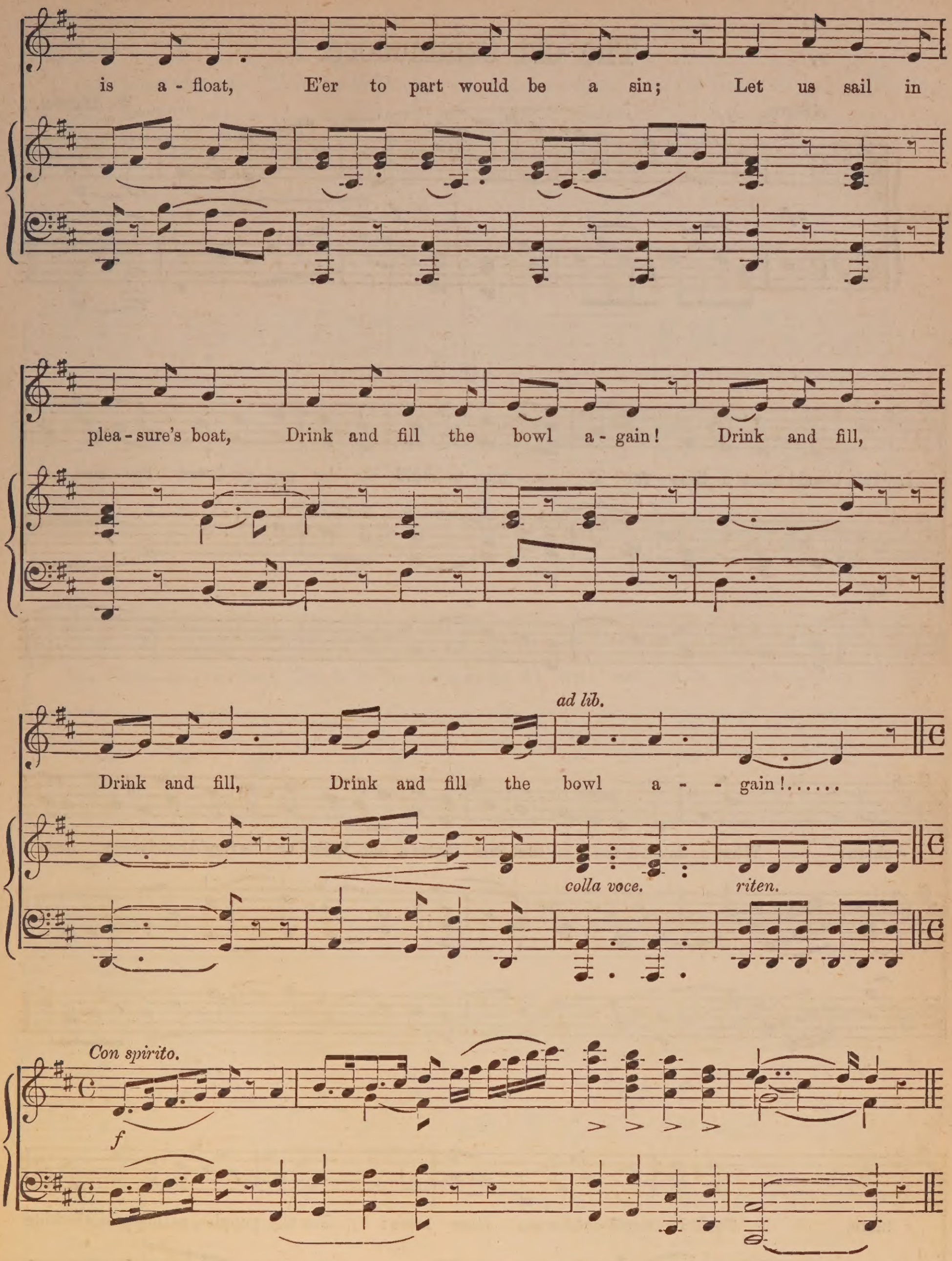

Andante con moto.
PIANO.
mf
f
pp
ten. ten. ten.
1. He comes from the wars, from the red field of fight, He comes thro' the storm and the
2. Sunk in si - lence and sleep in the cot - ta - ger's bed, Ob - li - vion shall vi - sit the
p
dark - ness of night; For rest and for re - fuge now fain to im-plore, The
war - wea - ry head; Per - chance he may dream, but the vi - sion shall tell Of his
war-rior bends low at the cot - ta-ger's door; Pale, pale, pale is his cheek, there's a
la - dy-love's bow'r, and her la - test fare-well. O! then Hope's fond dream chase the
pp


gash on his brow! His locks o'er his shoul-ders dis - tract - ed - ly flow; And the
bat - tle's ar - ray, And sweet Love to his home guides the war - ri - or's way; All the
f
fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye, Like a lan - guish - ing lamp that just
calm joys of peace to his head shall yield rest: Ah! war - ri - or, wake not, such
mf
flash - es to die. Rest, war - rior, rest, Rest, war - rior,
slum - ber is bless'd. Rest, war - rior, rest, Rest, war - rior,
pp
rest!..........
rest!..........
ten.
ten.
ten.
pp

Bring me, Boy, a bowl of wine.

Words by Upton. Music by Hook.


Con spirito.
Piano.
f
1. Bring me, boy, a flow - ing bowl, Deep and spa - cious
mf
as the sea; Men shall, ev - 'ry no - ble soul,.... Drink and fa - thom
ten.
a piacere.
Vivace.
it with me, Drink and fa - thom it with me. While good hu - mour
ten.
colla voce.
p


is a - float, E'er to part would be a sin; Let us sail in
plea - sure's boat, Drink and fill the bowl a - gain! Drink and fill,
Drink and fill, Drink and fill the bowl a - - gain!......
ad lib.
colla voce.
riten.
Con spirito.
f

2.

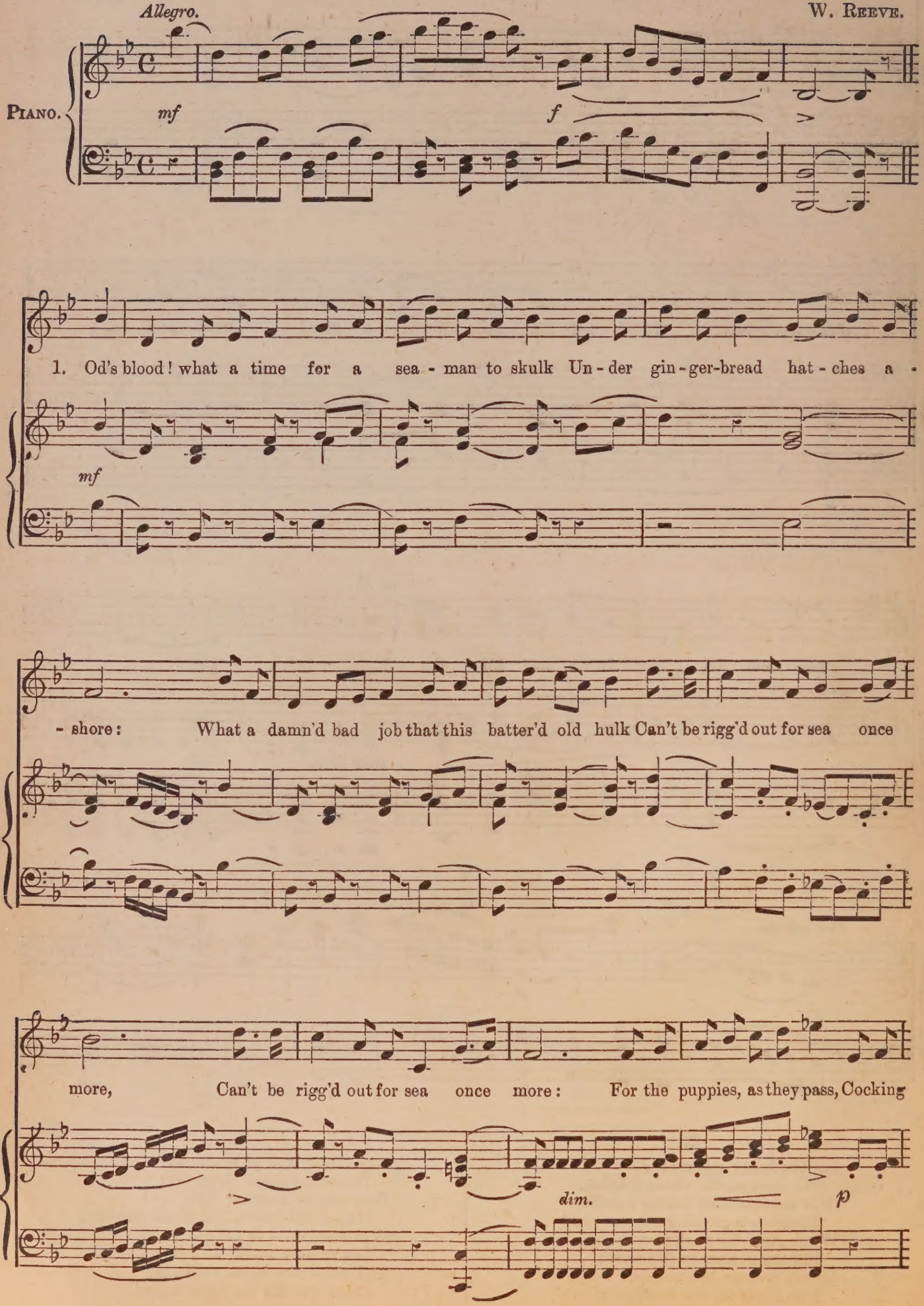
Let the hoary miser toil,
We such sordid views despise;
Give us wine, and beauty's smile,
There each glowing rapture lies!
While good-fellowship we boast,
Fill the goblets to the brim;
Lovely woman be our toast,
Drink and fill the bowl again!

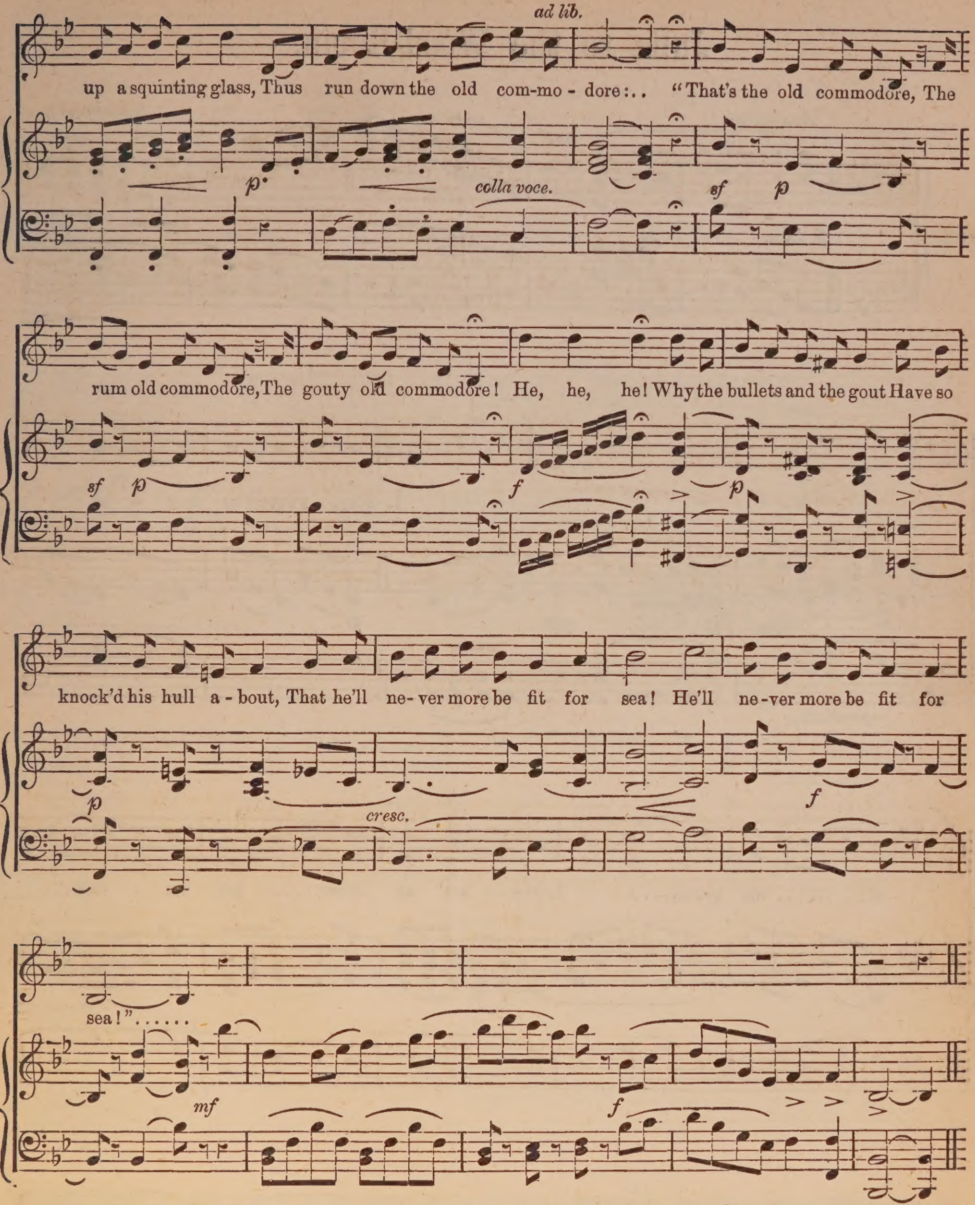
3.

Care, thou bane of every joy,
To some distant region fly;
Here reigns Bacchus, jolly boy!
Hence, old greybeard, hence and die!
While we revel in delight,
Ere to part would be a sin;
And since care is put to flight,
Drink and fill the bowl again!

The old Commodore.

W. Reeve.


Allegro.
Piano.
mf
f
1. Od's blood! what a time for a sea-man to skulk Un-der gin-ger-bread hat-ches a-shore: What a damn'd bad job that this batter'd old hulk Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more, Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more: For the puppies, as they pass, Cocking
mf
dim.
p


ad lib.
up a squinting glass, Thus run down the old com-mo - dore:.. "That's the old commodore, The
colla voce.
sf p
rum old commodore, The gouty old commodore! He, he, he! Why the bullets and the gout Have so
sf p f p
knock'd his hull a - bout, That he'll ne-ver more be fit for sea! He'll ne-ver more be fit for
p cresc. f
sea!"......
mf f

2.

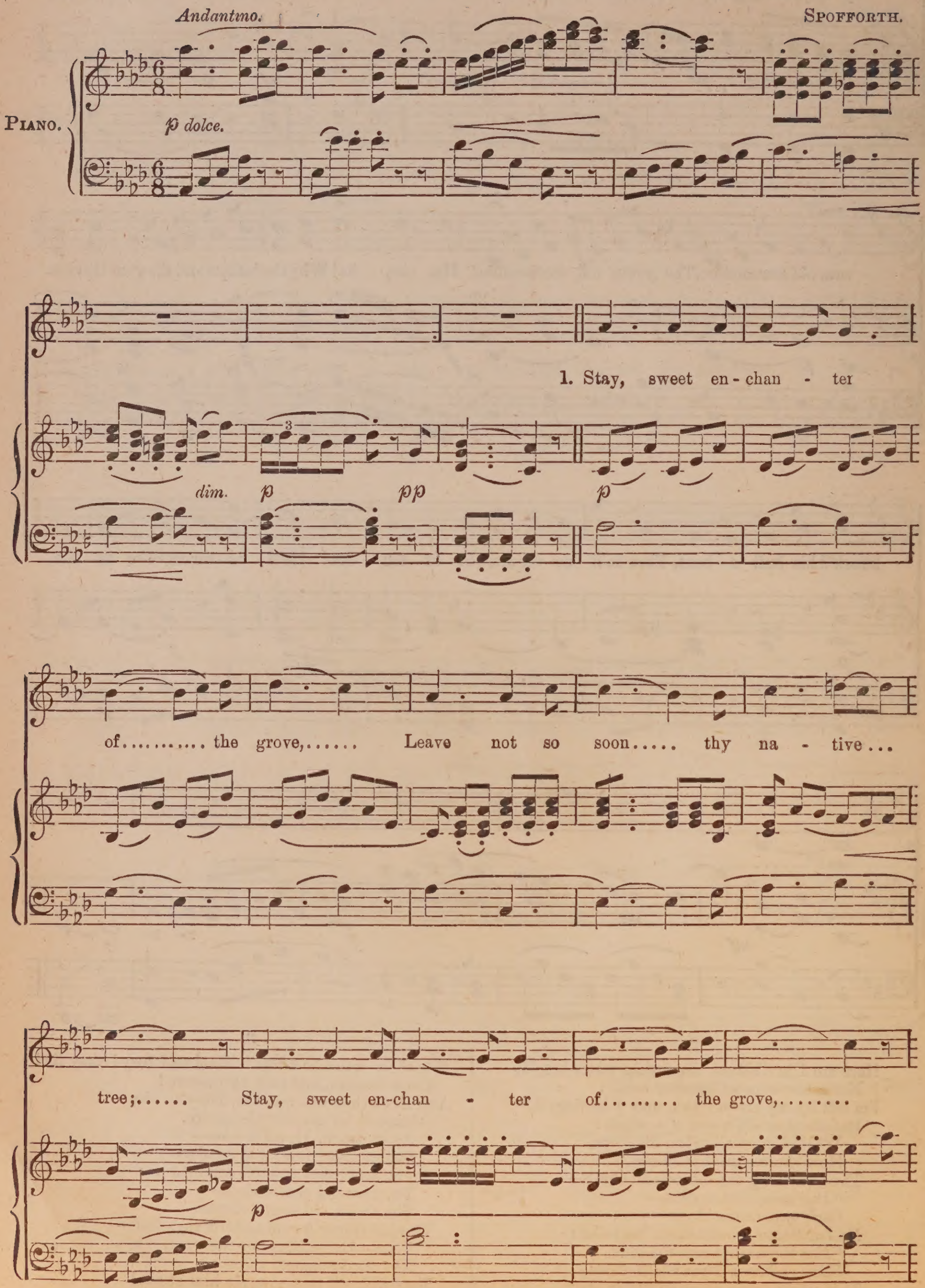
Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,
Not a tow-rope at hand or a sail;
I'm left by my crew,—and, may I be flogg'd,
But the doctor's a son of a whale:
While I'm swallowing his slops,
How nimble are his chops,
Thus queering the old commodore:—
"Bad case, commodore—
Can't say, cammodore—
Mus'nt flatter, commodore," says he:
"For the bullets and the gout
Have so knock'd your hull about,
That you'll never more be fit for sea!"

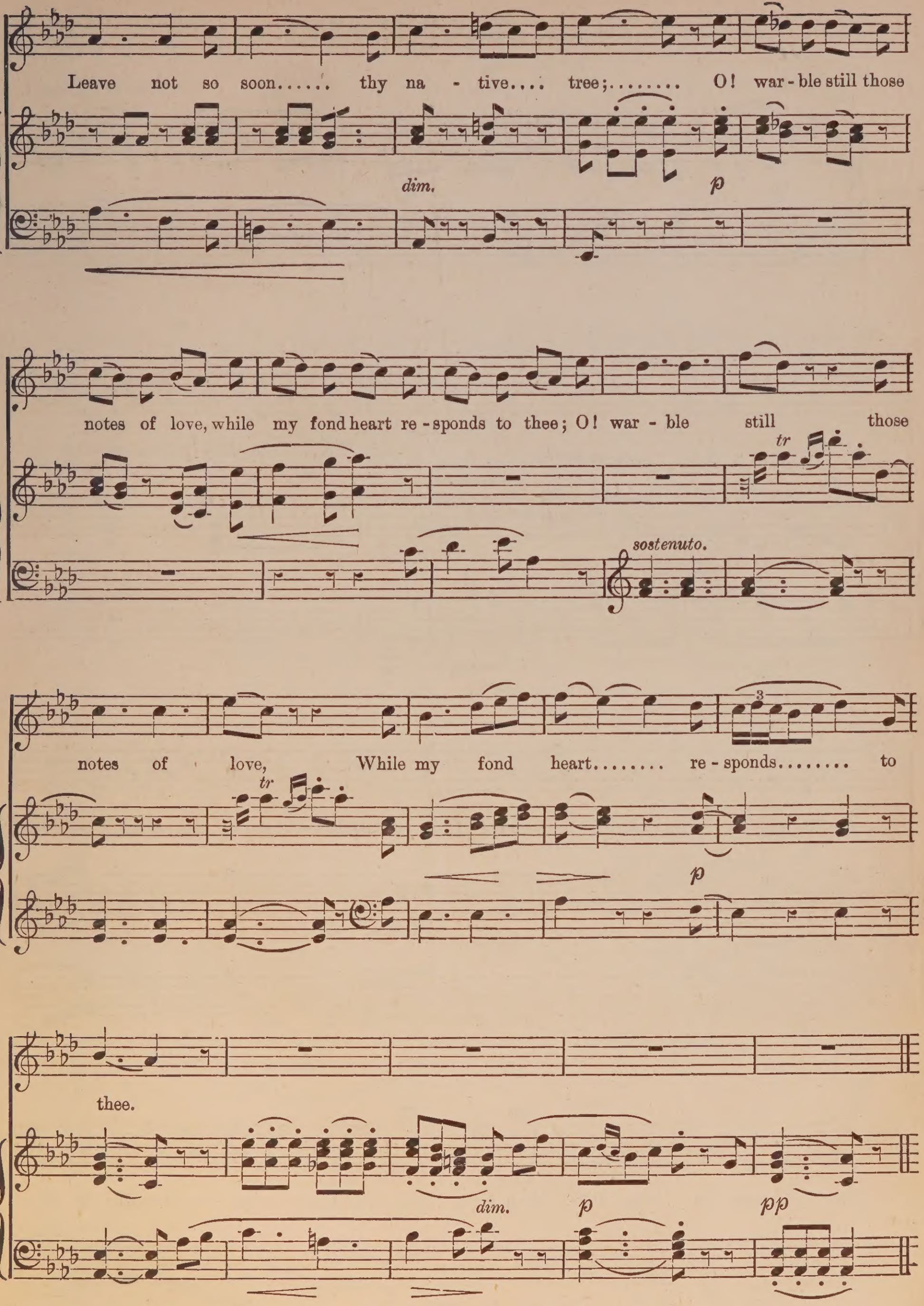
3.

What! no more be afloat! blood and fury! they lie!
I'm a seaman, and only threescore!
And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
Odzooks! let me not die ashore.
As so death, 'tis all a joke—
Sailors live in fire and smoke:
So, at least, says the old commodore;
The rum old commodore—
The tough old commodore—
The fighting old commodore, says he:—
Whom the bullets nor the gout,
Nor the foreigners to boot,
Shall kill, till they grapple him at sea!

Julia to the Wood-Robin.

SPOFFORTH.


Andantino.
Piano.
p dolce.
dim.
p
pp
p
1. Stay, sweet en - chan - ter
of.......... the grove,...... Leave not so soon..... thy na - tive...
tree;...... Stay, sweet en-chan - ter of......... the grove,........
p


Leave not so soon...... thy na - tive.... tree;........ O! war - ble still those
dim.
p
notes of love, while my fond heart re - sponds to thee; O! war - ble still those
tr
sostenuto.
notes of love, While my fond heart........ re - sponds........ to
tr
3
p
thee.
dim.
p
pp

2.

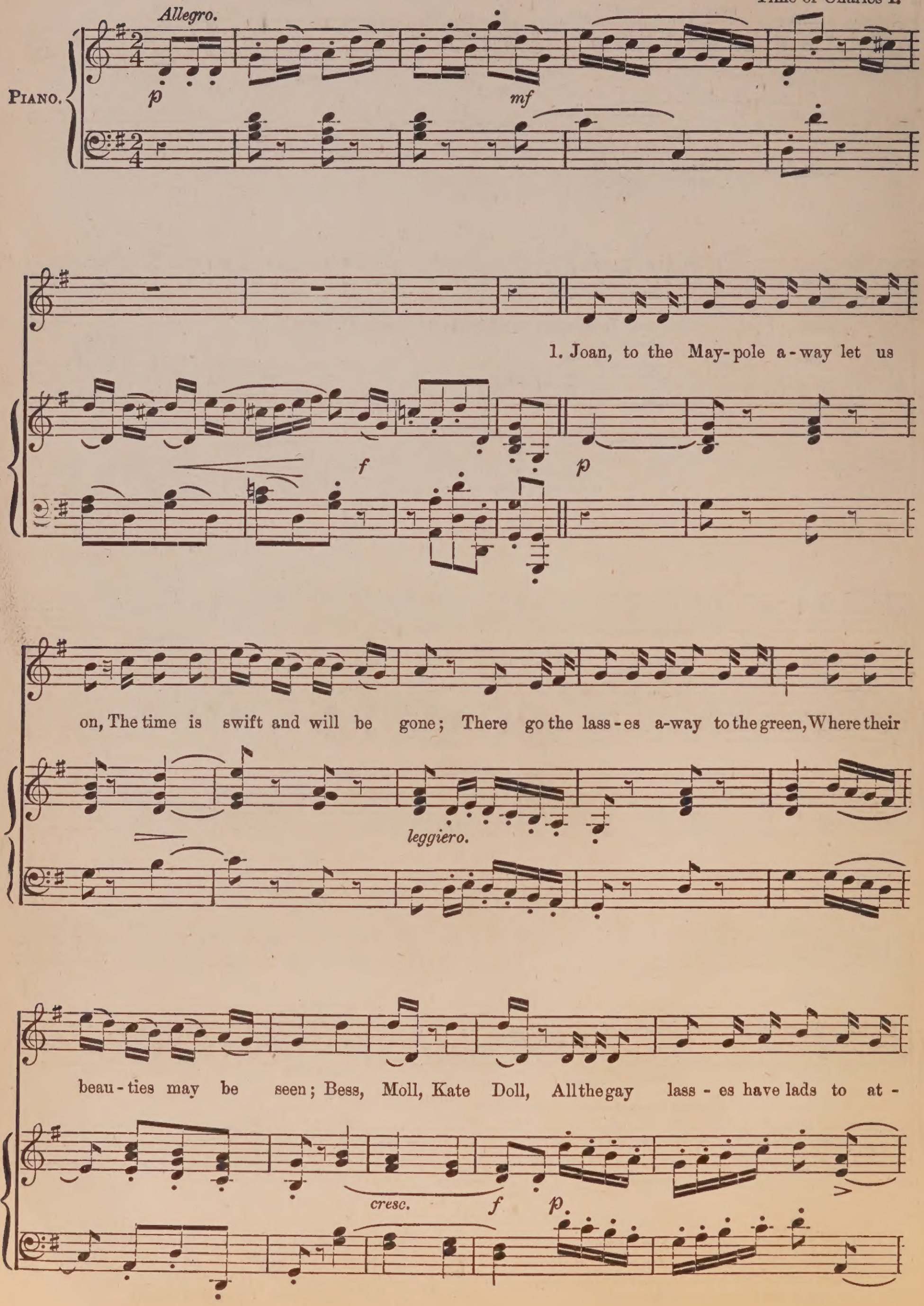
Rest thy soft bosom on the spray,
Till chilly autumn frowns severe;
Then charm me with those notes of love,
And I will answer with a tear.

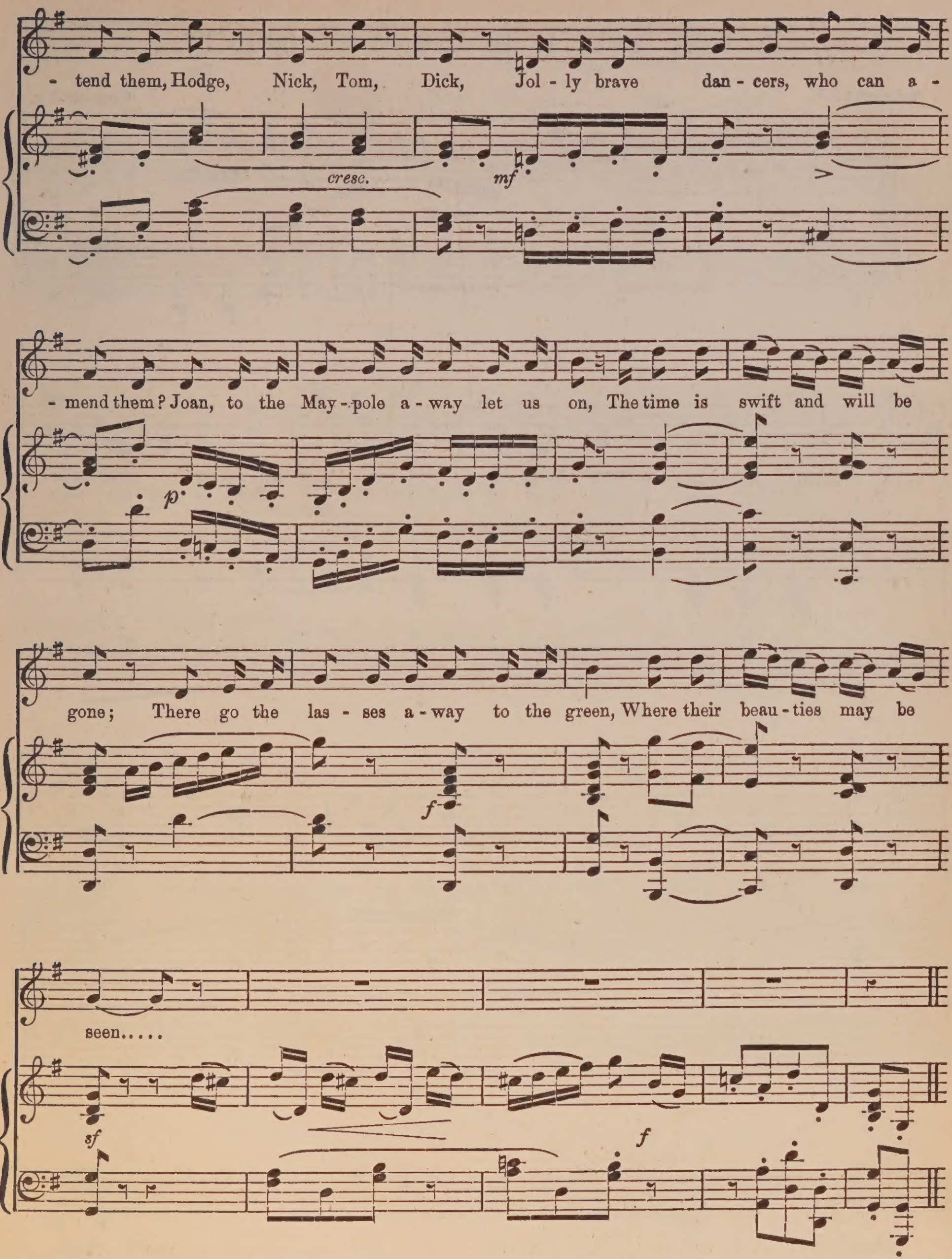
3.

But soon as spring, enwreath'd with flow'rs,
Comes dancing o'er the new dress'd plain,
Return and cheer thy natal bow'rs,
My Robin, with thy notes again.

To the May-pole away.

Time of Charles I.


Allegro.
Piano.
p
mf
f
p
1. Joan, to the May-pole a-way let us
on, The time is swift and will be gone; There go the lass-es a-way to the green, Where their
leggiero.
beau-ties may be seen; Bess, Moll, Kate Doll, All the gay lass-es have lads to at-
cresc.
f
p.


- tend them, Hodge, Nick, Tom, Dick, Jol - ly brave dan - cers, who can a -
cresc.
mf
- mend them? Joan, to the May - pole a - way let us on, The time is swift and will be
p
gone; There go the las - ses a - way to the green, Where their beau - ties may be
f
seen.....
sf
f

2.

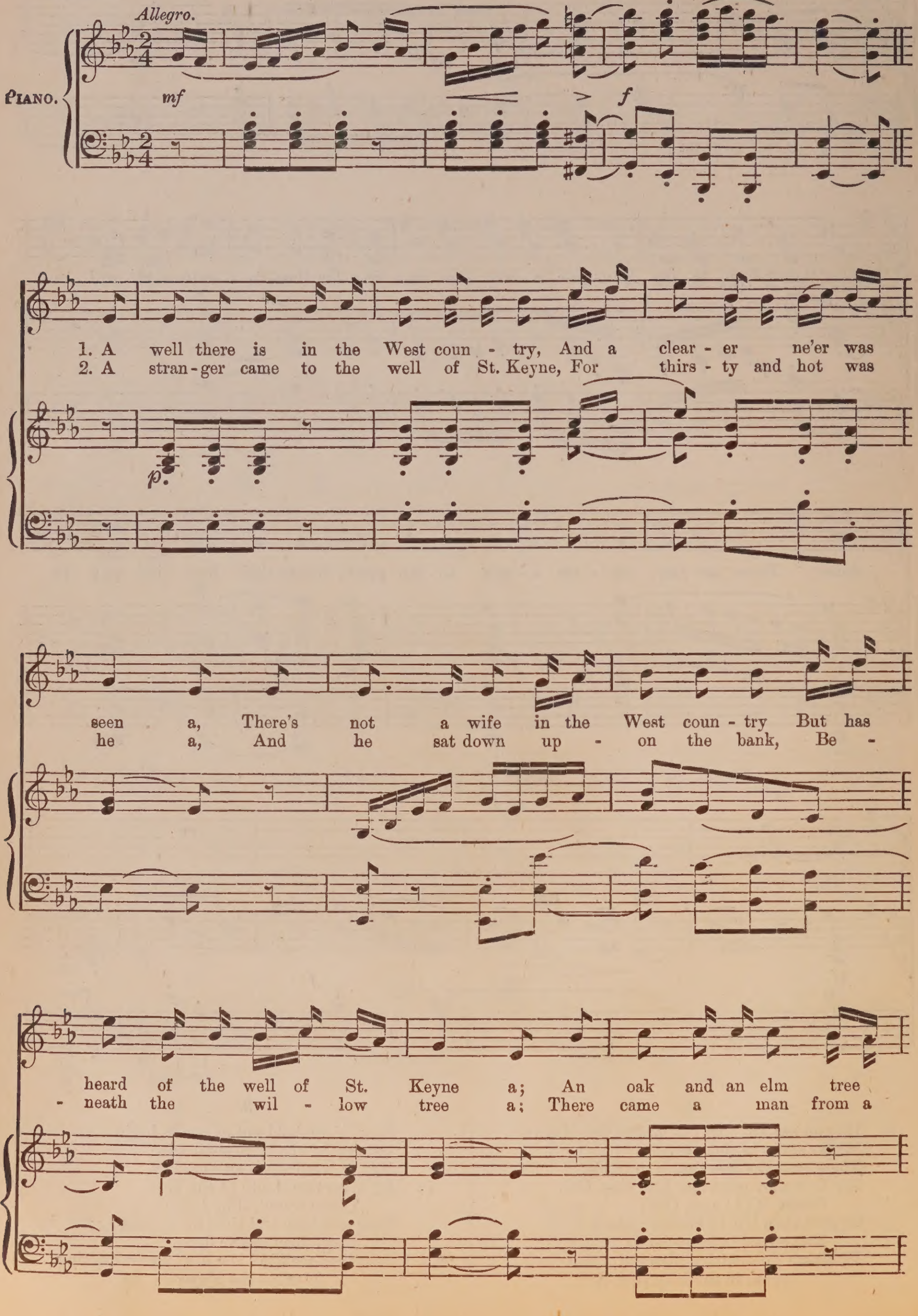
Do you not see how the lord of the May
Walks along in rich array?
There goes the lass that is only his,
See how they meet and how they kiss.
Come, Will! run, Gill!
Or dost thou list to lose thy labour?
Kit, crowd! scrape loud!
Tickle up Tom with a pipe and a tabor.
Joan, to the May-pole, &c.

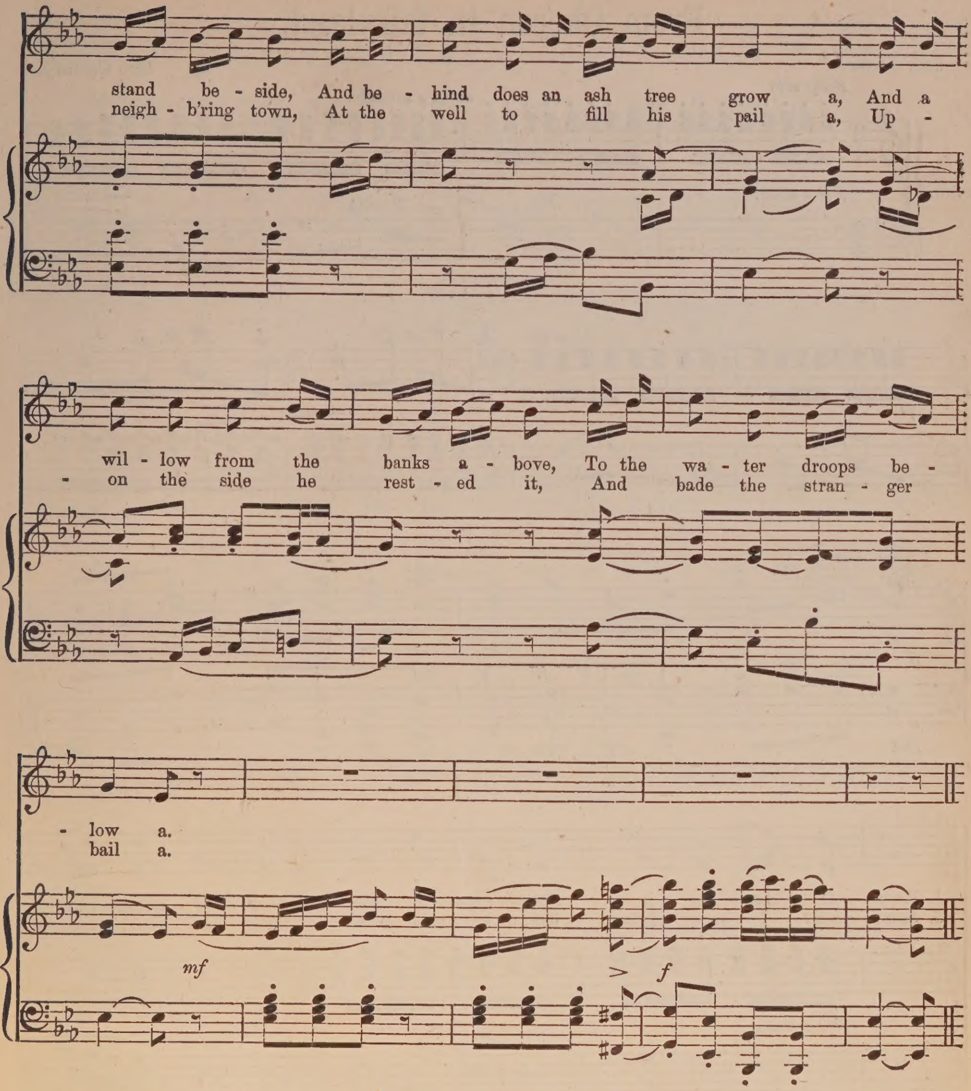
3.

Now, if we hold out as we do begin
Joan and I the prize shall win;
Nay, if we live till another day,
I'll make thee Lady of the May.
Dance round, skip, bound,
Turn and kiss, and then for a greeting;
Now, Joan, we've done,
Fare-thee-well 'till the next merry meeting.
Joan, to the May-pole. &c.

A well there is in the West country.

SOUTHEY. Cornish Air.


Allegro.
PIANO.
mf
f
1. A well there is in the West coun - try, And a clear - er ne'er was
2. A stran - ger came to the well of St. Keyne, For thirs - ty and hot was
p.
seen a, There's not a wife in the West coun - try But has
he a, And he sat down up - on the bank, Be -
heard of the well of St. Keyne a; An oak and an elm tree
- neath the wil - low tree a; There came a man from a


stand be - side, And be - hind does an ash tree grow a, And a
neigh - b'ring town, At the well to fill his pail a, Up -
wil - low from the banks a - bove, To the wa - ter droops be -
- on the side he rest - ed it, And bade the stran - ger
- low a.
bail a.
mf
f

3.

"Now art thou a bachelor, friend?" quoth he,
"For an if thou hast a wife a,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That e'en thou didst in thy life a;
Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been a?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life,
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne a."

4.

"I've left a good woman who ne'er was here,"
The stranger made reply a,
"But how my draught should better be for that
To guess in vain I try a.
St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time
Would drink of his crystal well a;
And before the angels summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell a."

5.

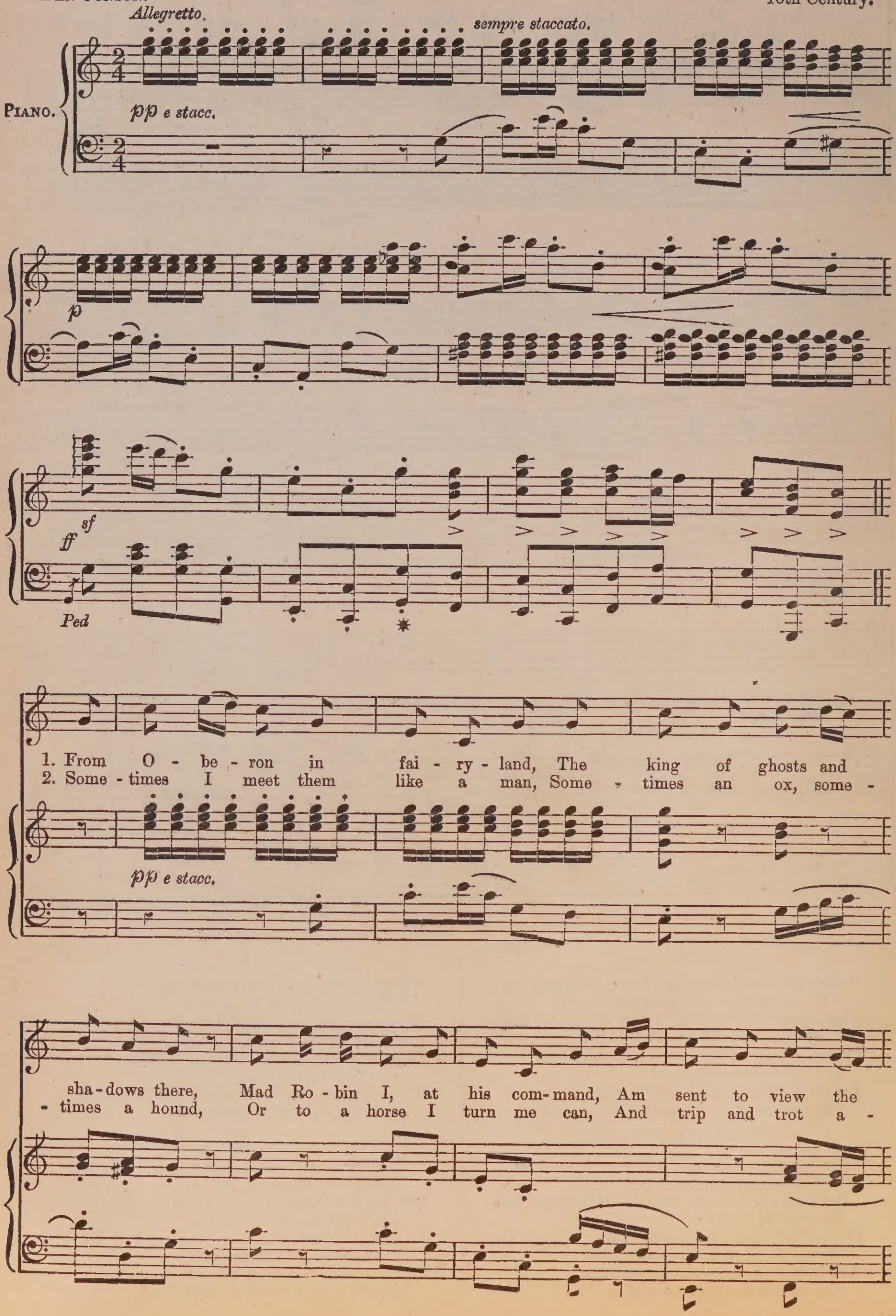
"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife a,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.
But if the wife should drink of it first,
God bless the husband then a,"
The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again a.

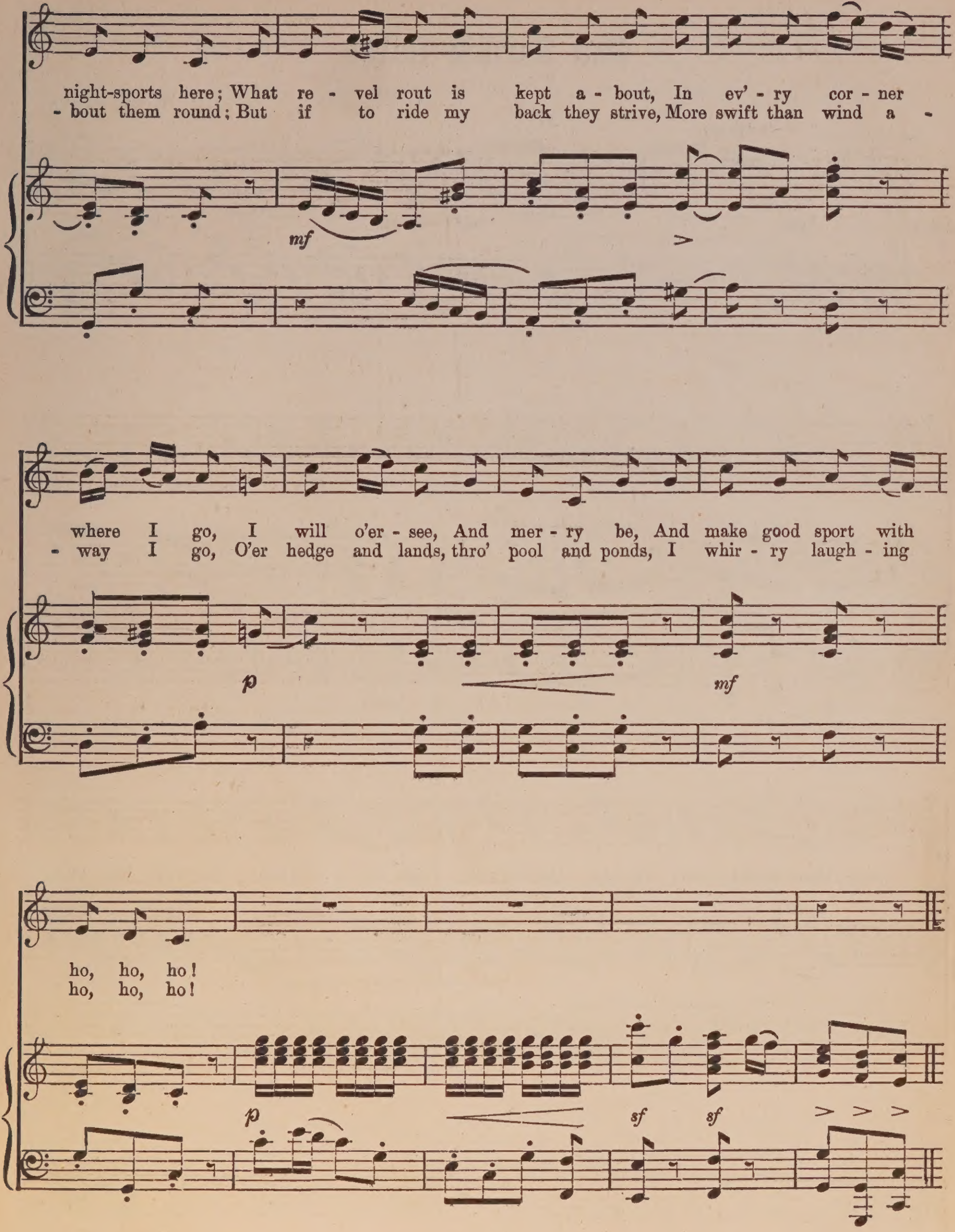
6.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes,"
To the countryman he said a;
But the rustic sigh'd as the stranger spake,
And sadly shook his head a.
"I hasten'd here, when the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch a,
But truly she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church a."

From Oberon in fairyland.

BEN JONSON. 16th Century.


Allegretto.
sempre staccato.
PIANO.
pp e stacc.
p
sf
ff
Ped
1. From O - be - ron in fai - ry - land, The king of ghosts and
2. Some - times I meet them like a man, Some - times an ox, some -
pp e stacc.
sha - dows there, Mad Ro - bin I, at his com - mand, Am sent to view the
- times a hound, Or to a horse I turn me can, And trip and trot a -


night-sports here; What re - vel rout is kept a - bout, In ev' - ry cor - ner
- bout them round; But if to ride my back they strive, More swift than wind a -
mf
where I go, I will o'er - see, And mer - ry be, And make good sport with
- way I go, O'er hedge and lands, thro' pool and ponds, I whir - ry laugh - ing
p
mf
ho, ho, ho!
ho, ho, ho!
p
sf
sf

3.

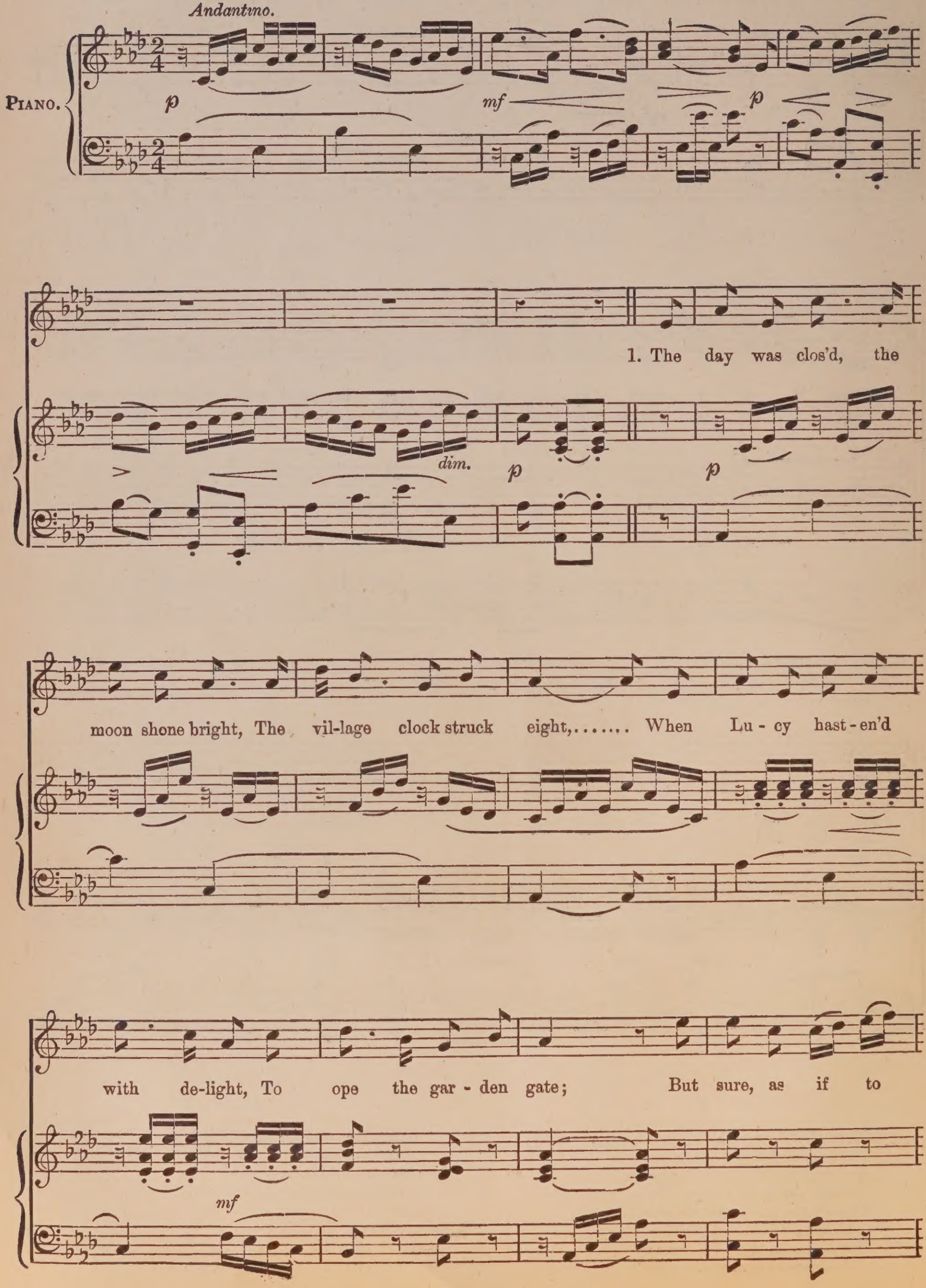
More swift than lightning can I fly,
About the airy welkin soon;
And in a minute's space descry
Each thing that's done below the moon.
There's not a hag nor ghost shall wag,
Or cry, "Ware, goblin!" where I go;
But Robin I, their feats do spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

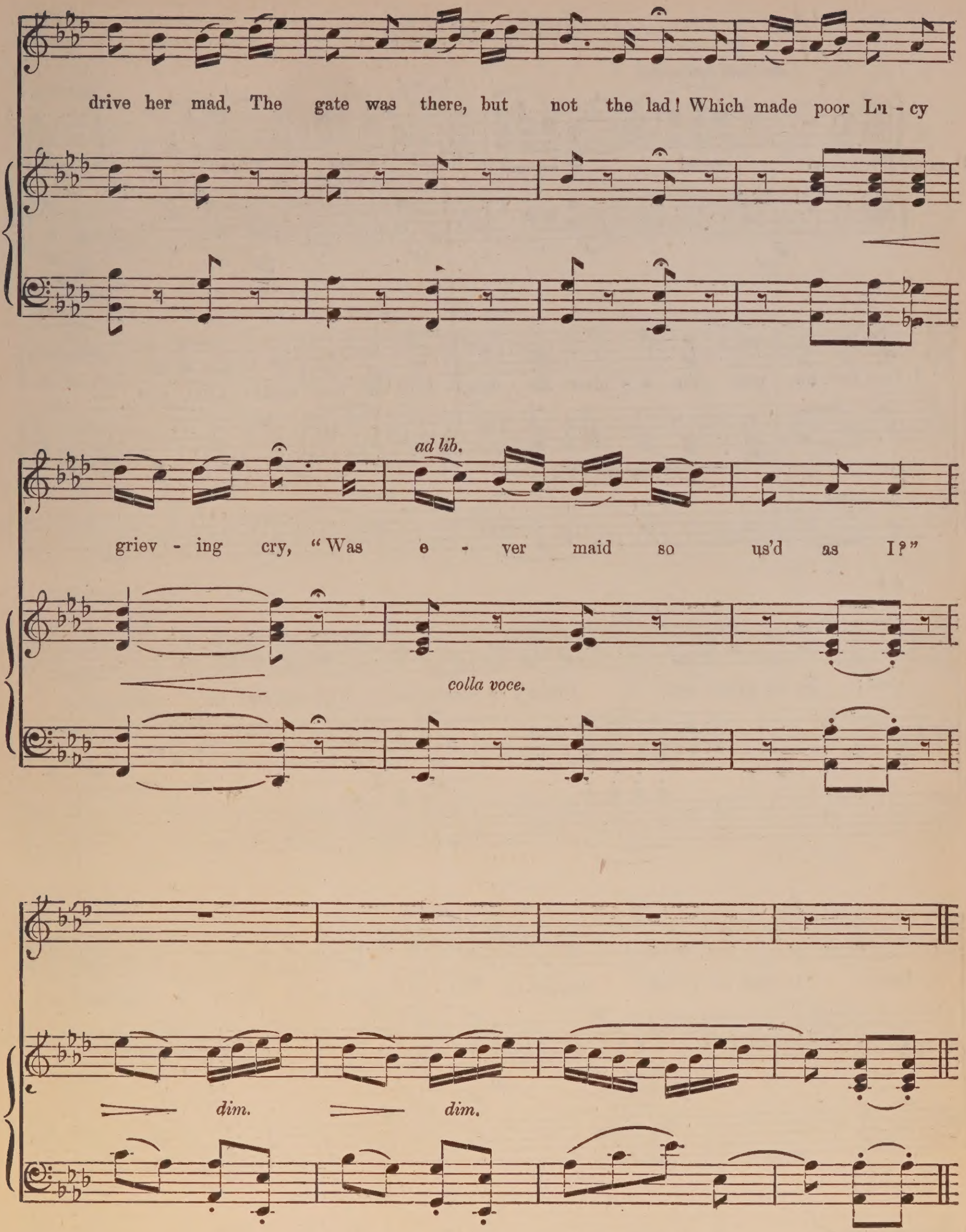
4.

When lads and lasses merry be
With possets and rich junkets fine;
Unseen of all the company
I eat their cakes and sip their wine.
And to make sport I puff and snort,
And out the candles I do blow,
And maids I kiss; they shriek, "Who's this?"
I answer naught but ho, ho, ho!

The Garden Gate.

W. T. PARKE


Andantino.
PIANO.
p
mf
p
dim.
p
p
1. The day was clos'd, the moon shone bright, The vil-lage clock struck eight,....... When Lu - cy hast - en'd with de-light, To ope the gar - den gate; But sure, as if to
mf


drive her mad, The gate was there, but not the lad! Which made poor Lu - cy
ad lib.
griev - ing cry, "Was e - ver maid so us'd as I?"
colla voce.
dim.
dim.

2.

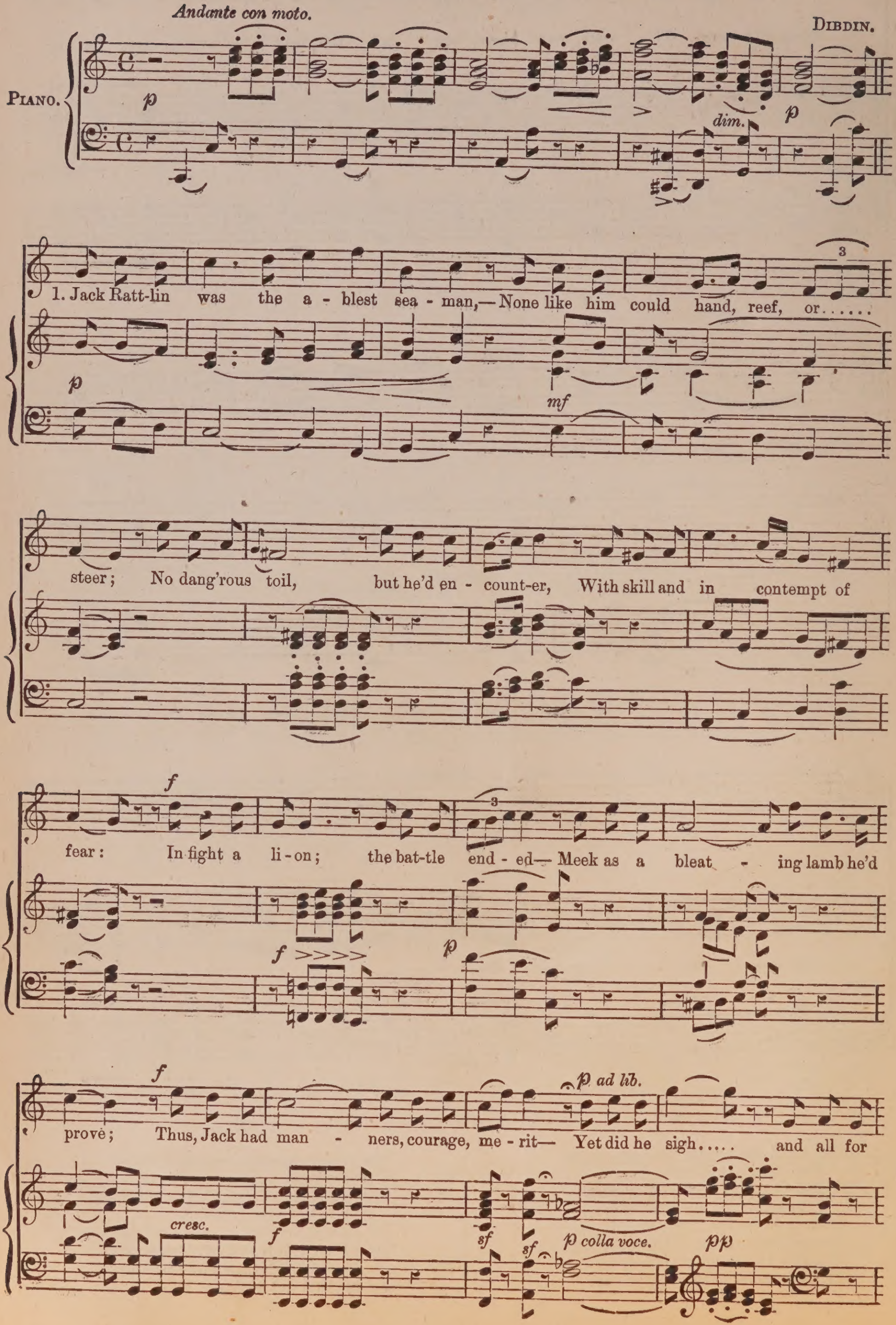
She pac'd the garden here and there,
The village clock struck nine;
When Lucy cried in wild despair,
"He shan't, he shan't be mine!
Last night he vow'd the garden gate
Should find him there this eve at eight;
But this I'll let the creature see,
He ne'er shall make a fool of me."

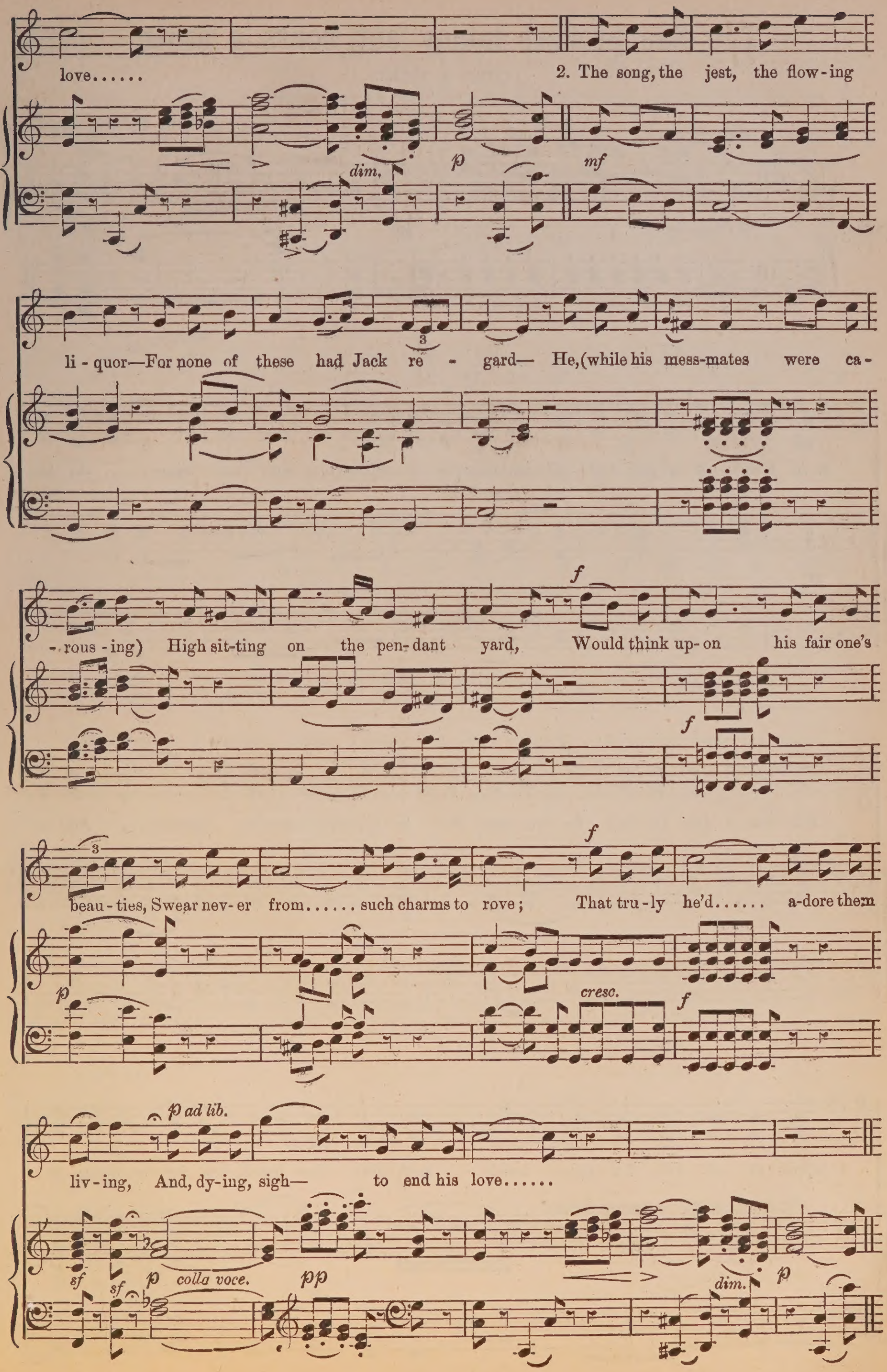
3.

She ceas'd—a noise her ear alarms—
The village clock struck ten;
When William caught her in his arms,
And ne'er to part again.
He shew'd the ring, to wed next day,
He'd been to buy, a long, long way;
How then could Lucy cruel prove.
To one that did so fondly love!

Jack Rattlin.

DIBDIN.

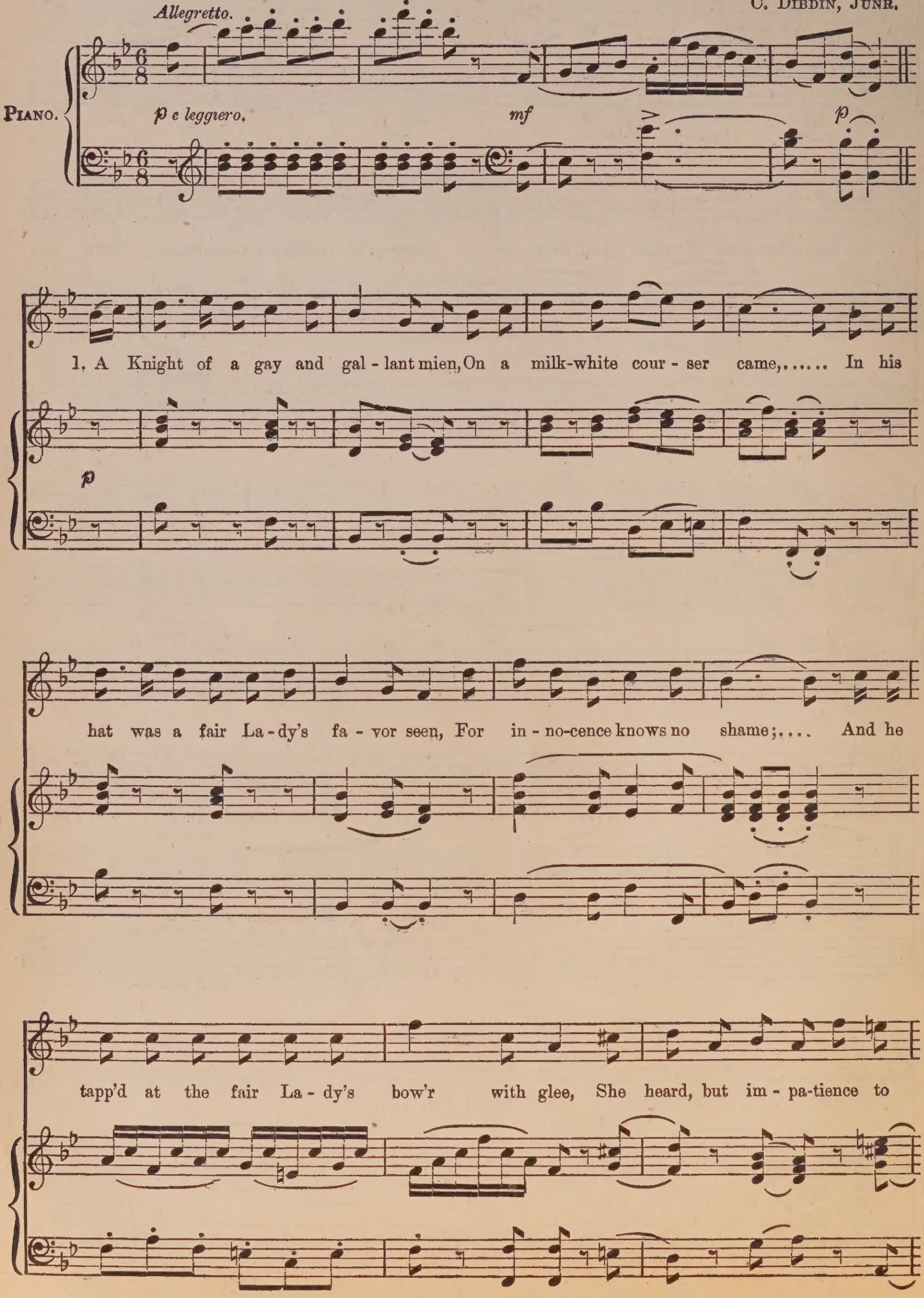

Andante con moto.
PIANO.
p
dim.
p
1. Jack Ratt-lin was the a - blest sea - man,— None like him could hand, reef, or......
p
mf
steer; No dang'rous toil, but he'd en - count-er, With skill and in contempt of
f
fear: In fight a li - on; the bat-tle end - ed— Meek as a bleat - ing lamb he'd
f
p
f
prove; Thus, Jack had man - ners, courage, me - rit— Yet did he sigh..... and all for
p ad lib.
cresc.
f
sf
sf
p colla voce.
pp

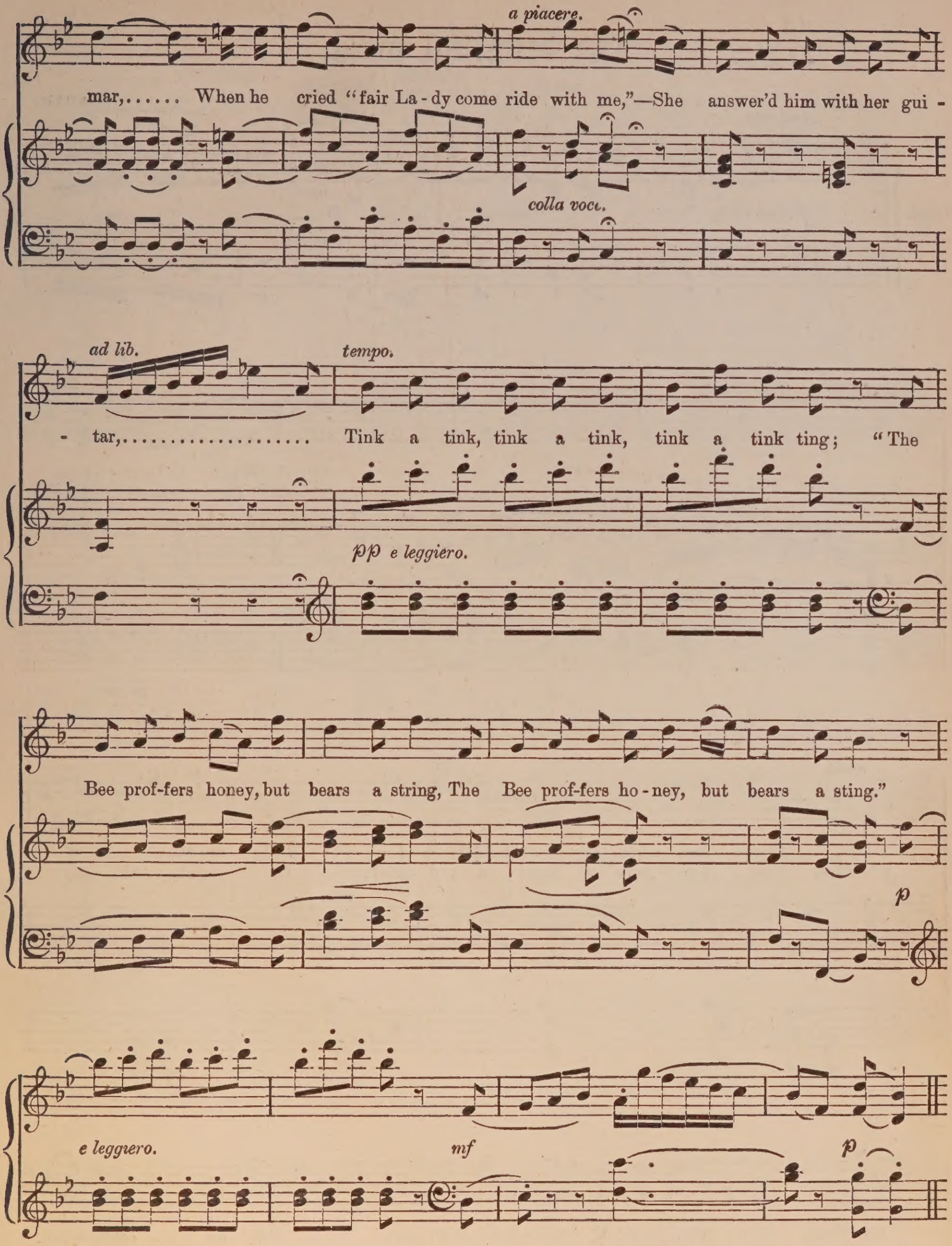

love......
dim.
p
mf
2. The song, the jest, the flow-ing
li-quor—For none of these had Jack re-gard— He, (while his mess-mates were ca-
3
-rous-ing) High sit-ting on the pen-dant yard, Would think up-on his fair one's
f
beau-ties, Swear nev-er from...... such charms to rove; That tru-ly he'd...... a-dore them
3
p
cresc.
f
p ad lib.
liv-ing, And, dy-ing, sigh— to end his love......
sf
p
colla voce.
pp
dim.
p

The Bee proffers honey but bears a sting.

("TINK A TINK.")

C. DIBDIN, JUNR.


Allegretto.
PIANO.
p e leggiero.
mf
p
1. A Knight of a gay and gal-lant mien, On a milk-white cour-ser came,...... In his
hat was a fair La-dy's fa-vor seen, For in-no-cence knows no shame;.... And he
tapp'd at the fair La-dy's bow'r with glee, She heard, but im-pa-tience to


a piacere.
mar,...... When he cried "fair La-dy come ride with me,"—She answer'd him with her gui-
colla voce.
ad lib.
tempo.
-tar,.................... Tink a tink, tink a tink, tink a tink ting; "The
pp e leggiero.
Bee prof-fers honey, but bears a string, The Bee prof-fers ho-ney, but bears a sting."
p
e leggiero.
mf
p

2.

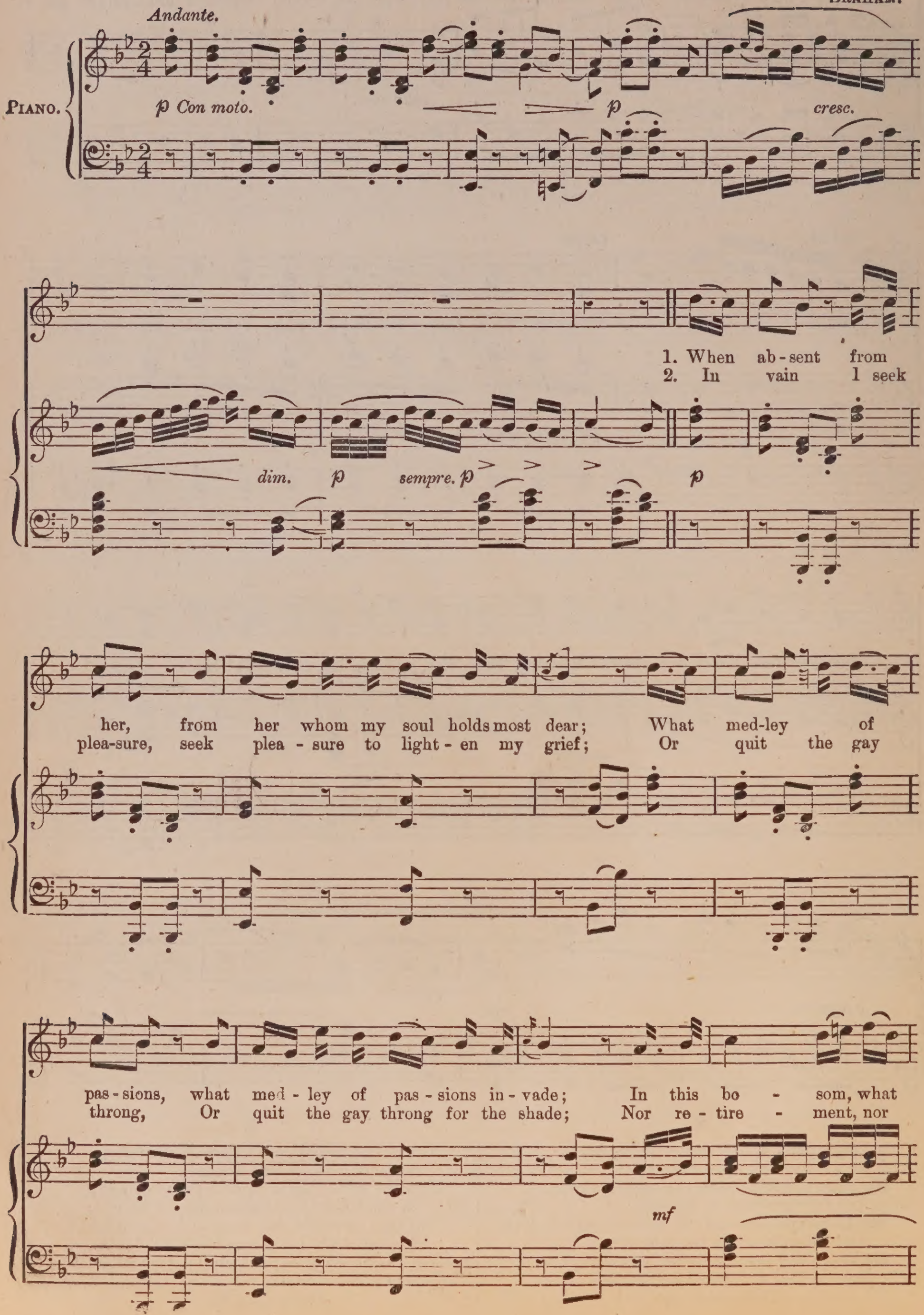
A knight with a dark and scowling brow,
On a coal-black steed came by;
He heard the two lovers exchange a vow,
And fury gave fire to his eye.
But he courteously said "if you're cross'd in love,
And would bear the fair lady afar,
My sword and my service are your's to prove;"
But the lady she play'd her guitar.
Tink a tink, &c

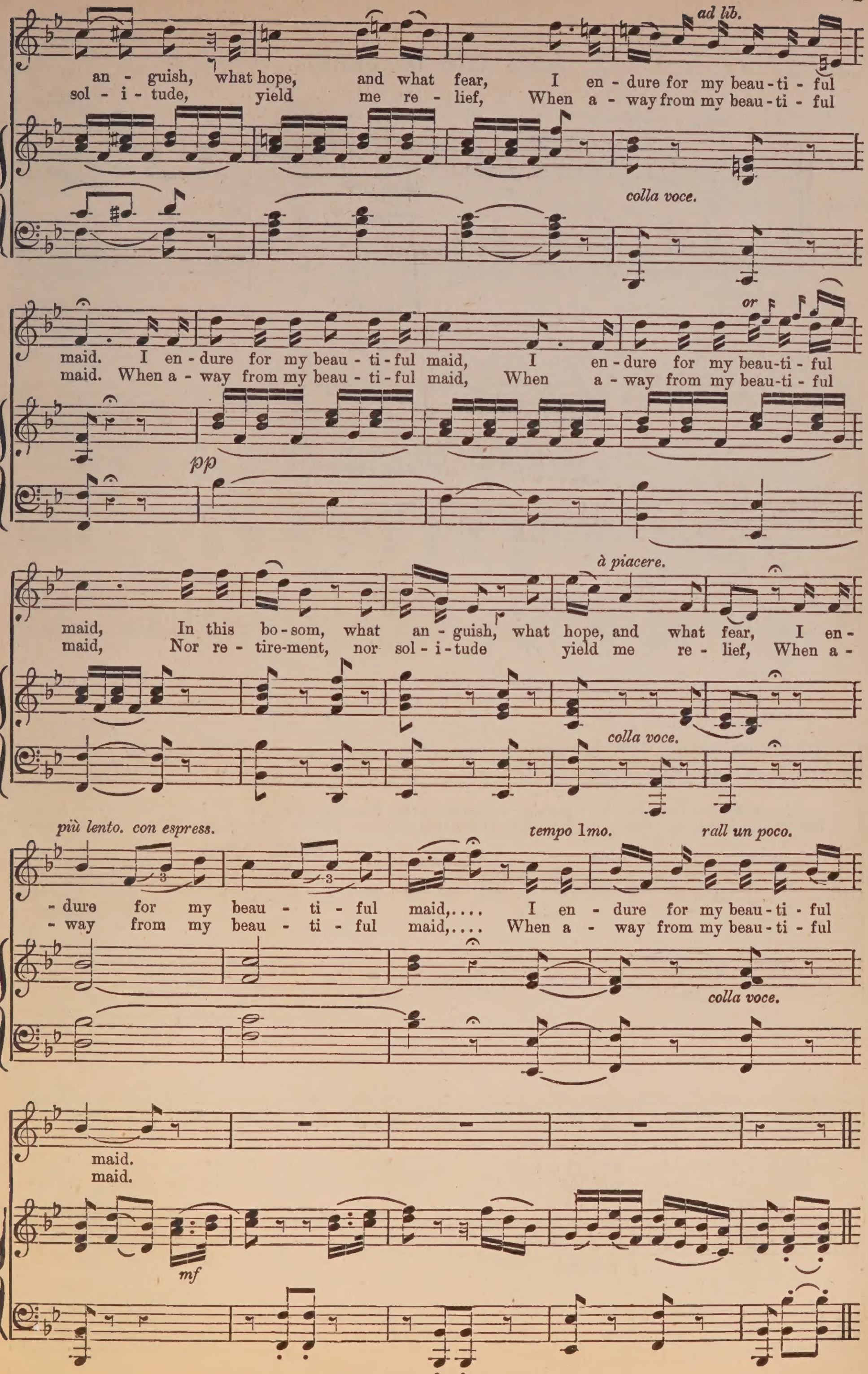
3.

The knight so gallant disappear'd that day,
And never was heard of more;
And the sable knight made a proud display,
Of the favour that gallant knight wore.
The lady he woo'd, but he gain'd no grace,
And joy from his bosom went far;
For the honey of hope to guilt's sting gave place,
And conscience still play'd the guitar.
Tink a tink &c

The beautiful maid.

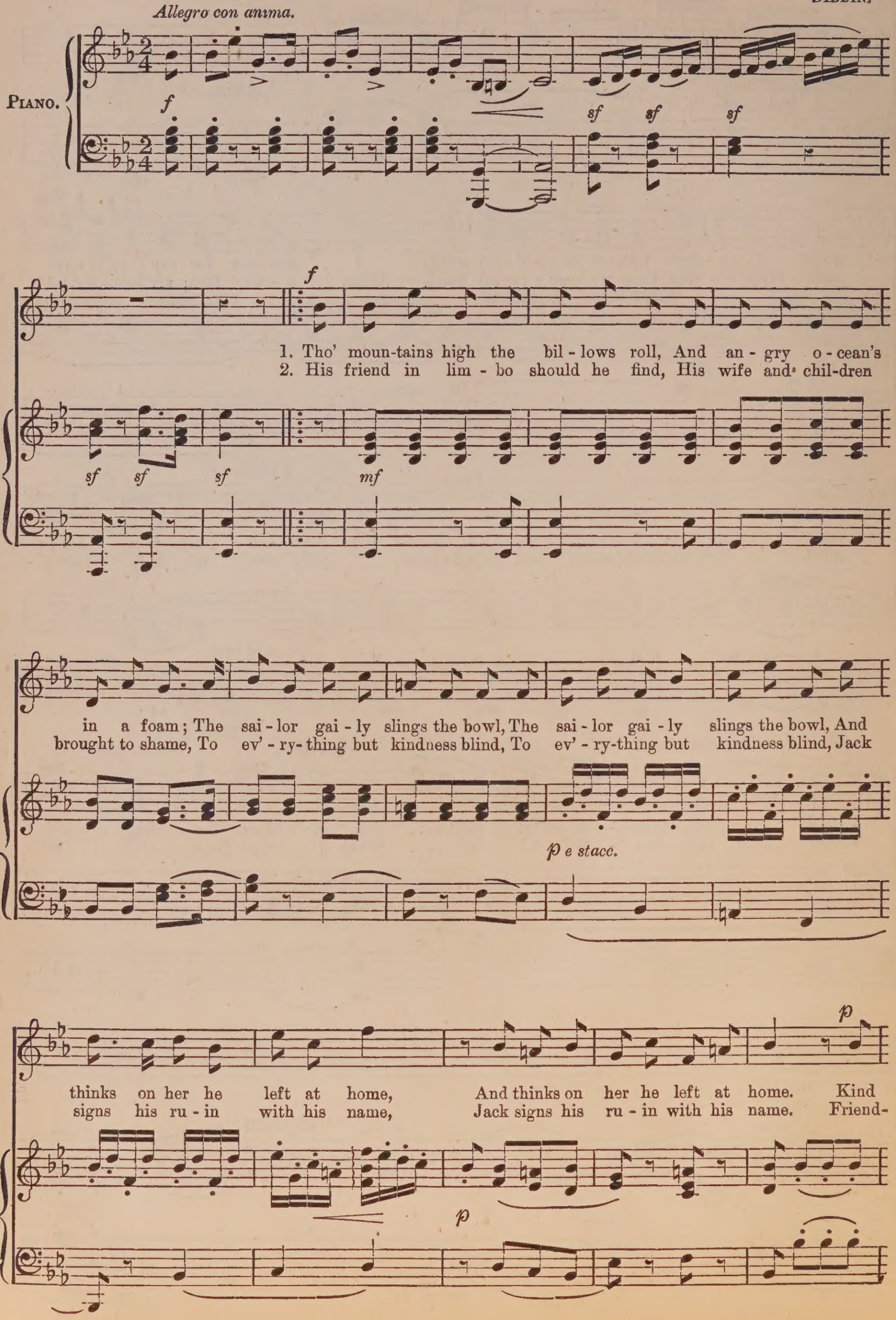
BRAHAM.

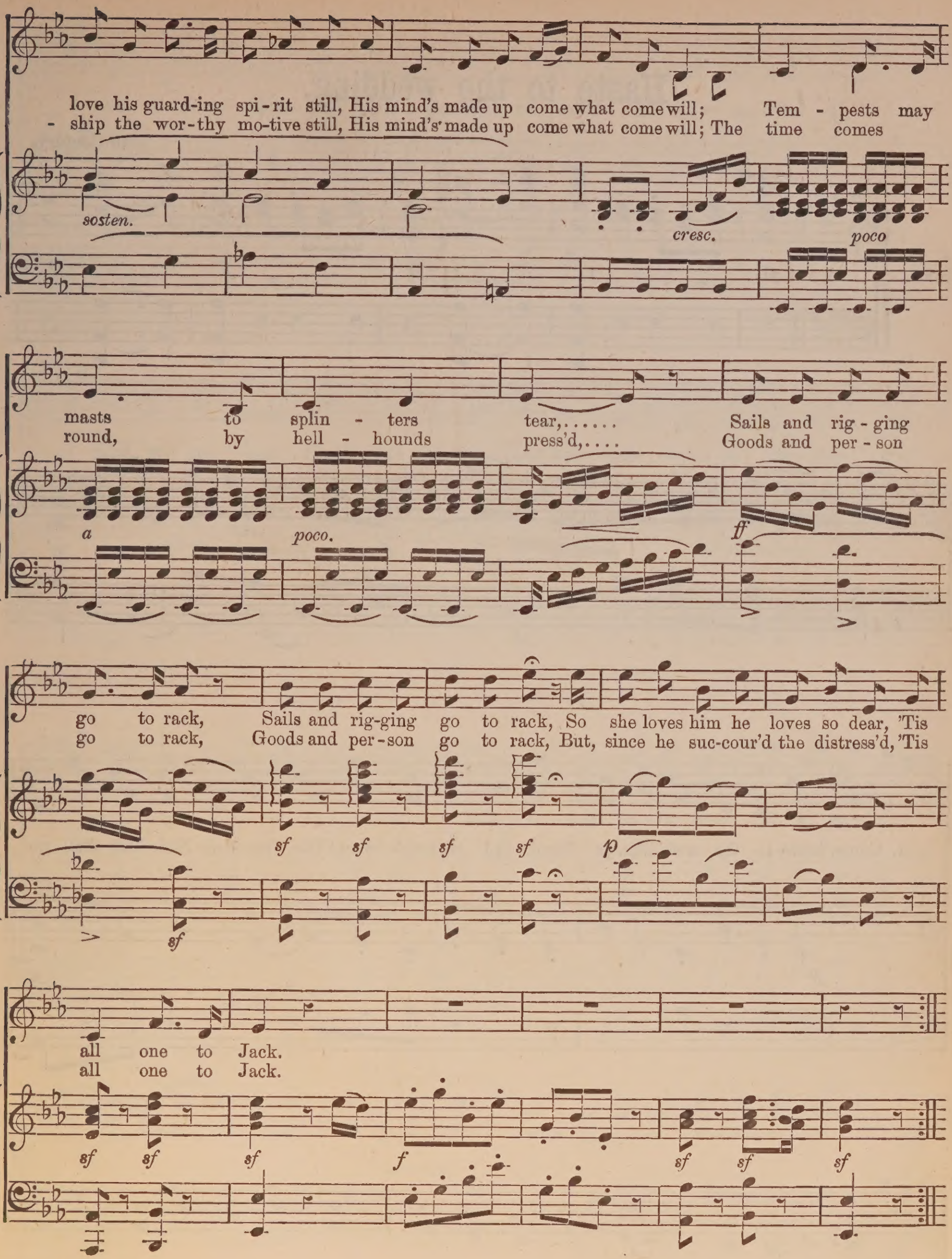

Andante.
Piano.
p Con moto.
p
cresc.
dim.
p
sempre. p
p
1. When ab-sent from
2. In vain I seek
her, from her whom my soul holds most dear; What med-ley of
plea-sure, seek plea - sure to light - en my grief; Or quit the gay
pas - sions, what med - ley of pas - sions in - vade; In this bo - som, what
throng, Or quit the gay throng for the shade; Nor re - tire - ment, nor
mf


ad lib.
an - guish, what hope, and what fear, I en - dure for my beau - ti - ful
sol - i - tude, yield me re - lief, When a - way from my beau - ti - ful
colla voce.
or
maid. I en - dure for my beau - ti - ful maid, I en - dure for my beau-ti - ful
maid. When a - way from my beau - ti - ful maid, When a - way from my beau-ti - ful
pp
à piacere.
maid, In this bo - som, what an - guish, what hope, and what fear, I en -
maid, Nor re - tire-ment, nor sol - i - tude yield me re - lief, When a -
colla voce.
più lento. con espress.
tempo 1mo.
rall un poco.
- dure for my beau - ti - ful maid,.... I en - dure for my beau - ti - ful
- way from my beau - ti - ful maid,.... When a - way from my beau - ti - ful
colla voce.
maid.
maid.
mf

All's one to Jack.

DIBDIN.


Allegro con anima.
PIANO.
f
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
f
mf
1. Tho' moun-tains high the bil - lows roll, And an - gry o - cean's
2. His friend in lim - bo should he find, His wife and chil-dren
in a foam; The sai - lor gai - ly slings the bowl, The sai - lor gai - ly slings the bowl, And
brought to shame, To ev' - ry- thing but kindness blind, To ev' - ry-thing but kindness blind, Jack
p e stacc.
thinks on her he left at home, And thinks on her he left at home. Kind
signs his ru - in with his name, Jack signs his ru - in with his name. Friend-
p
p


love his guard-ing spi-rit still, His mind's made up come what come will; Tem - pests may
- ship the wor-thy mo-tive still, His mind's made up come what come will; The time comes
sosten.
cresc.
poco
masts to splin - ters tear,...... Sails and rig - ging
round, by hell - hounds press'd,.... Goods and per - son
a
poco.
ff
go to rack, Sails and rig-ging go to rack, So she loves him he loves so dear, 'Tis
go to rack, Goods and per-son go to rack, But, since he suc-cour'd the distress'd, 'Tis
sf
sf
sf
sf
p
sf
all one to Jack.
all one to Jack.
sf
sf
sf
f
sf
sf
sf

3.

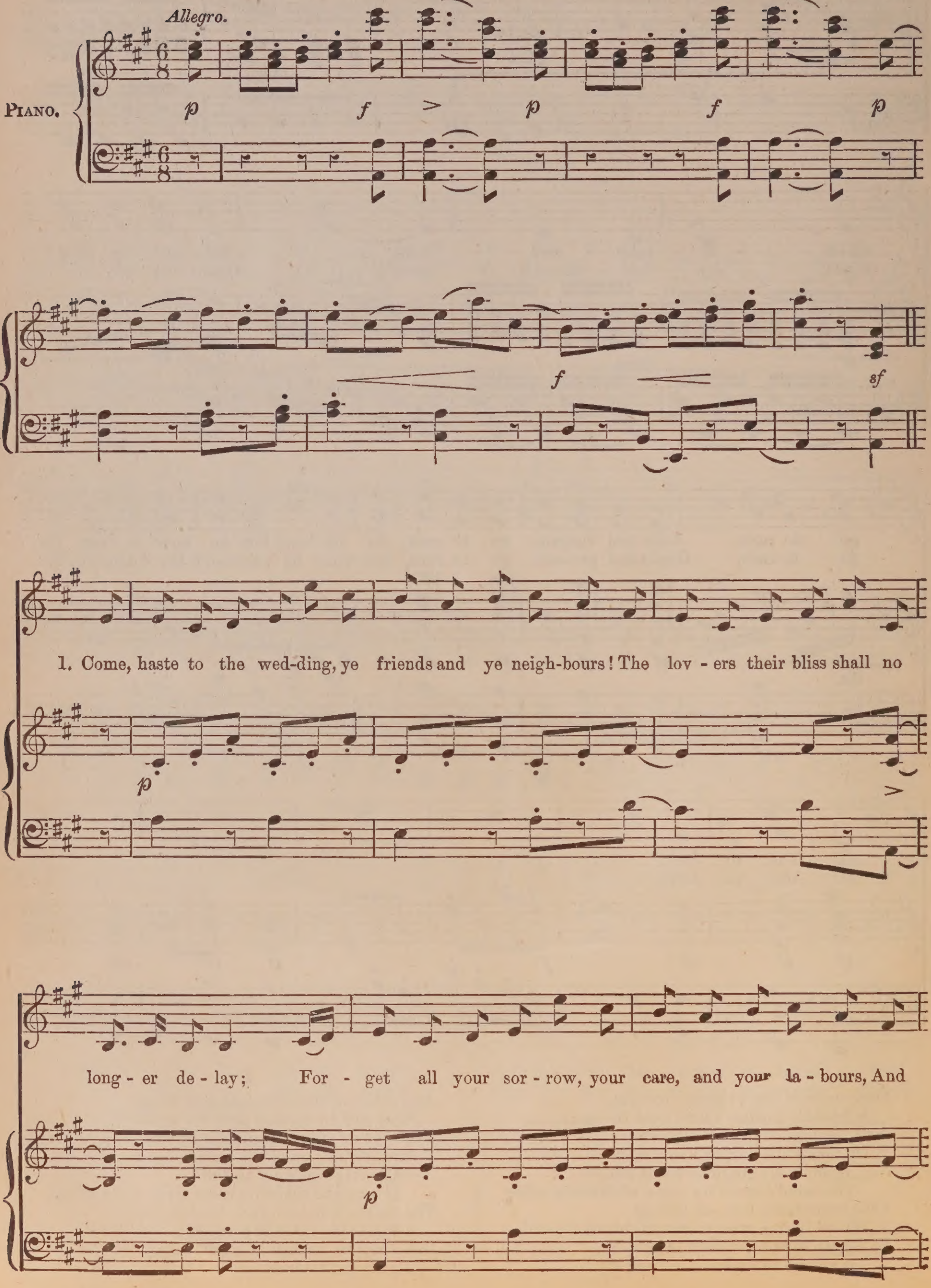
Once more at sea, prepared to fight,
A friendly pledge, round goes the can;
And, though large odds appear in sight,
He meets the danger like a man.
Honour his guardian spirit still,
His mind's made up come what come will;
Like some fierce lion see him go
Where horror grim marks the attack!
So he can save a drowning foe,
'Tis all one to Jack.

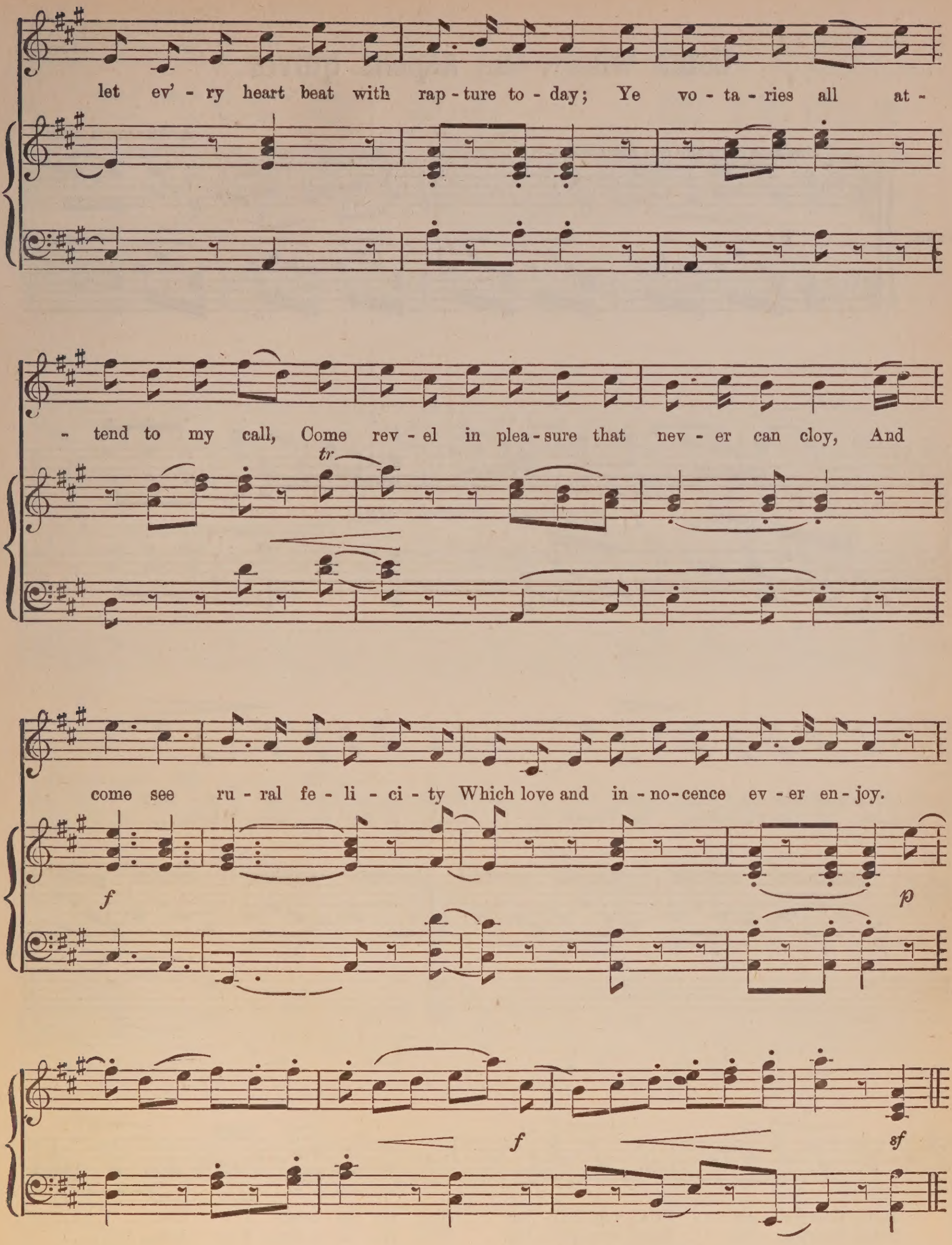
4.

And when at last—for tars and kings
Must find in death a peaceful home—
The shot its sure commission brings,
And for poor Jack the time is come.
Cheerful his duty to fulfil,
His mind's made up come what come will;
The cannon'd poised, from its fell jaws
A fatal shot takes him aback;
But, since he died in honour's cause,
'Tis all one to Jack.

Haste to the wedding.

18th Century.


Allegro.
Piano.
p
f
>
p
f
p
f
sf
1. Come, haste to the wed-ding, ye friends and ye neigh-bours! The lov - ers their bliss shall no
p
>
long - er de - lay; For - get all your sor - row, your care, and your la - bours, And
p


let ev' - ry heart beat with rap - ture to - day; Ye vo - ta - ries all at -
- tend to my call, Come rev - el in plea - sure that nev - er can cloy, And
tr
come see ru - ral fe - li - ci - ty Which love and in - no - cence ev - er en - joy.
f
p
f
sf

2.

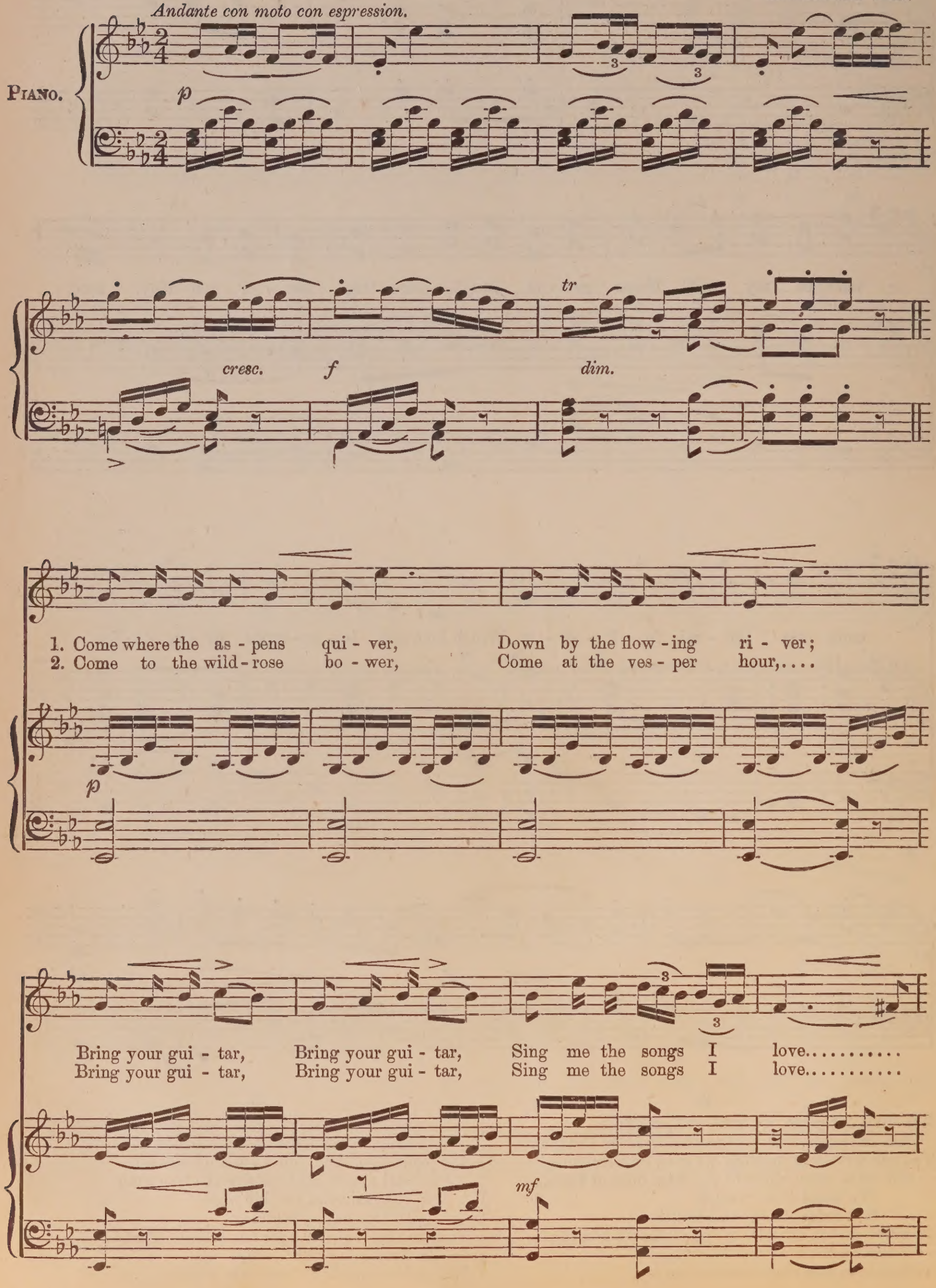
Let envy, let pride, let hate, and ambition,
Still crowd to, and beat in the breast of the great;
To such wretched passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the wise ones of state.
We boast of no wealth
But contentment and health,
In mirth and in friendship our moments employ,
Then come see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

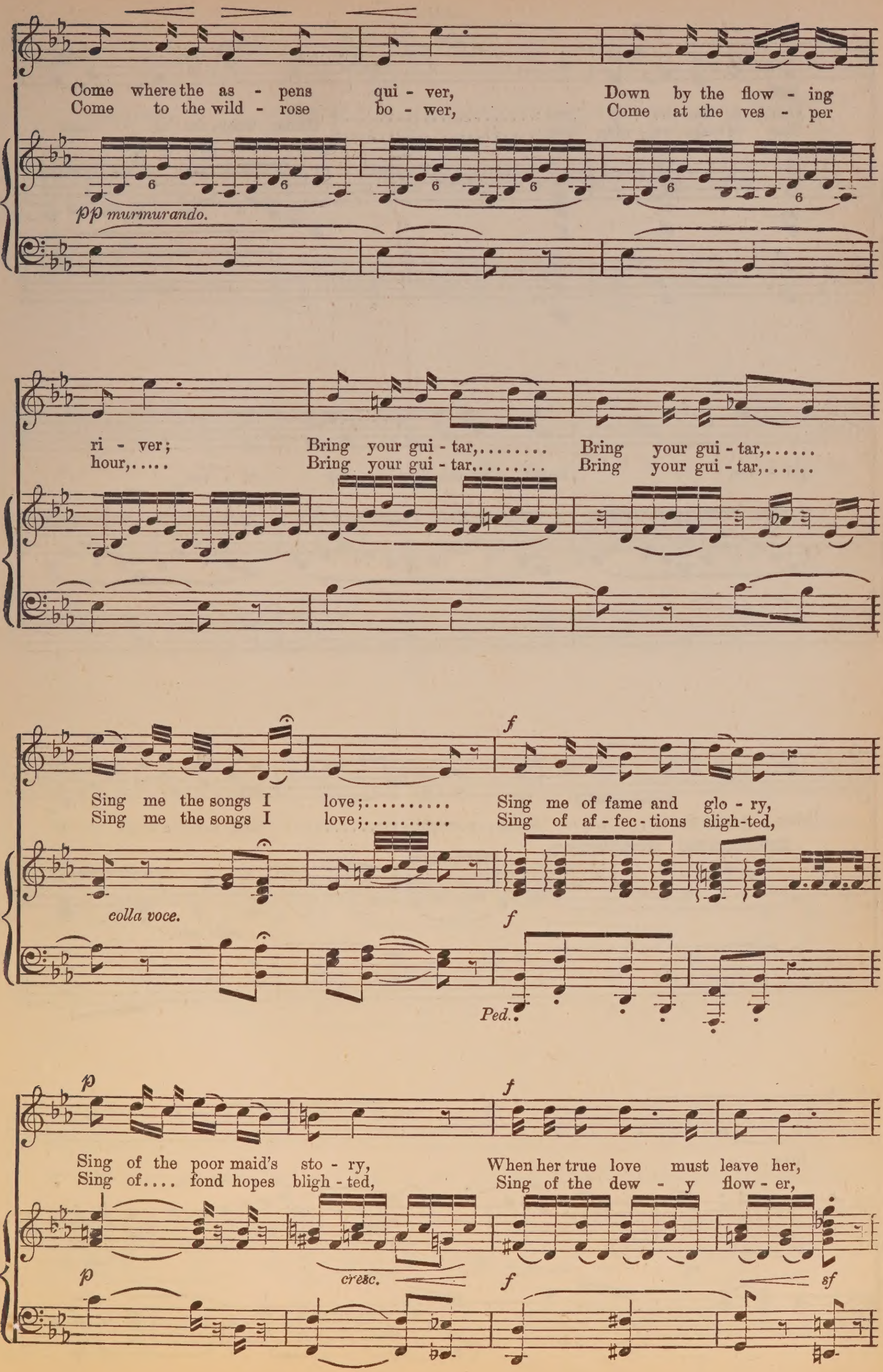
3.

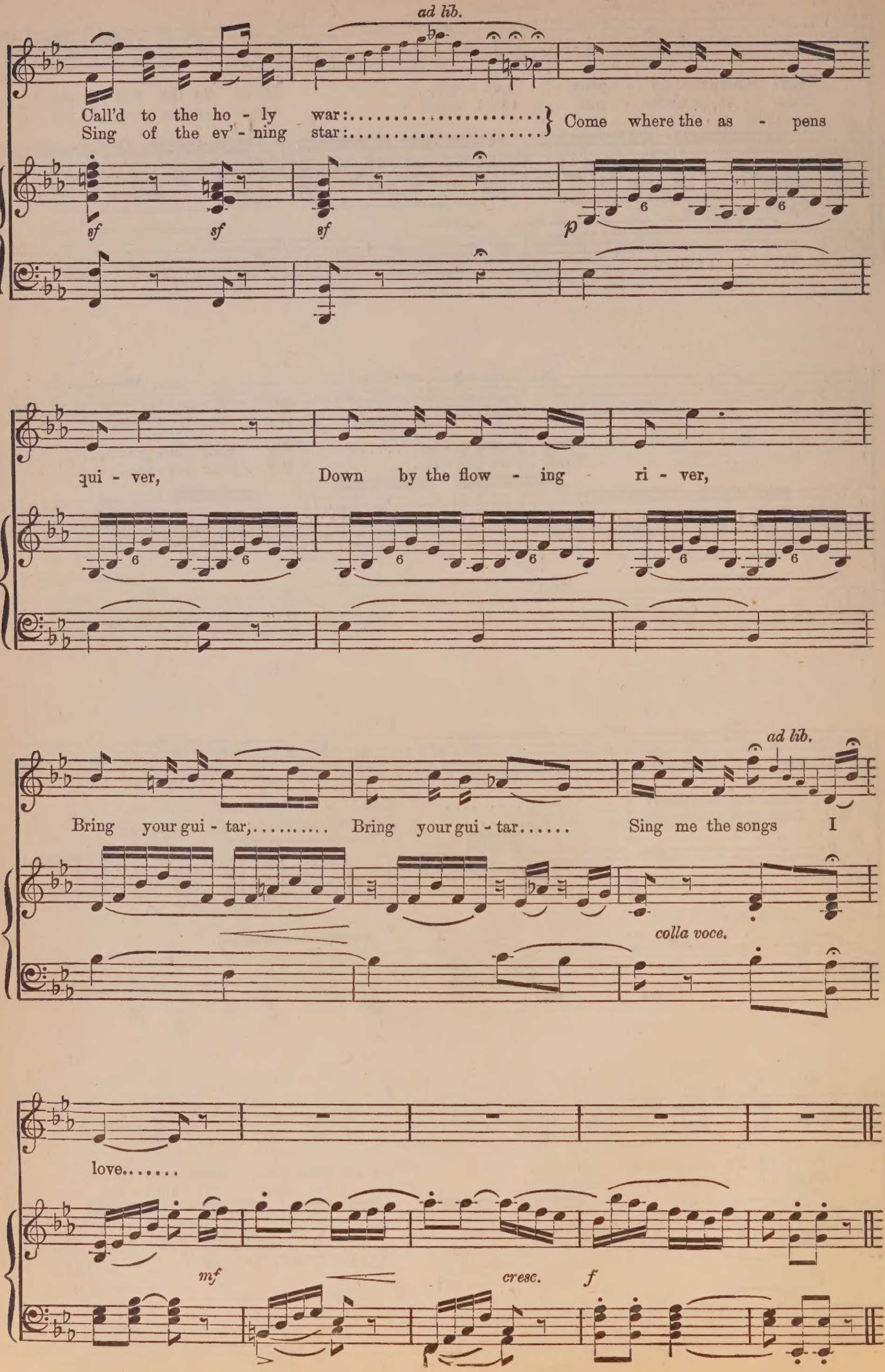
With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure,
With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl;
Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.
Then come at our bidding
To this happy wedding,
No care shall intrude here our bliss to annoy,
O, come see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Come where the aspens quiver.

ALEXANDER LEE.

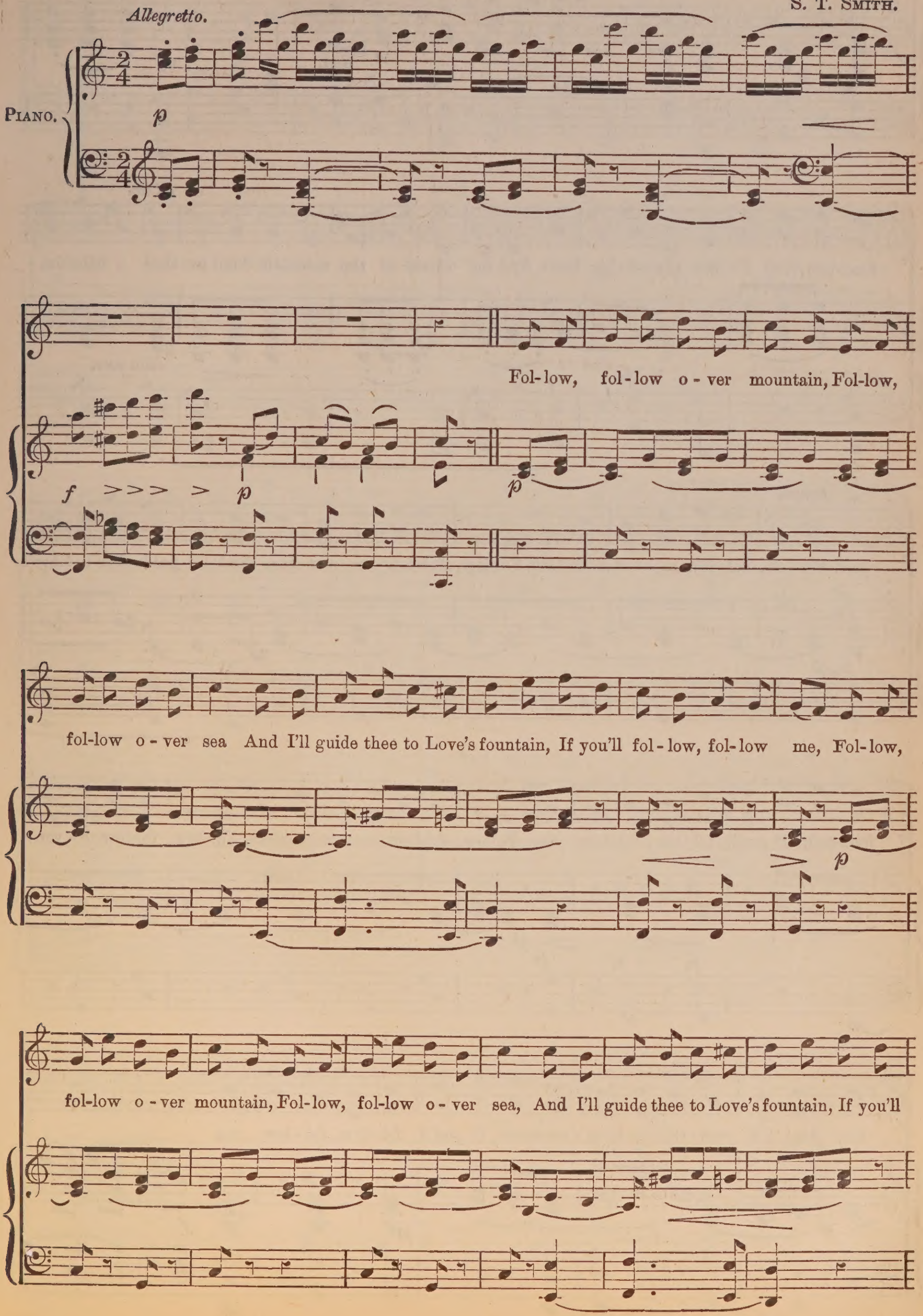

Andante con moto con espression.
PIANO.
p
cresc.
f
dim.
tr
1. Come where the as - pens qui - ver, Down by the flow - ing ri - ver;
2. Come to the wild - rose bo - wer, Come at the ves - per hour,....
p
Bring your gui - tar, Bring your gui - tar, Sing me the songs I love...........
Bring your gui - tar, Bring your gui - tar, Sing me the songs I love...........
mf

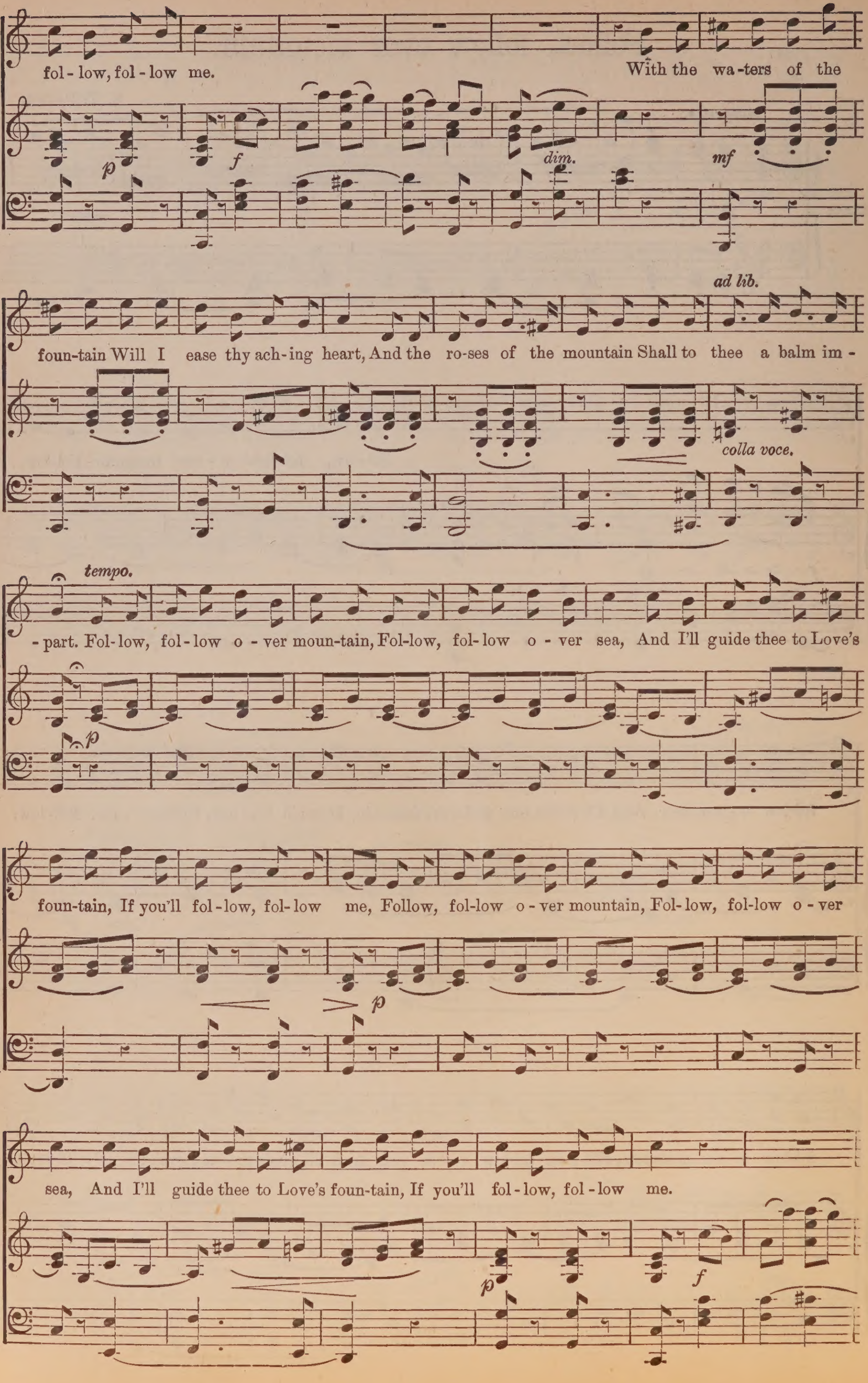

Come where the as - pens qui - ver, Down by the flow - ing
Come to the wild - rose bo - wer, Come at the ves - per
pp murmurando.
ri - ver; Bring your gui - tar,........ Bring your gui - tar,......
hour,..... Bring your gui - tar......... Bring your gui - tar,......
Sing me the songs I love;.......... Sing me of fame and glo - ry,
Sing me the songs I love;.......... Sing of af - fec - tions sligh-ted,
colla voce.
f
Ped.
p
Sing of the poor maid's sto - ry, When her true love must leave her,
Sing of.... fond hopes bligh - ted, Sing of the dew - y flow - er,
cresc.
sf

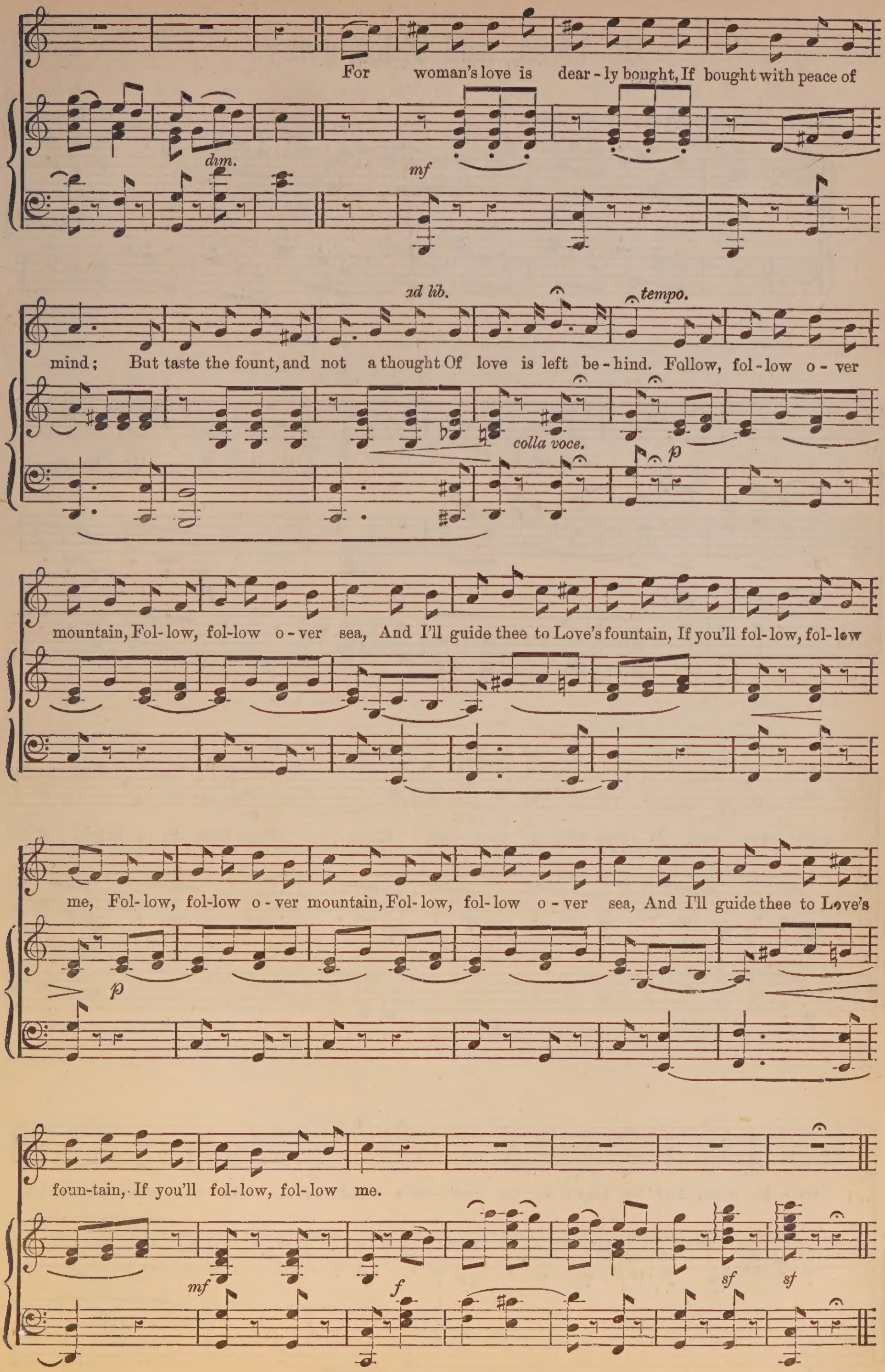

ad lib.
Call'd to the ho - ly war:……………………
Sing of the ev' - ning star:……………………
Come where the as - pens
sf
sf
sf
p
6
qui - ver,
Down by the flow - ing ri - ver,
ad lib.
Bring your gui - tar,…………
Bring your gui - tar……
Sing me the songs I
colla voce.
love……
mf
cresc.
f

Follow, follow over mountain.

S. T. SMITH.


Allegretto.
PIANO.
p
f
p
p
Fol-low, fol-low o-ver mountain, Fol-low,
fol-low o-ver sea And I'll guide thee to Love's fountain, If you'll fol-low, fol-low me, Fol-low,
p
fol-low o-ver mountain, Fol-low, fol-low o-ver sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's fountain, If you'll

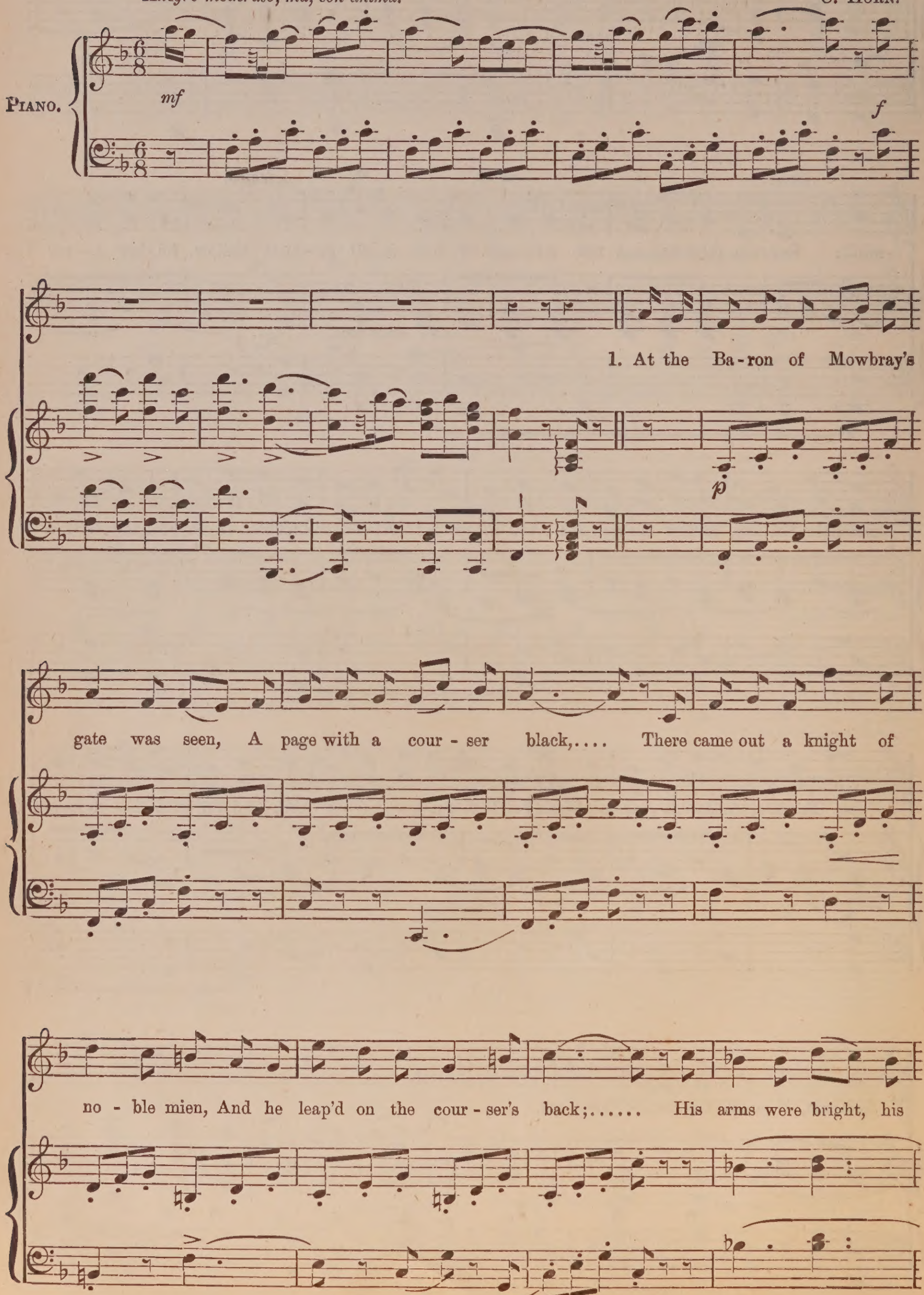

fol - low, fol - low me. With the wa -ters of the
p
f
dim.
mf
fountain Will I ease thy ach - ing heart, And the ro-ses of the mountain Shall to thee a balm im -
ad lib.
colla voce.
tempo.
- part. Fol - low, fol - low o - ver moun-tain, Fol-low, fol- low o - ver sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's
p
foun-tain, If you'll fol - low, fol - low me, Follow, fol-low o - ver mountain, Fol- low, fol-low o - ver
p
sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's foun-tain, If you'll fol - low, fol - low me.
p
f

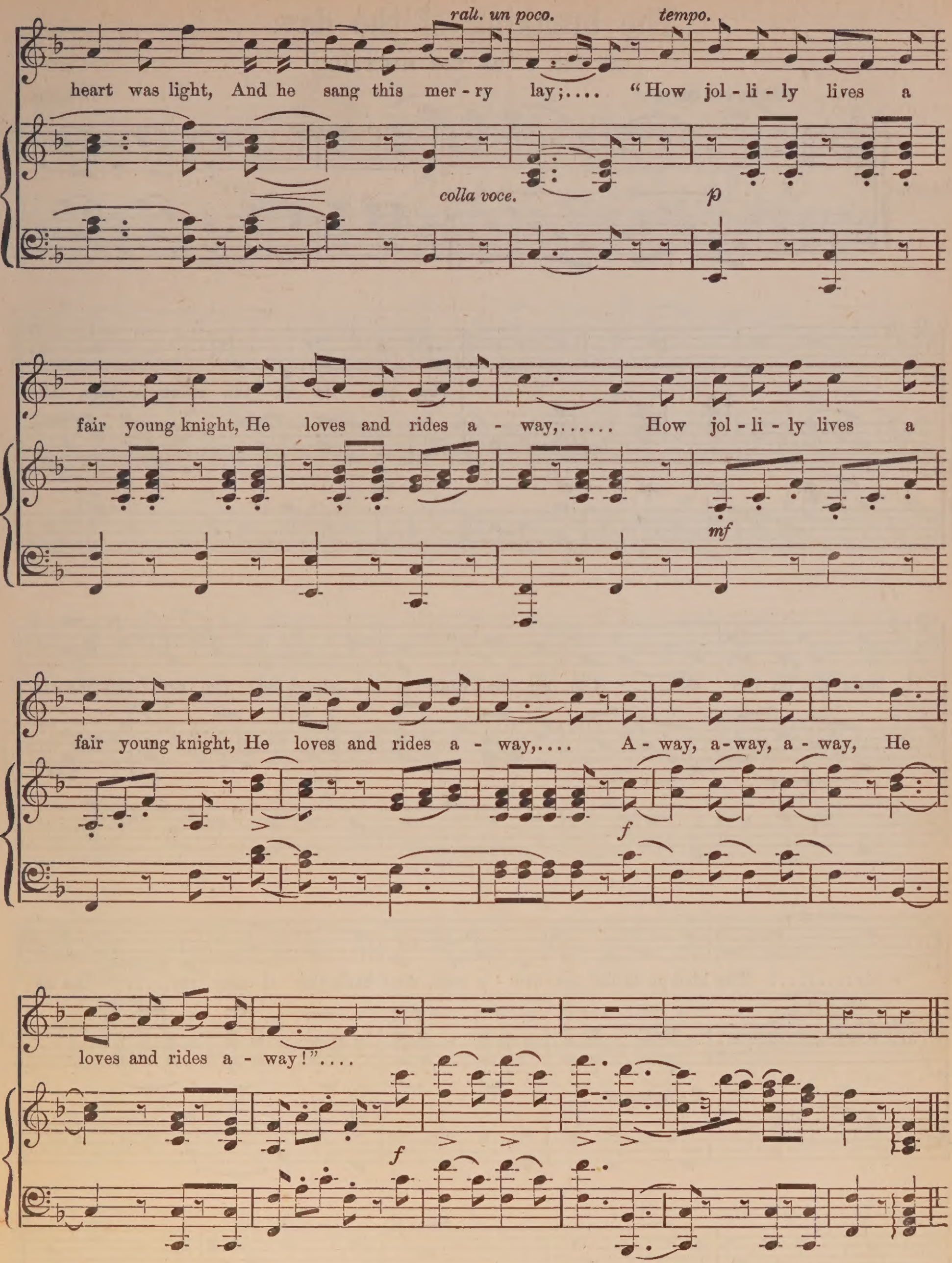

For woman's love is dear-ly bought, If bought with peace of
dim.
mf
ad lib.
tempo.
mind; But taste the fount, and not a thought Of love is left be-hind. Follow, fol-low o-ver
colla voce.
p
mountain, Fol-low, fol-low o-ver sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's fountain, If you'll fol-low, fol-low
me, Fol-low, fol-low o-ver mountain, Fol-low, fol-low o-ver sea, And I'll guide thee to Love's
p
foun-tain, If you'll fol-low, fol-low me.
mf
f
sf
sf

He loves, and rides away.

Allegro moderato, ma, con anima.

C. HORN.


PIANO.
mf
f
p
1. At the Ba-ron of Mowbray's gate was seen, A page with a cour - ser black,.... There came out a knight of no - ble mien, And he leap'd on the cour-ser's back;...... His arms were bright, his


rall. un poco.
tempo.
heart was light, And he sang this mer - ry lay;.... "How jol - li - ly lives a
colla voce.
p
fair young knight, He loves and rides a - way,...... How jol - li - ly lives a
mf
fair young knight, He loves and rides a - way,.... A - way, a - way, a - way, He
f
loves and rides a - way!"....
f

2.

A lady looked over the castle wall,
And she heard the knight thus sing;
The lady's tears began to fall,
And her hands she began to wring;
"And didst thou then thy true love plight,
And was it but to betray,
Ah! tarry awhile my own dear knight,
In pity don't ride away."

3.

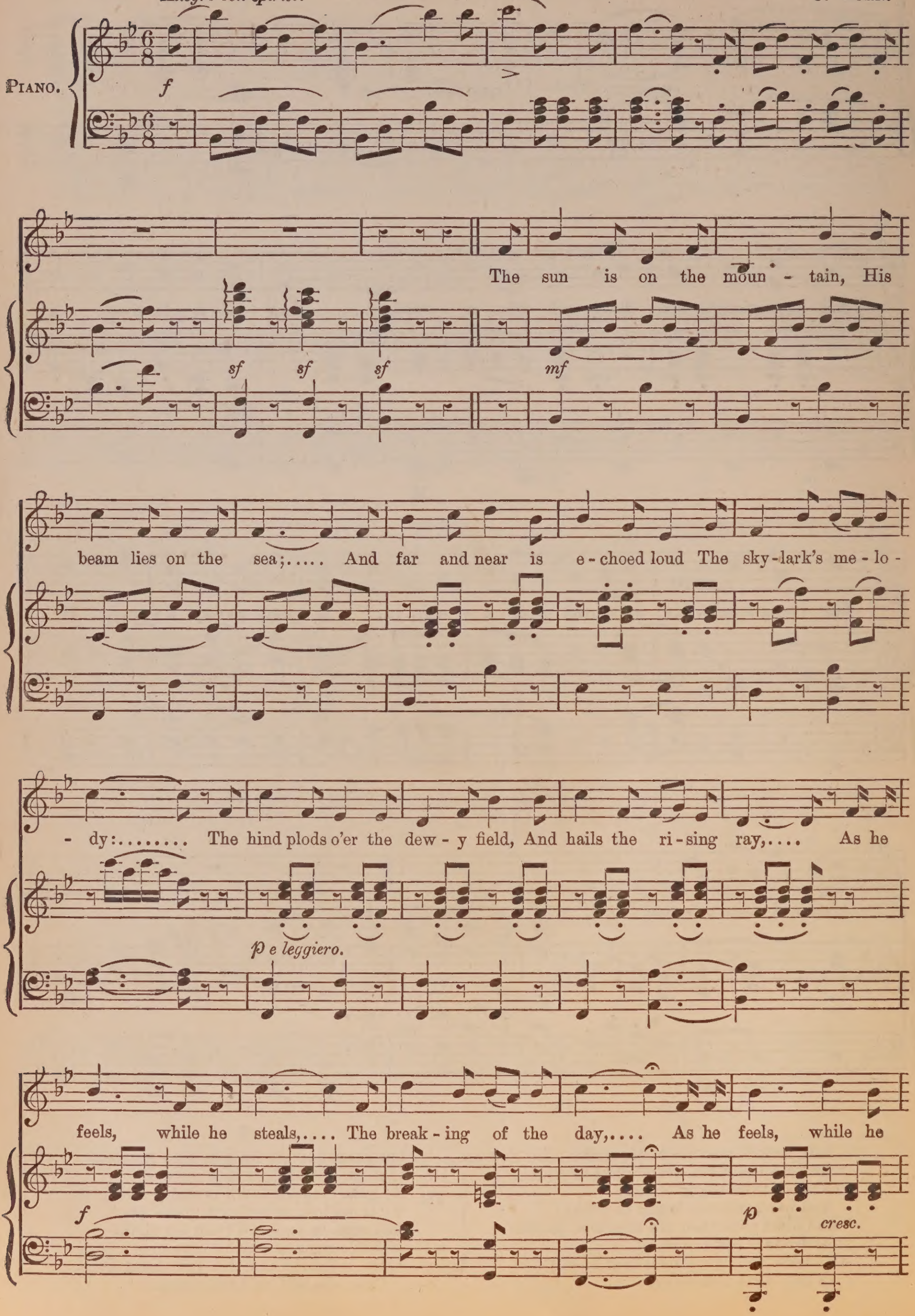
The knight of her tears he took no heed,
While scornful laughed his eye,
He gave the spur to his prancing steed,
"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye;"
And soon he vanished from her sight,
While she was heard to say:
"Ah! ladies, beware of a fair young knight,
He'll love and he'll ride away."

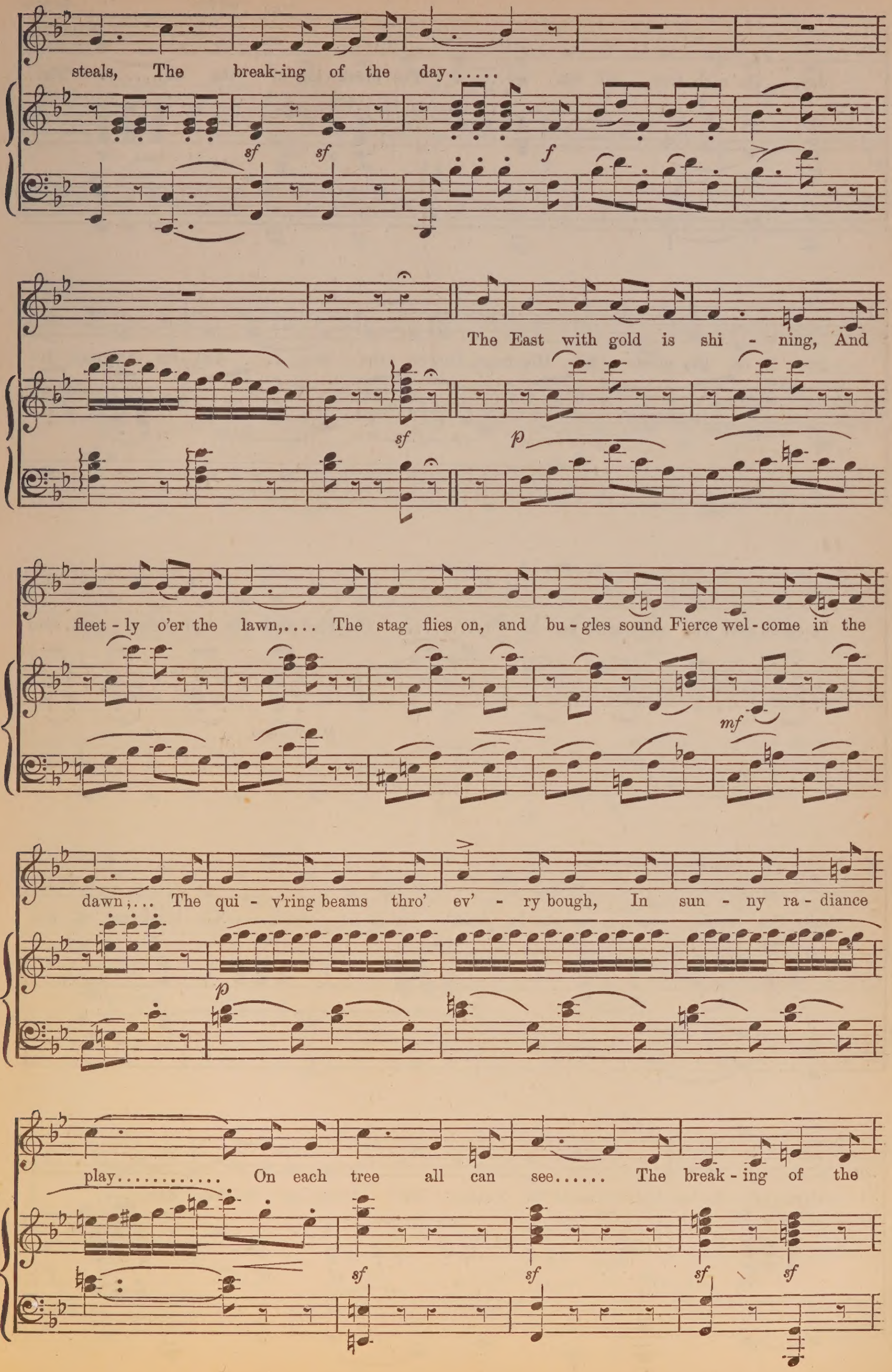
The breaking of the day.

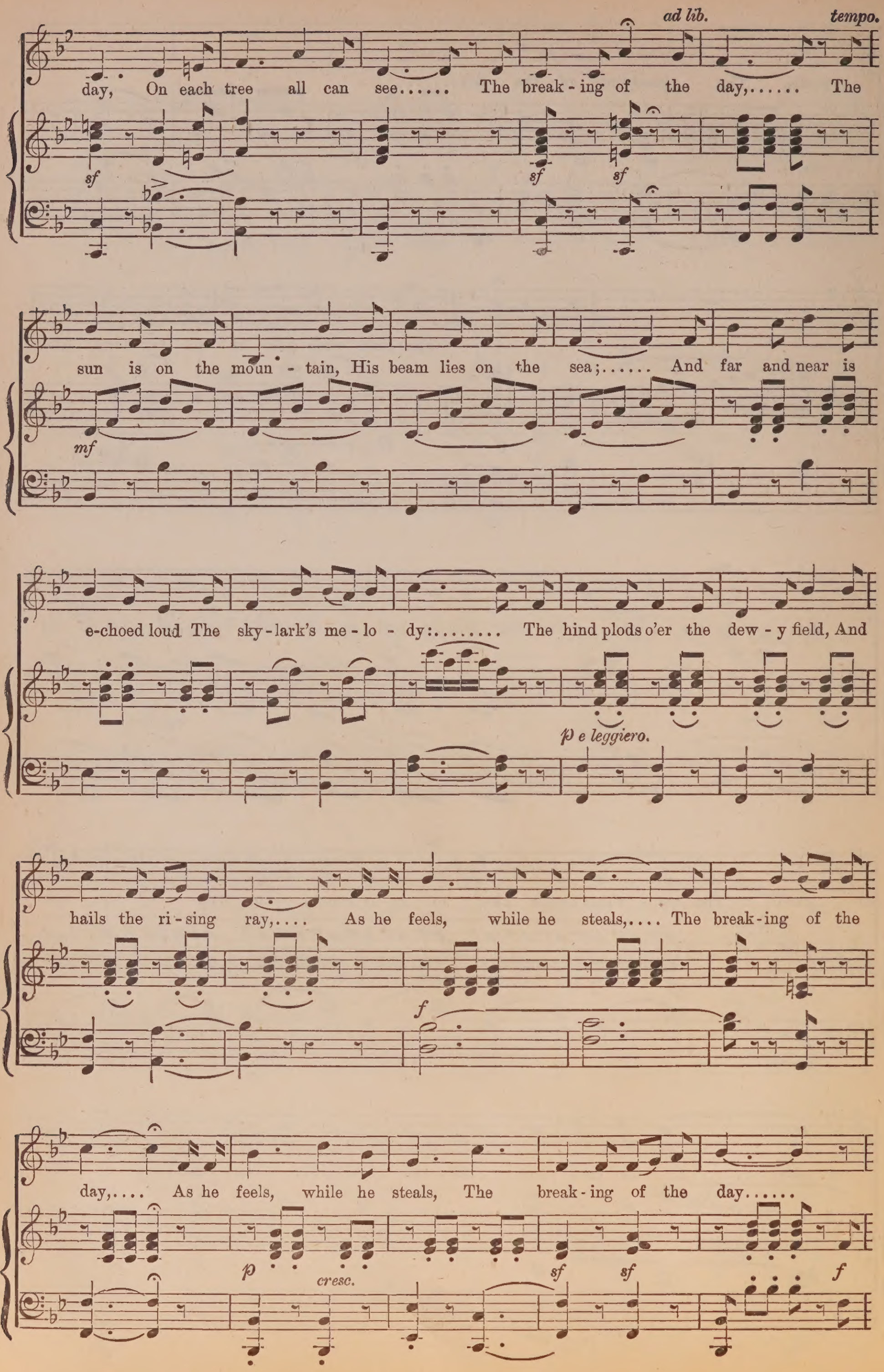
(THE SUN IS ON THE MOUNTAIN.)

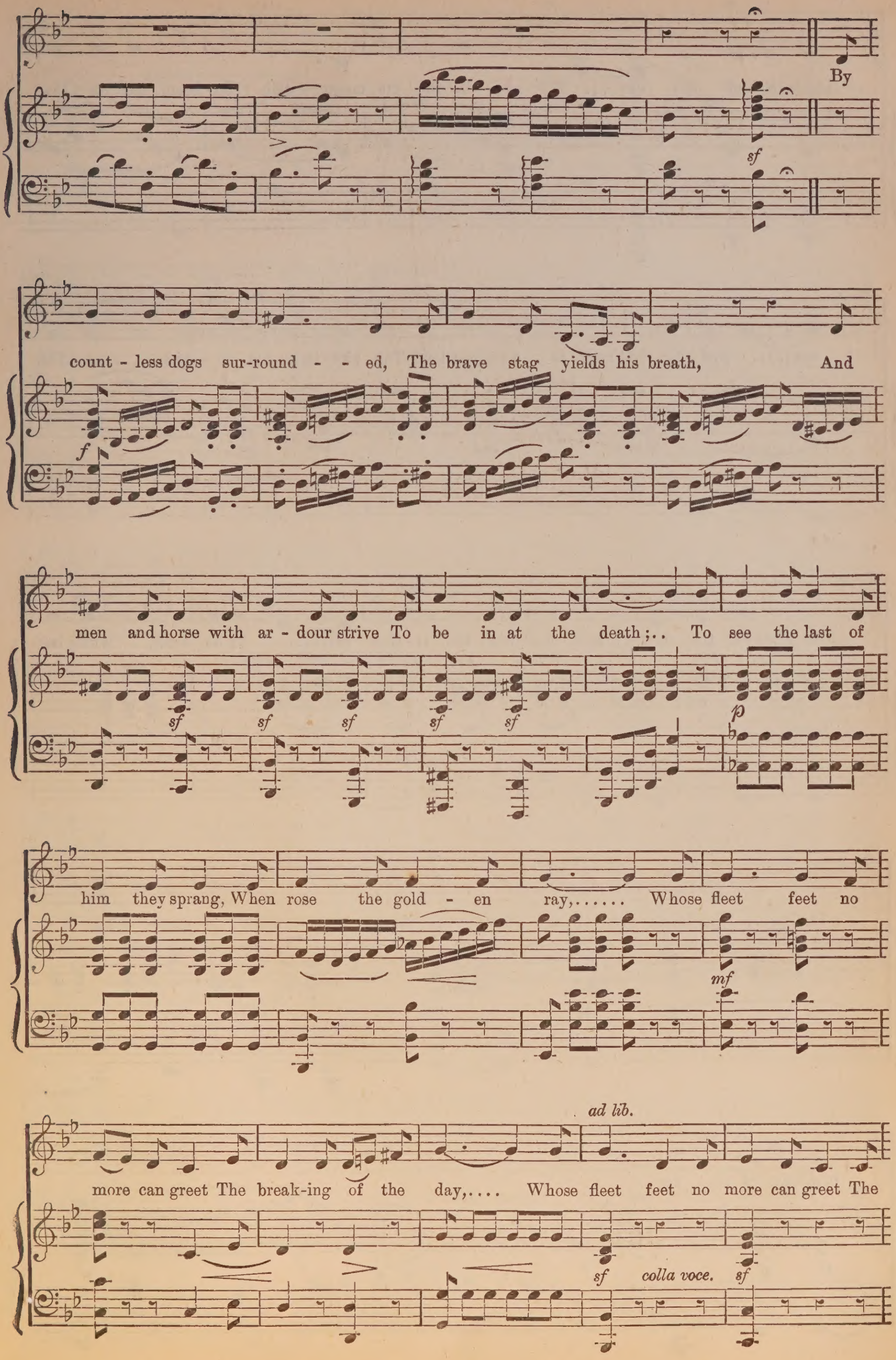
Allegro con spirito.

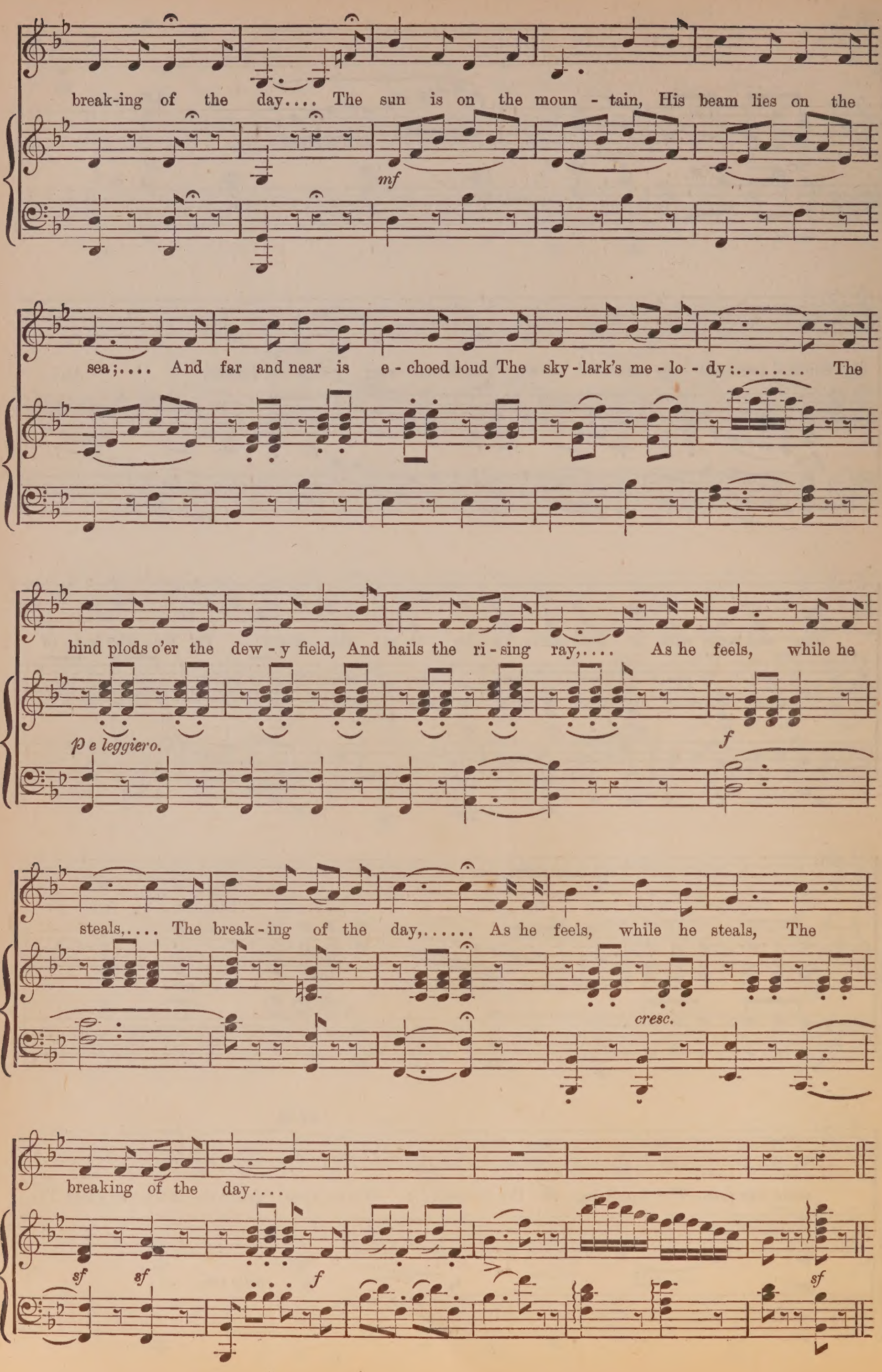
C. HORN.


PIANO.
f
sf
sf
sf
mf
The sun is on the moun - tain, His
beam lies on the sea;..... And far and near is e - choed loud The sky-lark's me - lo -
- dy:........ The hind plods o'er the dew - y field, And hails the ri - sing ray,.... As he
p e leggiero.
feels, while he steals,.... The break - ing of the day,.... As he feels, while he
f
p
cresc.


steals, The break-ing of the day……
sf sf f
The East with gold is shi - ning, And
sf p
fleet - ly o'er the lawn,…. The stag flies on, and bu - gles sound Fierce wel - come in the
mf
dawn;… The qui - v'ring beams thro' ev' - ry bough, In sun - ny ra - diance
p
play………… On each tree all can see…… The break - ing of the
sf sf sf sf

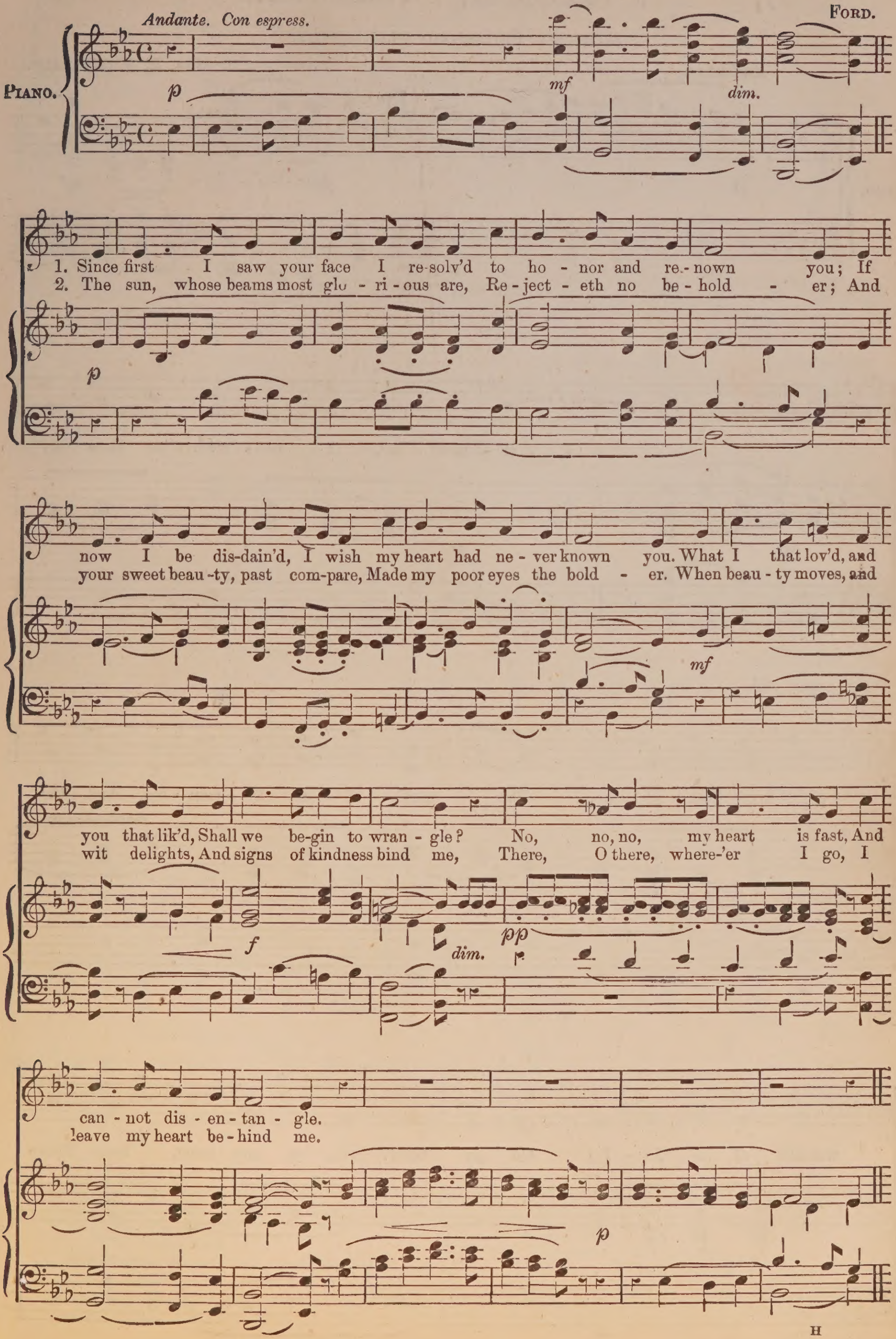

ad lib.
tempo.
day, On each tree all can see...... The break-ing of the day,...... The
sf
sf
sf
sun is on the moun - tain, His beam lies on the sea;...... And far and near is
mf
e-choed loud The sky-lark's me-lo - dy:........ The hind plods o'er the dew - y field, And
p e leggiero.
hails the ri-sing ray,.... As he feels, while he steals,.... The break-ing of the
f
day,.... As he feels, while he steals, The break-ing of the day......
p
cresc.
sf
sf
f


By
sf
count - less dogs sur-round - - ed, The brave stag yields his breath, And
f
men and horse with ar - dour strive To be in at the death;.. To see the last of
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
p
him they sprang, When rose the gold - en ray,...... Whose fleet feet no
mf
ad lib.
more can greet The break-ing of the day,.... Whose fleet feet no more can greet The
sf
colla voce.
sf


break-ing of the day.... The sun is on the moun - tain, His beam lies on the
mf
sea;.... And far and near is e - choed loud The sky - lark's me - lo - dy:........ The
hind plods o'er the dew - y field, And hails the ri - sing ray,.... As he feels, while he
p e leggiero.
f
steals,.... The break - ing of the day,...... As he feels, while he steals, The
cresc.
breaking of the day....
sf
sf
f
sf

Since first I saw your face.

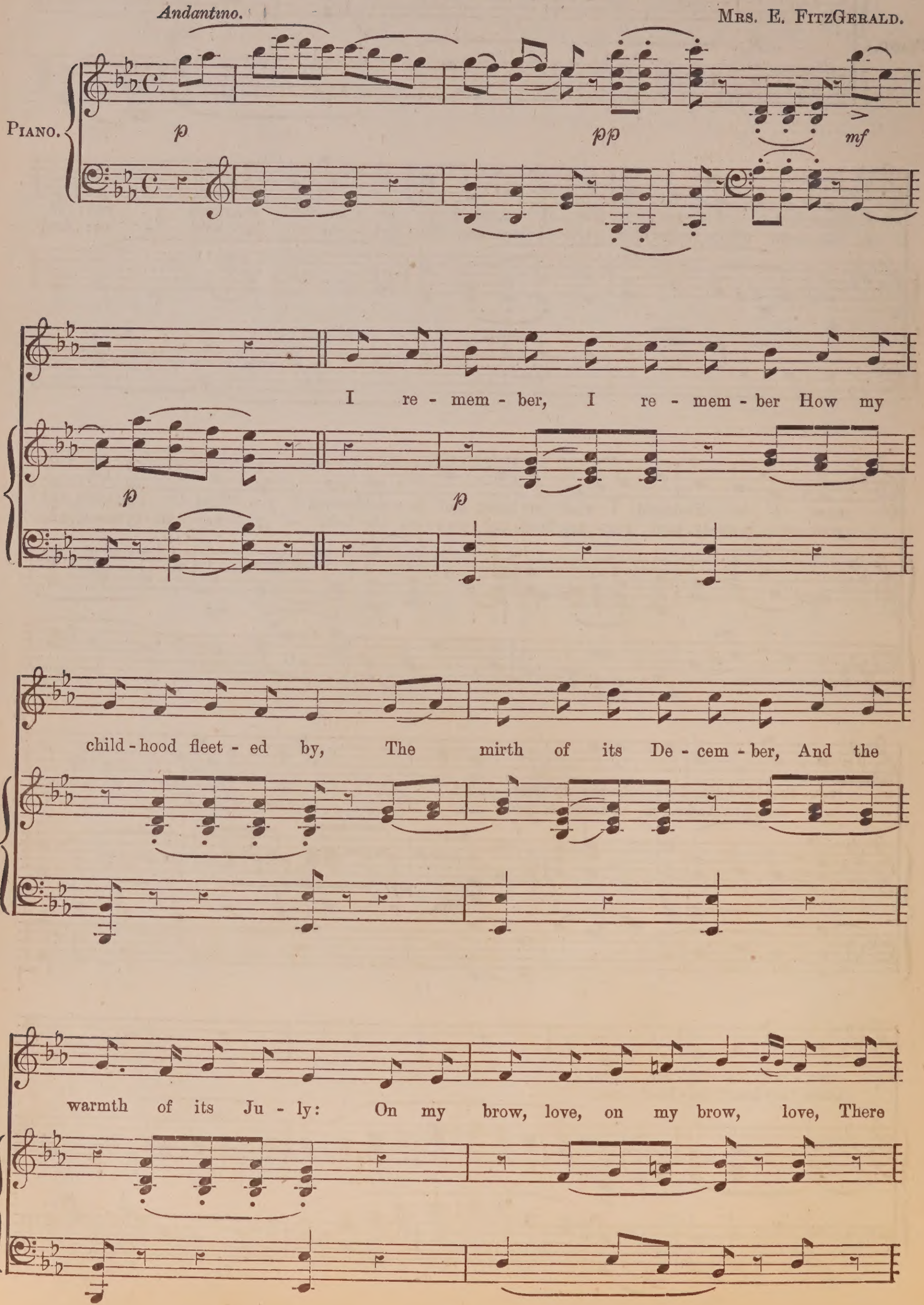
FORD.

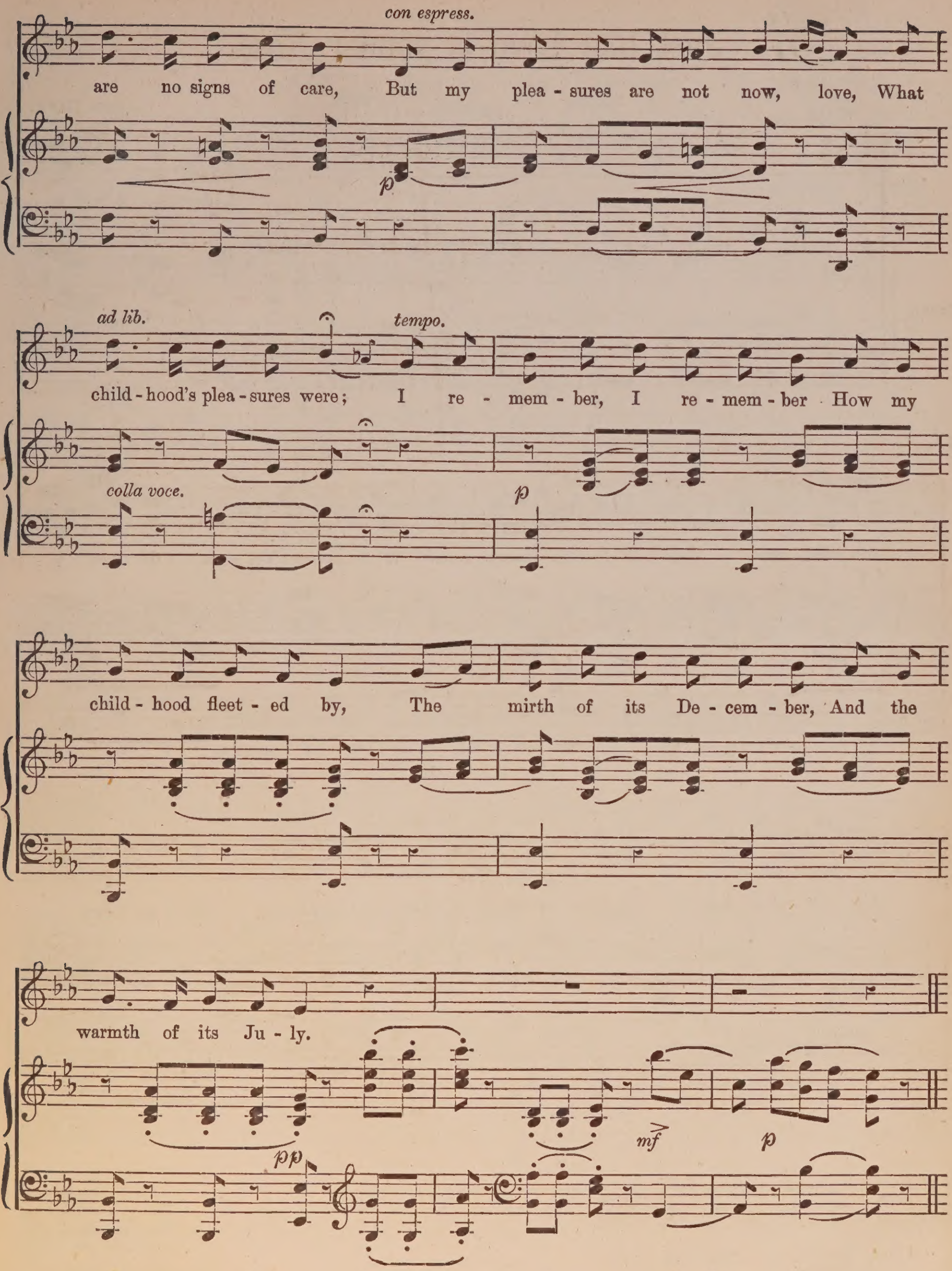

Andante. Con espress.
PIANO.
p
mf
dim.
1. Since first I saw your face I re-solv'd to ho - nor and re - nown you; If now I be dis-dain'd, I wish my heart had ne - ver known you. What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be-gin to wran - gle? No, no, no, my heart is fast, And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.
2. The sun, whose beams most glo - ri - ous are, Re - ject - eth no be - hold - er; And your sweet beau - ty, past com-pare, Made my poor eyes the bold - er. When beau - ty moves, and wit delights, And signs of kindness bind me, There, O there, where-'er I go, I leave my heart be - hind me.
p
mf
f
dim.
pp
p

I remember, I remember.

(HOW MY CHILDHOOD FLEETED BY.)

MRS. E. FITZGERALD.


Andantino.
PIANO.
p
pp
mf
p
p
I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber How my
child - hood fleet - ed by, The mirth of its De - cem - ber, And the
warmth of its Ju - ly: On my brow, love, on my brow, love, There


con espress.
are no signs of care, But my plea - sures are not now, love, What
p
ad lib.
tempo.
child - hood's plea - sures were; I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber How my
colla voce.
p
child - hood fleet - ed by, The mirth of its De - cem - ber, And the
warmth of its Ju - ly.
pp
mf
p

2.

Then the bowers, then the bowers,
Were as blithe as blithe could be,
And all their radient flowers,
Were coronals for me;
Gems to-night, love, gems to-night, love,
Are gleaming in my hair,
But they are not half so bright, love,
As childhood's roses were.
I remember, &c.

3.

I was merry, I was merry,
When my little lovers came
With a lily, or a cherry,
Or a new invented game;
Now I've you, love, now I've you, love,
To kneel before me there,
But you know you're not so true, love,
As childhood's lovers were.
I remember, &c.

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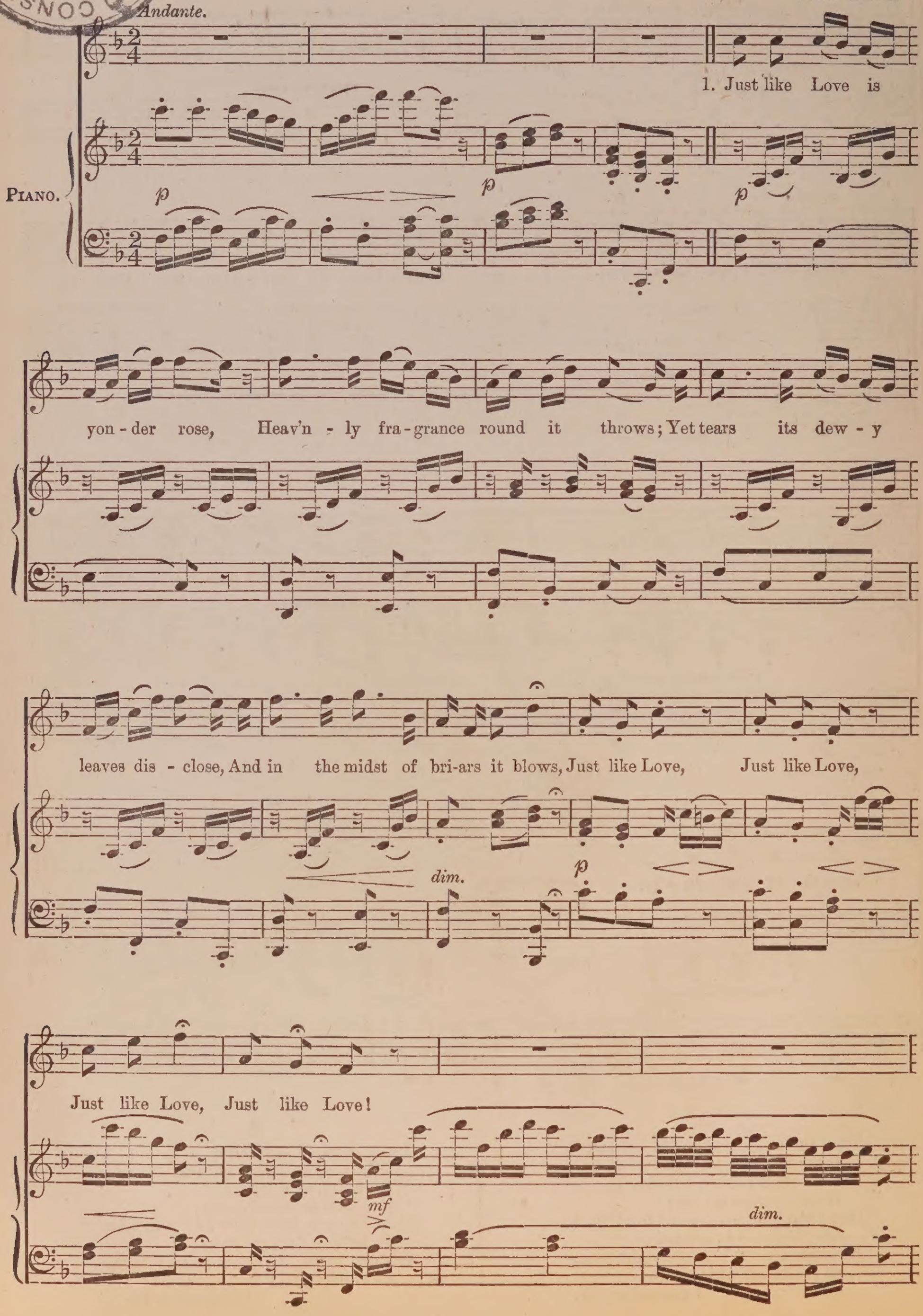
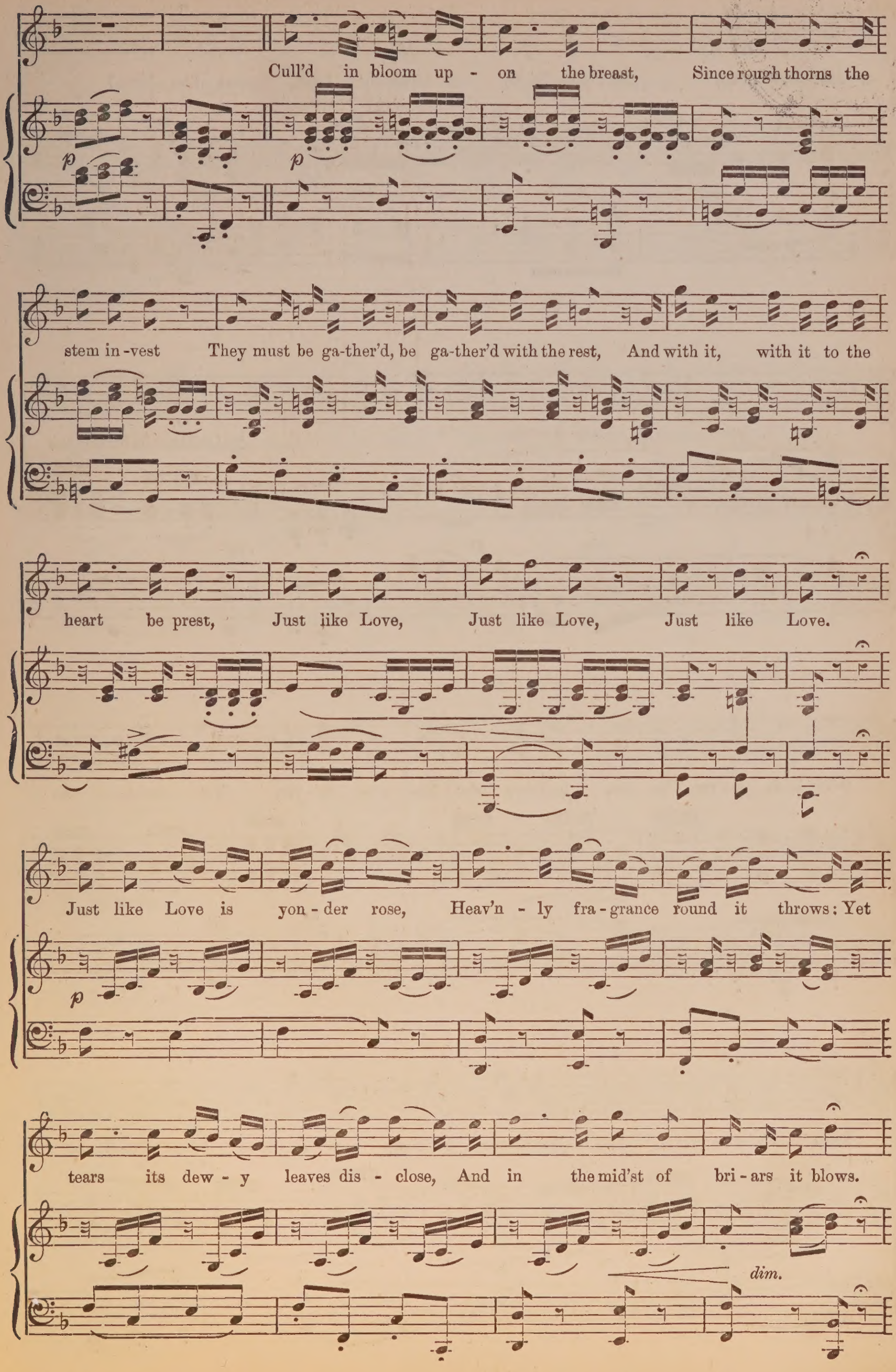
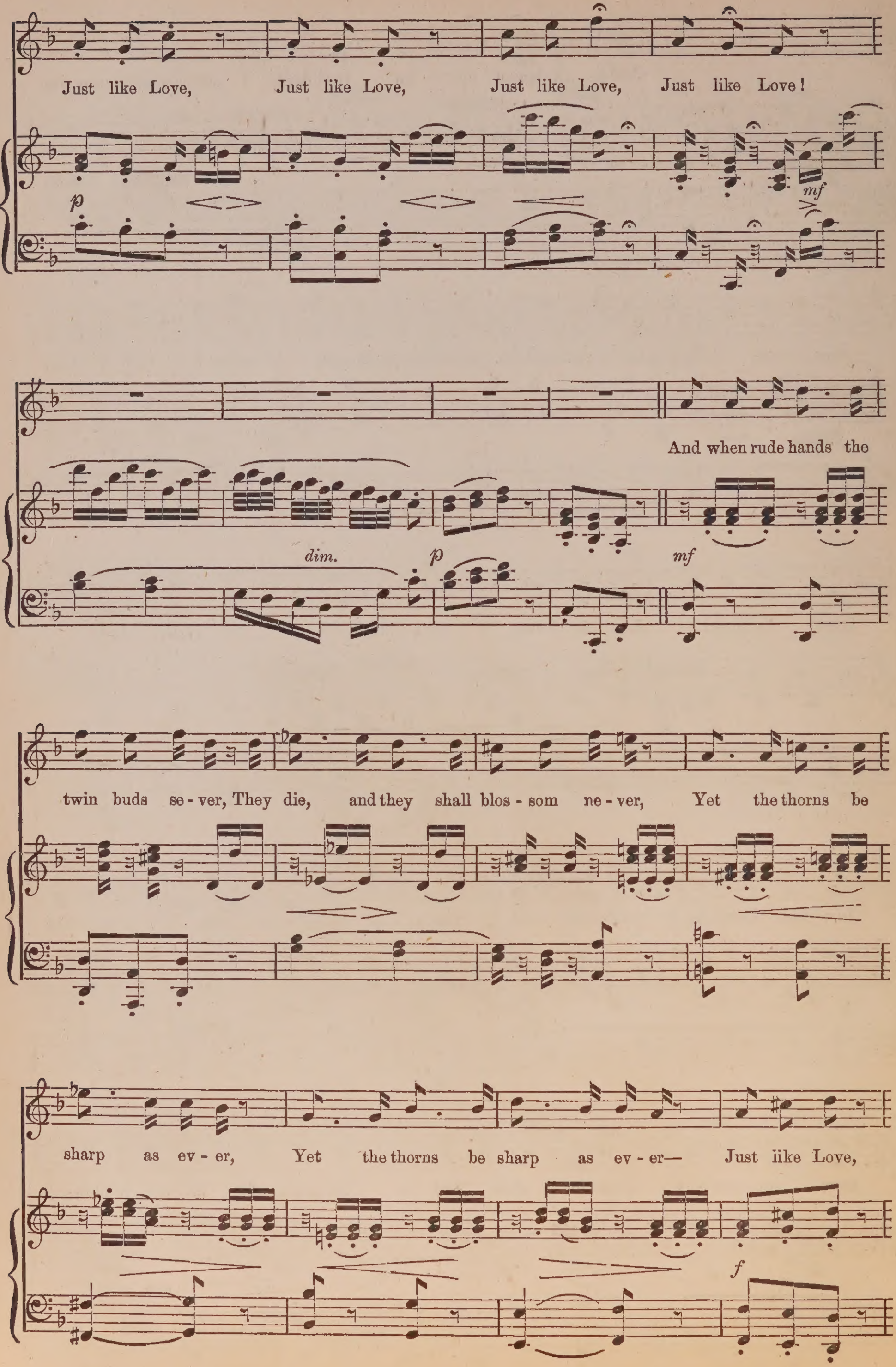
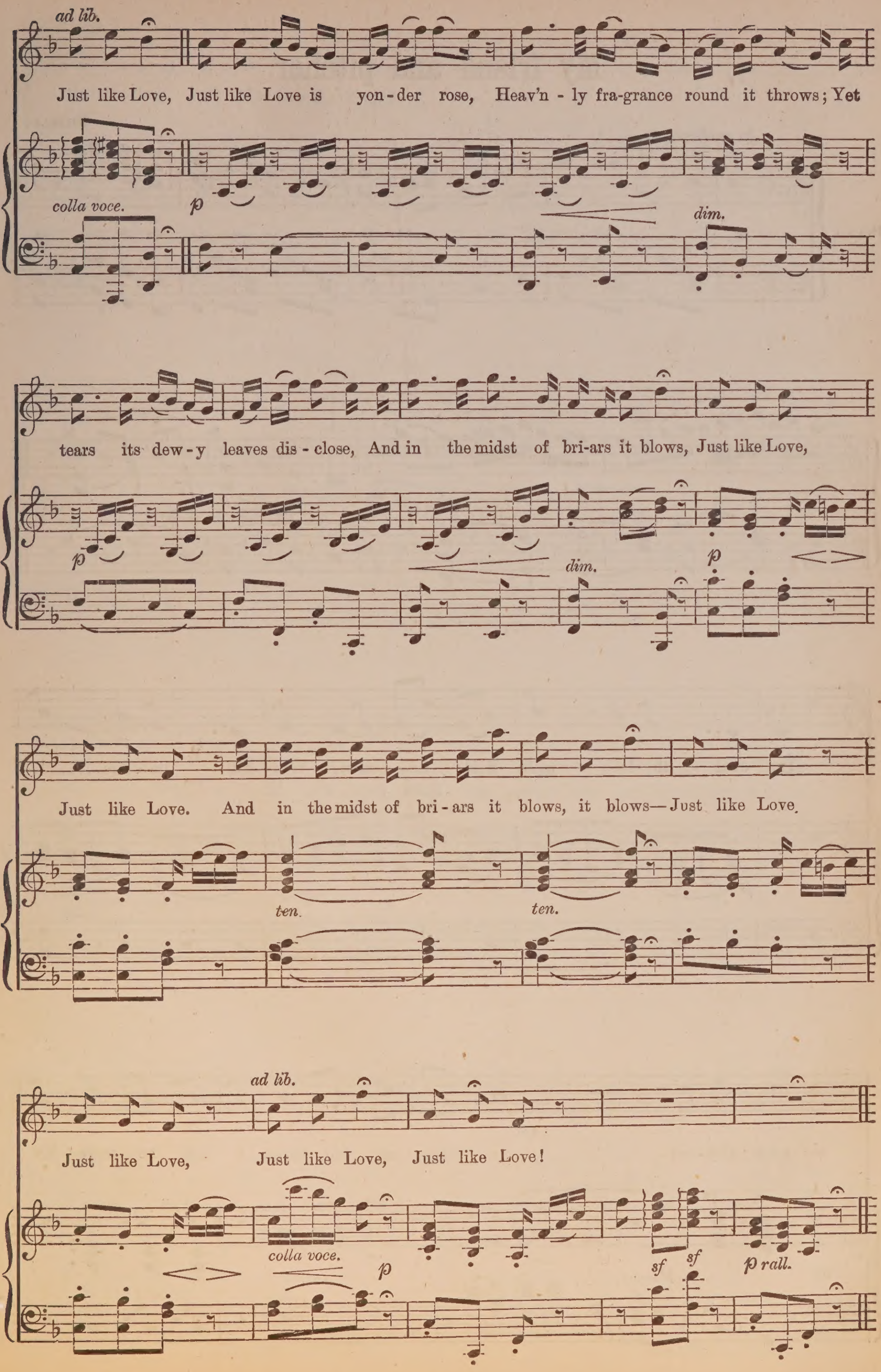
Just like Love is yonder Rose.

JOHN DAVY.


Andante.
1. Just like Love is yon-der rose, Heav'n-ly fra-grance round it throws; Yet tears its dew-y leaves dis-close, And in the midst of bri-ars it blows, Just like Love, Just like Love, Just like Love, Just like Love!
PIANO.
p
p
p
dim.
p
mf
dim.

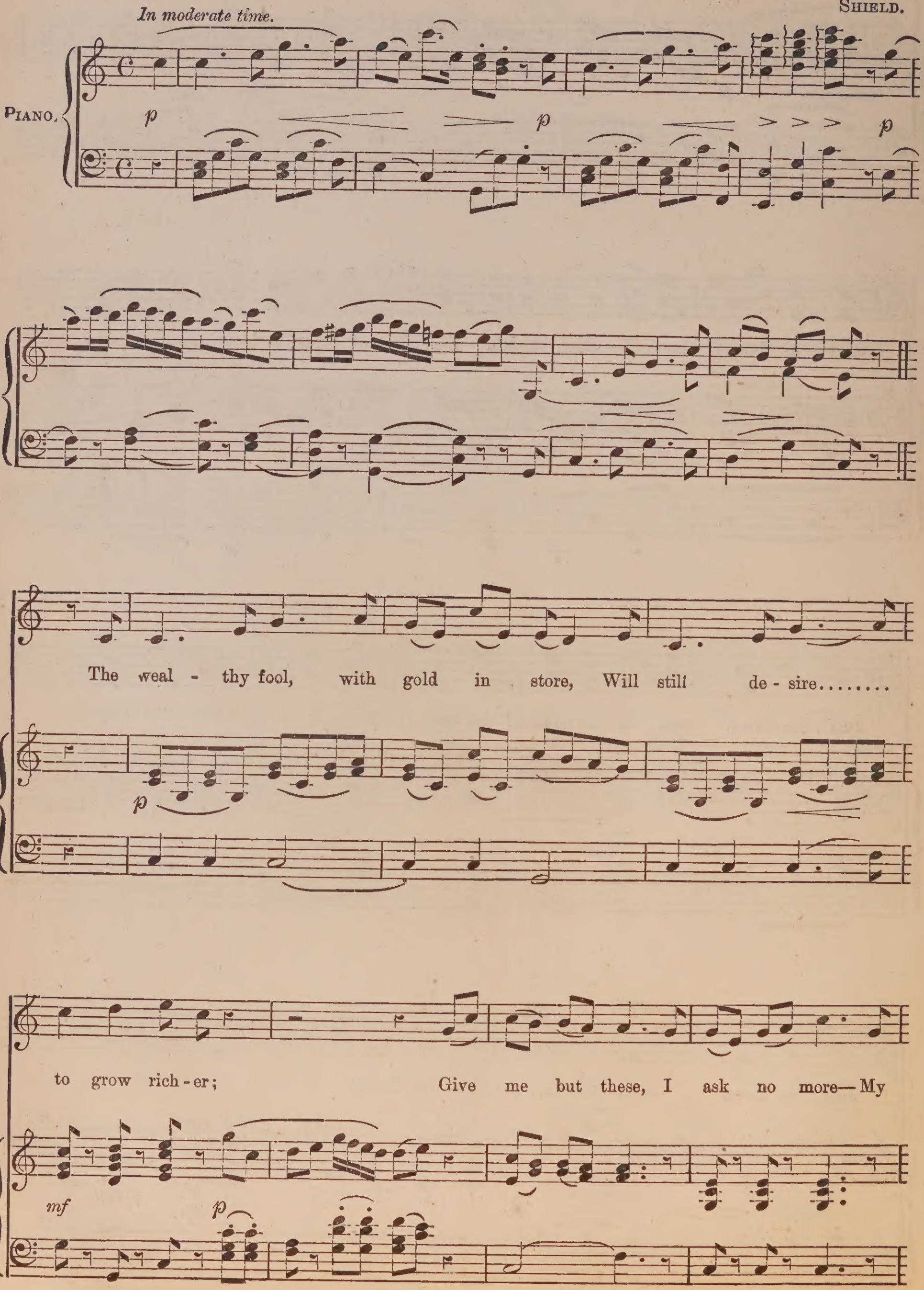

Cull'd in bloom up - on the breast, Since rough thorns the
stem in-vest They must be ga-ther'd, be ga-ther'd with the rest, And with it, with it to the
heart be prest, Just like Love, Just like Love, Just like Love.
Just like Love is yon - der rose, Heav'n - ly fra - grance round it throws: Yet
tears its dew - y leaves dis - close, And in the mid'st of bri - ars it blows.
p
dim.

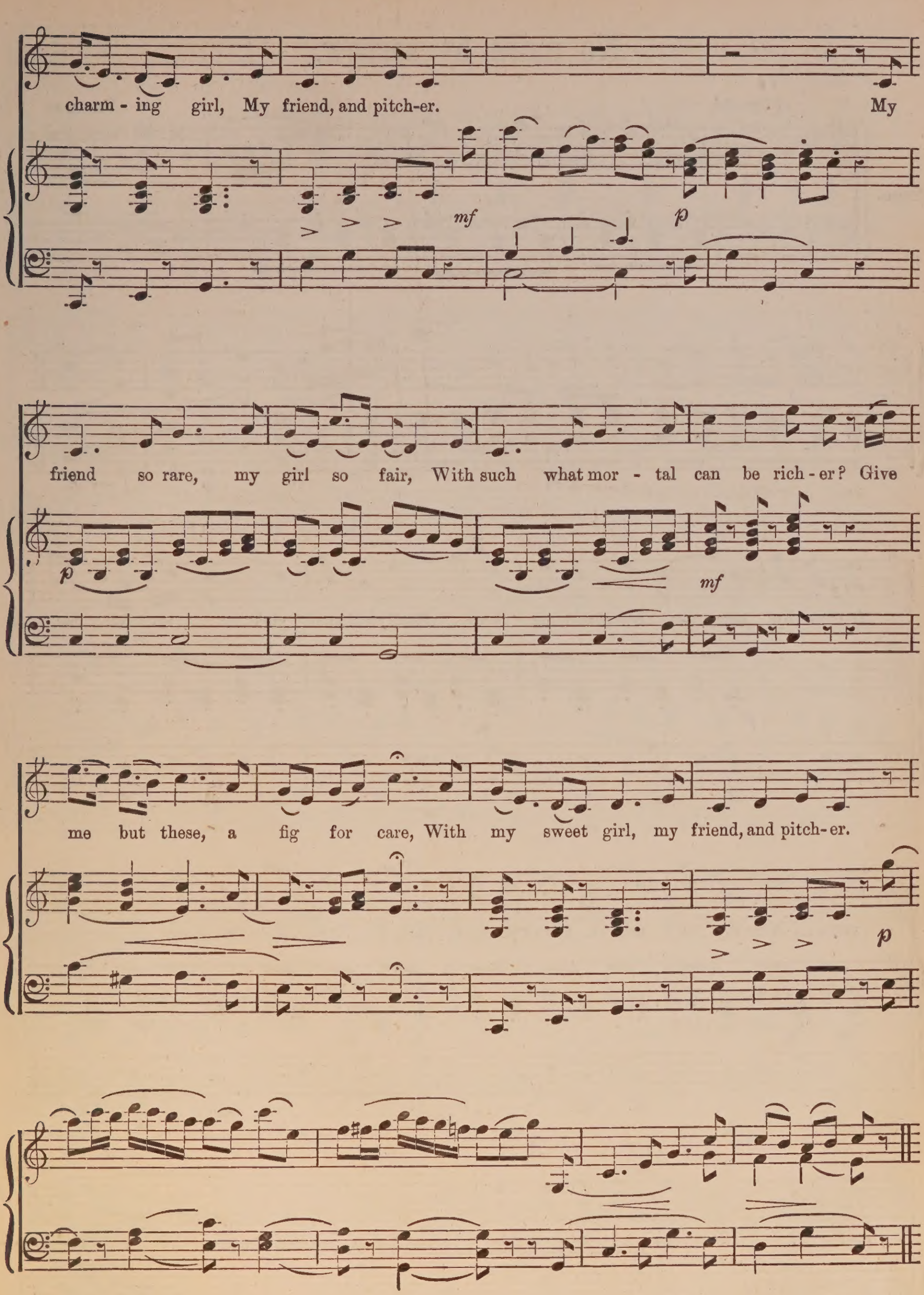

Just like Love, Just like Love, Just like Love, Just like Love!
p
mf
dim.
p
And when rude hands the
mf
twin buds se - ver, They die, and they shall blos - som ne - ver, Yet the thorns be
sharp as ev - er, Yet the thorns be sharp as ev - er— Just like Love,
f


ad lib.
Just like Love, Just like Love is yon-der rose, Heav'n - ly fra-grance round it throws; Yet
colla voce.
p
dim.
tears its dew-y leaves dis-close, And in the midst of bri-ars it blows, Just like Love,
p
dim.
p
Just like Love. And in the midst of bri-ars it blows, it blows— Just like Love.
ten.
ten.
ad lib.
Just like Love, Just like Love, Just like Love!
colla voce.
p
sf
sf
p rall.

My friend and pitcher.

SHIELD.


In moderate time.
Piano.
p
p
p
mf
p
The weal - thy fool, with gold in store, Will still de - sire........
to grow rich - er;
Give me but these, I ask no more— My


charm - ing girl, My friend, and pitch-er. My
mf
p
friend so rare, my girl so fair, With such what mor - tal can be rich - er? Give
p
mf
me but these, a fig for care, With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitch- er.
p

2.

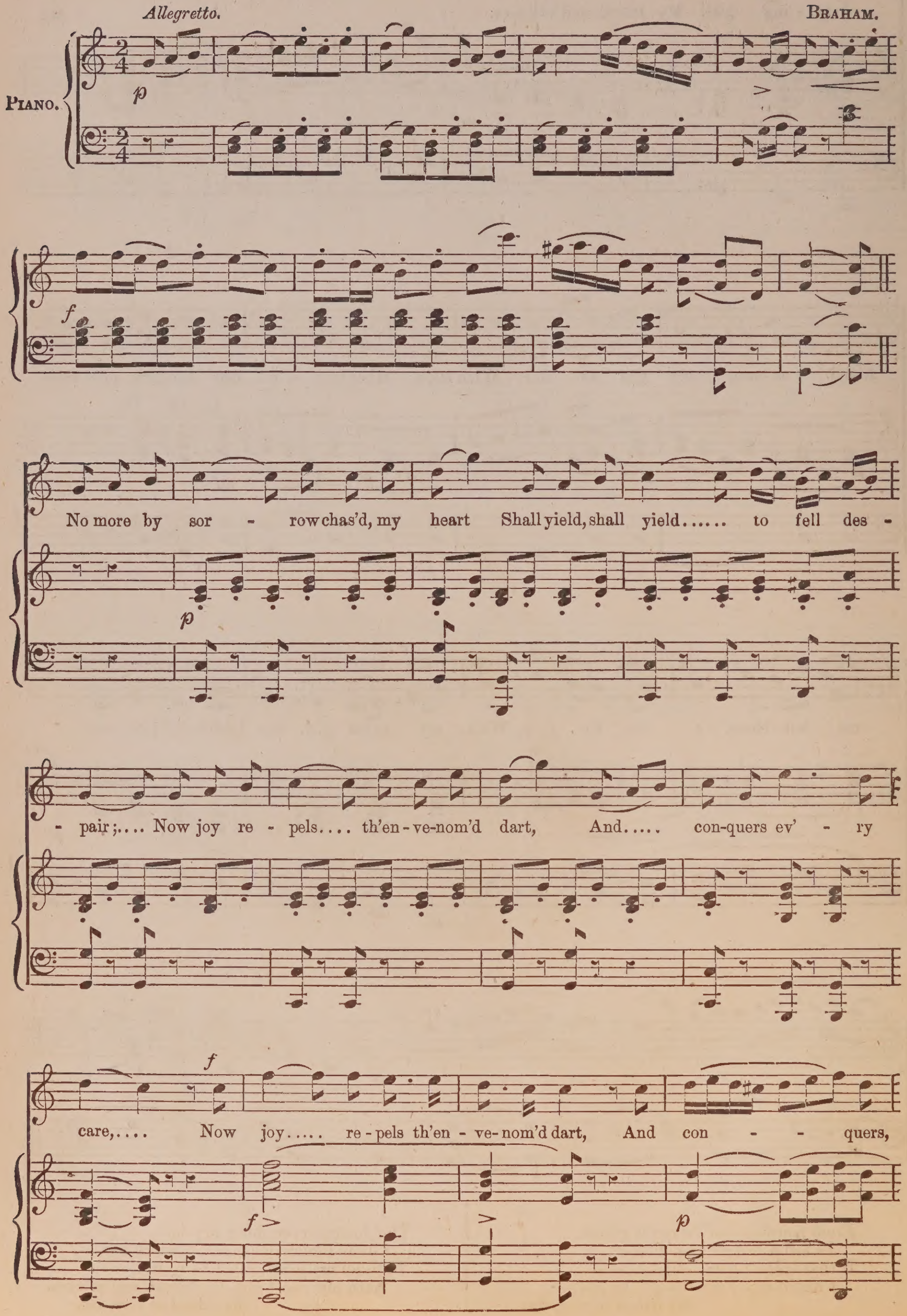
From morning sun I'd never grieve,
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend, the pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

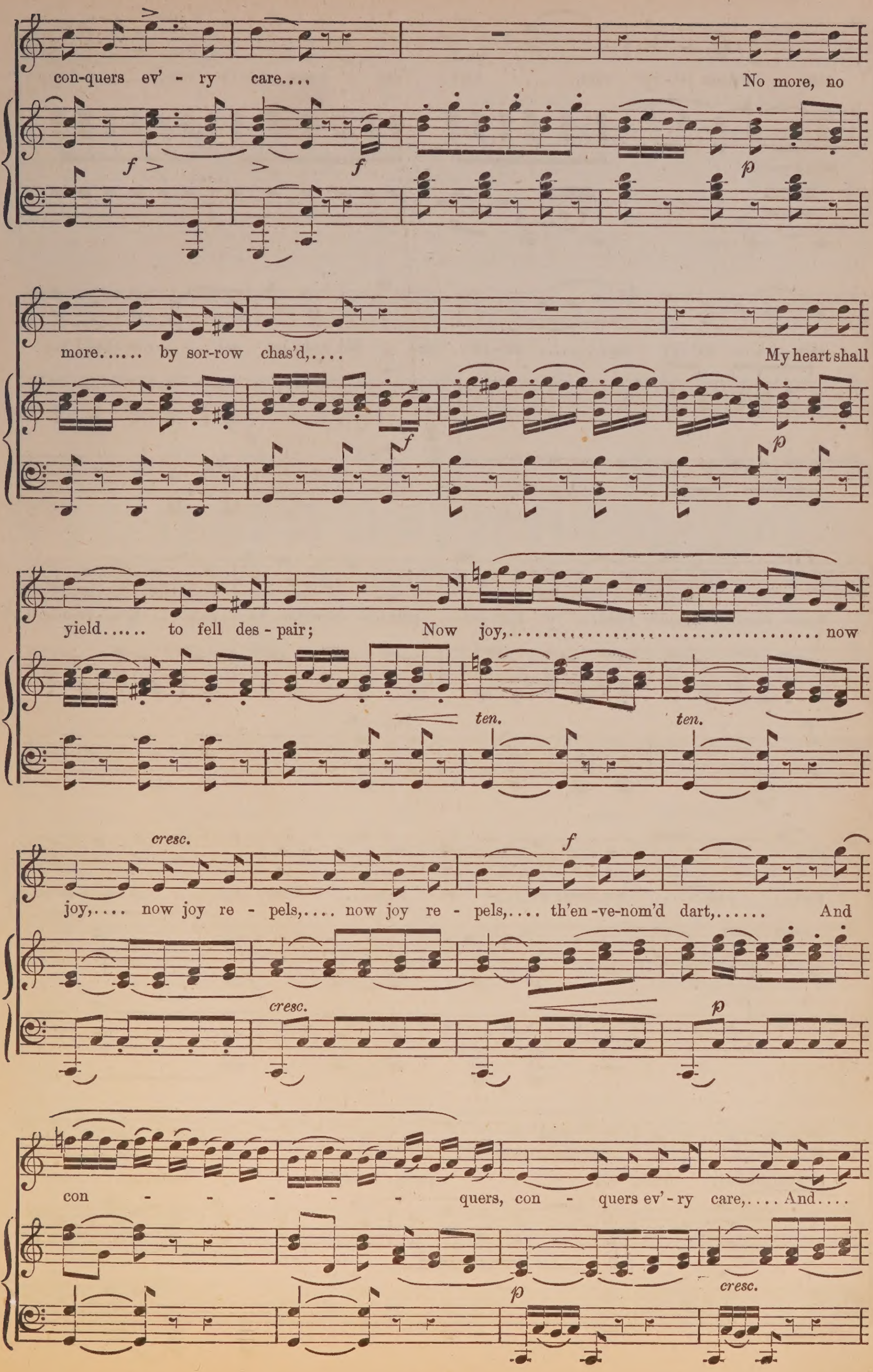
3.

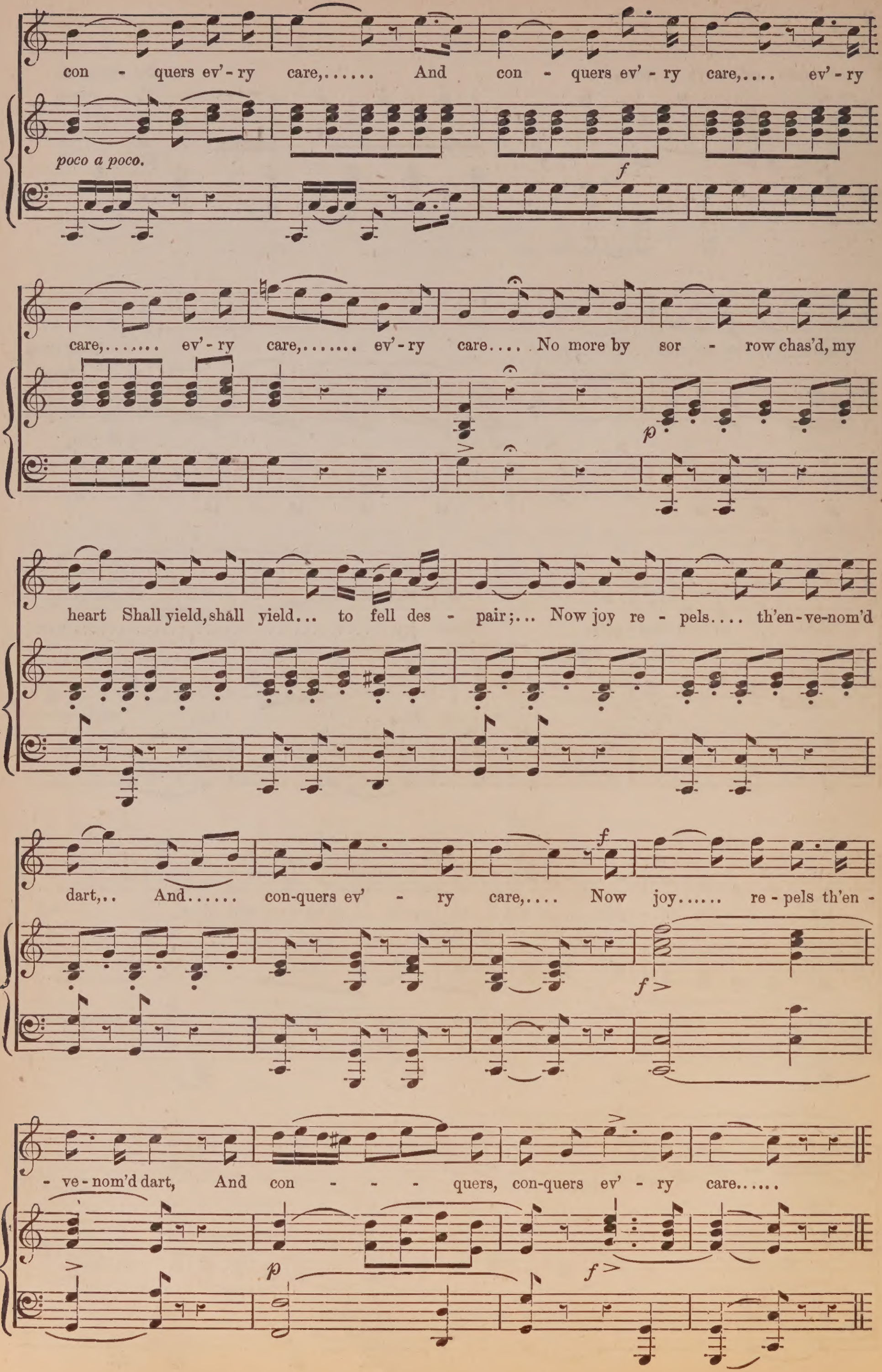
Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
I do not know what can bewitch her,
With all my heart, can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

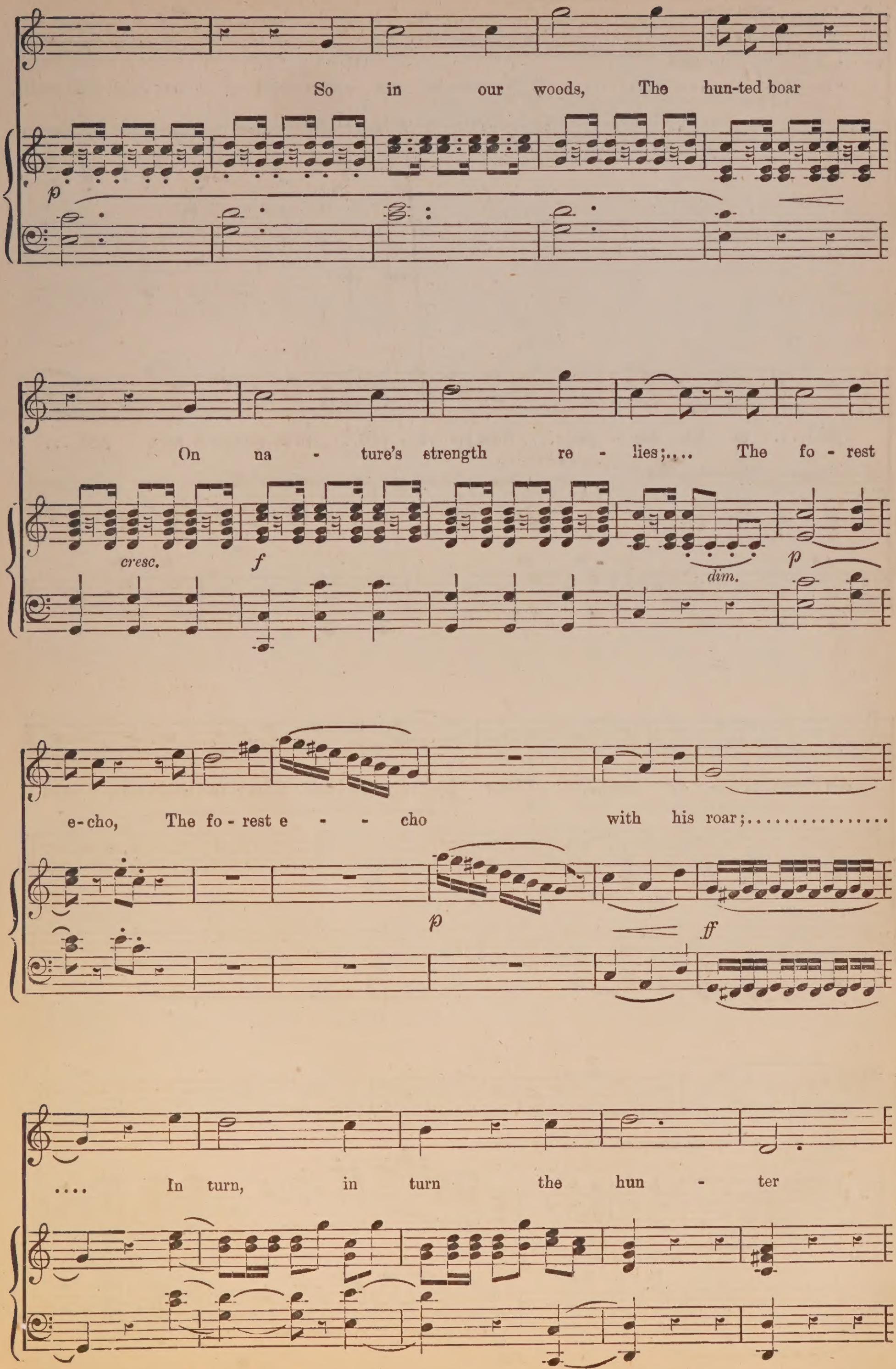
No more by sorrow.

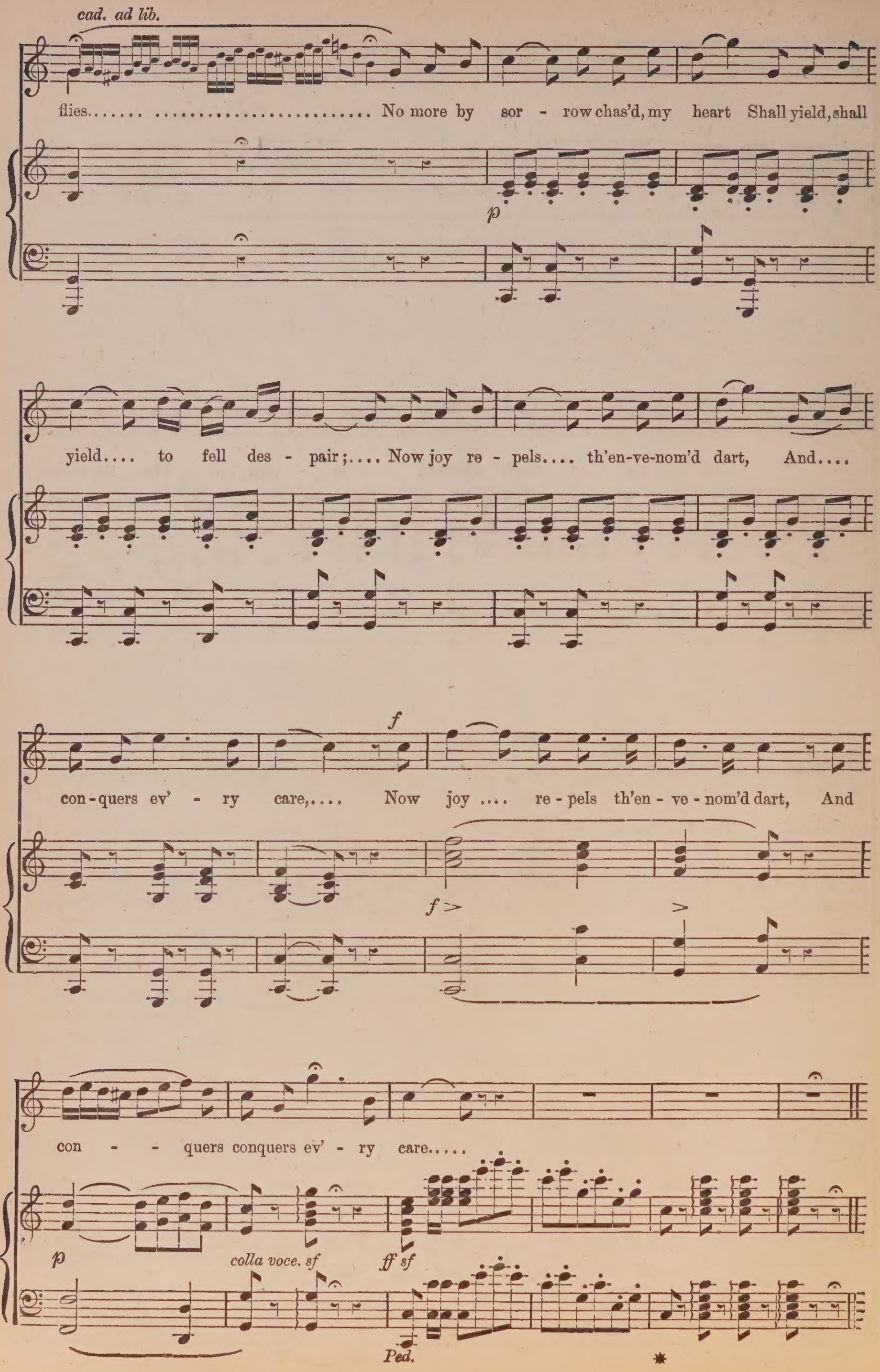
BRAHAM.


Allegretto.
PIANO.
p
f
No more by sor - row chas'd, my heart Shall yield, shall yield...... to fell des -
p
- pair;.... Now joy re - pels.... th'en - ve-nom'd dart, And..... con-quers ev' - ry
care,.... Now joy..... re - pels th'en - ve- nom'd dart, And con - - quers,
f
f >
>
p


con-quers ev' - ry care.... No more, no
f
>
>
f
p
more...... by sor-row chas'd,.... My heart shall
f
p
yield...... to fell des - pair; Now joy,...................................... now
ten.
ten.
cresc.
f
joy,.... now joy re - pels,.... now joy re - pels,.... th'en-ve-nom'd dart,...... And
cresc.
p
con - - - - - quers, con - quers ev' - ry care,.... And....
p
cresc.

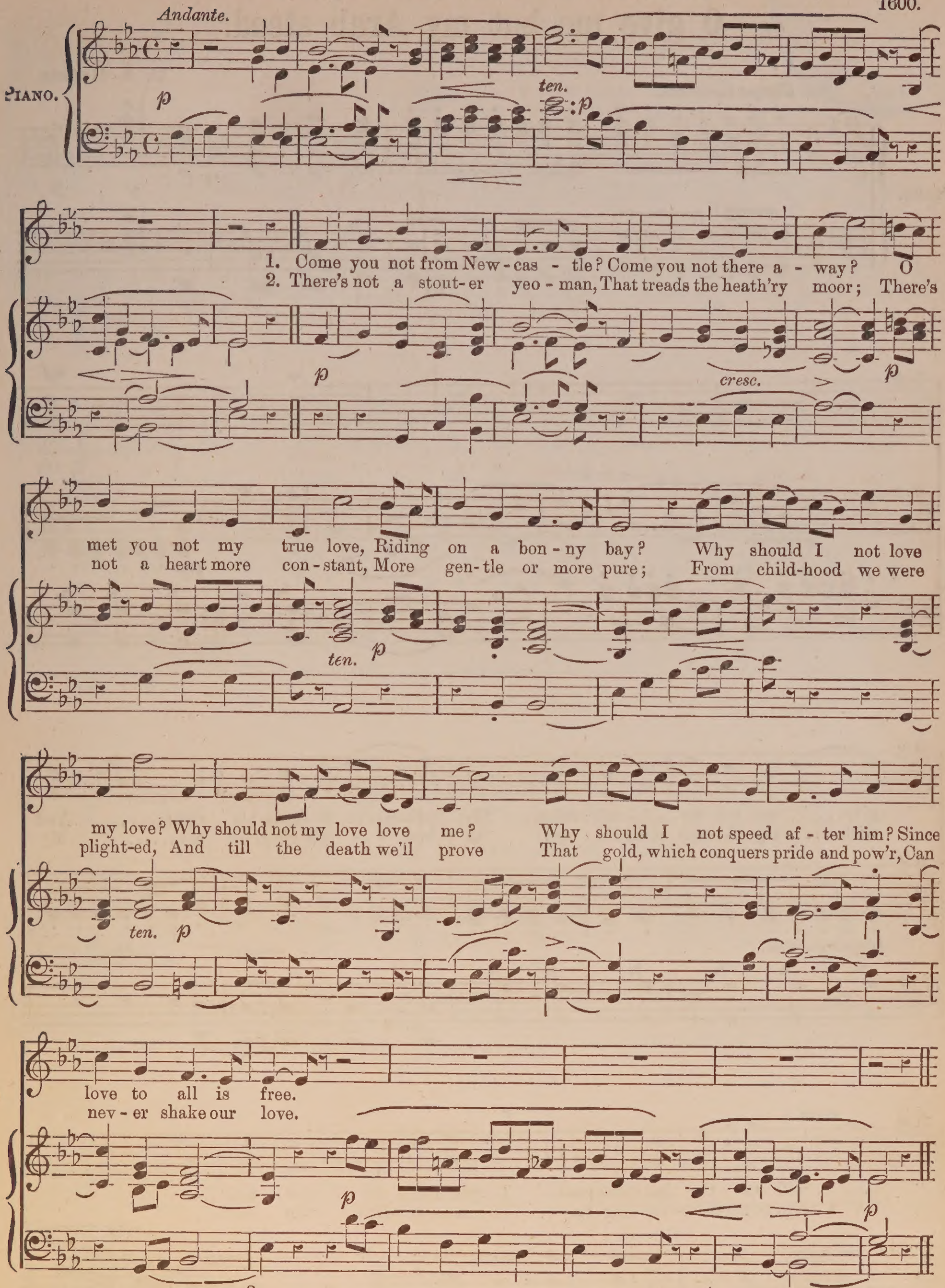

con - quers ev'-ry care,...... And con - quers ev' - ry care,.... ev' - ry
poco a poco.
f
care,....... ev' - ry care,....... ev' - ry care.... No more by sor - row chas'd, my
p
heart Shall yield, shall yield... to fell des - pair;... Now joy re - pels.... th'en-ve-nom'd
dart,.. And...... con-quers ev' - ry care,.... Now joy...... re - pels th'en -
f
f
- ve - nom'd dart, And con - - - quers, con-quers ev' - ry care.....
p
f


So in our woods, The hun-ted boar
p
On na - ture's strength re - lies;.... The fo - rest
cresc.
f
dim.
p
e-cho, The fo - rest e - - cho with his roar;...............
p
ff
.... In turn, in turn the hun - ter


cad. ad lib.
flies....... .... No more by sor - row chas'd, my heart Shall yield, shall
p
yield.... to fell des - pair;.... Now joy re - pels.... th'en-ve-nom'd dart, And....
f
con - quers ev' - ry care,.... Now joy .... re - pels th'en - ve - nom'd dart, And
f >
>
con - - quers conquers ev' - ry care.....
p
colla voce. sf
ff sf
Ped.
*

Come you not from Newcastle?

1600.


Andante.
PIANO.
p
ten.
1. Come you not from New-cas - tle? Come you not there a - way? O met you not my true love, Riding on a bon-ny bay? Why should I not love my love? Why should not my love love me? Why should I not speed af - ter him? Since love to all is free.
2. There's not a stout-er yeo - man, That treads the heath'ry moor; There's not a heart more con-stant, More gen-tle or more pure; From child-hood we were plight-ed, And till the death we'll prove That gold, which conquers pride and pow'r, Can nev-er shake our love.
cresc.
p
ten.
p

3.

My father, once his true friend,
Now spurns him from our door;
My mother owns him worthy,
Yet bids me love no more.
The squire, his boyhood's playmate,
Would fain his rival be,
And Willie madly rides away
To sail the stormy sea.

4.

But, spite of blame and danger,
With Willie I will roam—
His arm my safe defender,
His breast my happy home.
Why should not I love my love?
Why should not my love love me?
Why should not we together roam—
Since love to all is free?

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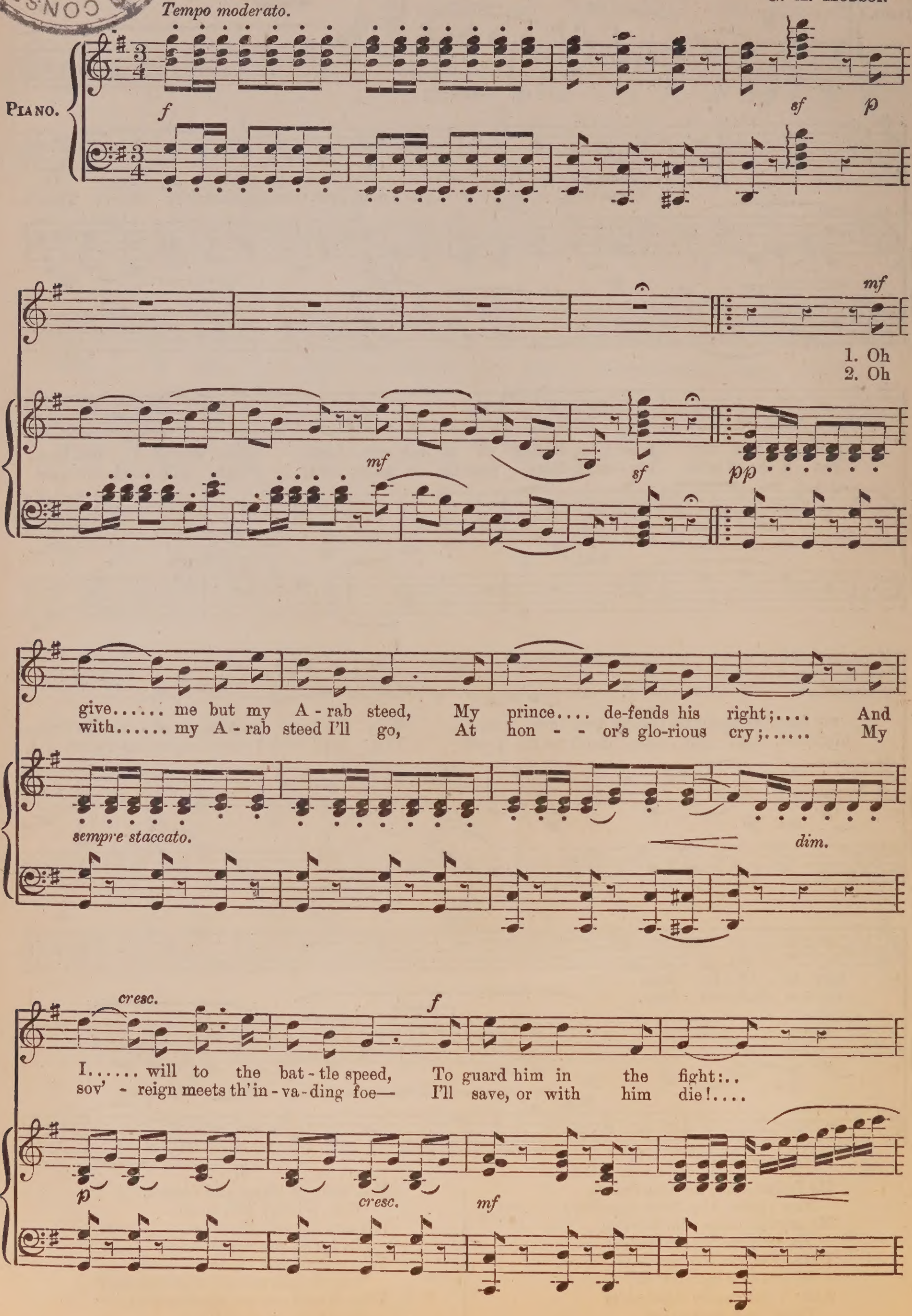
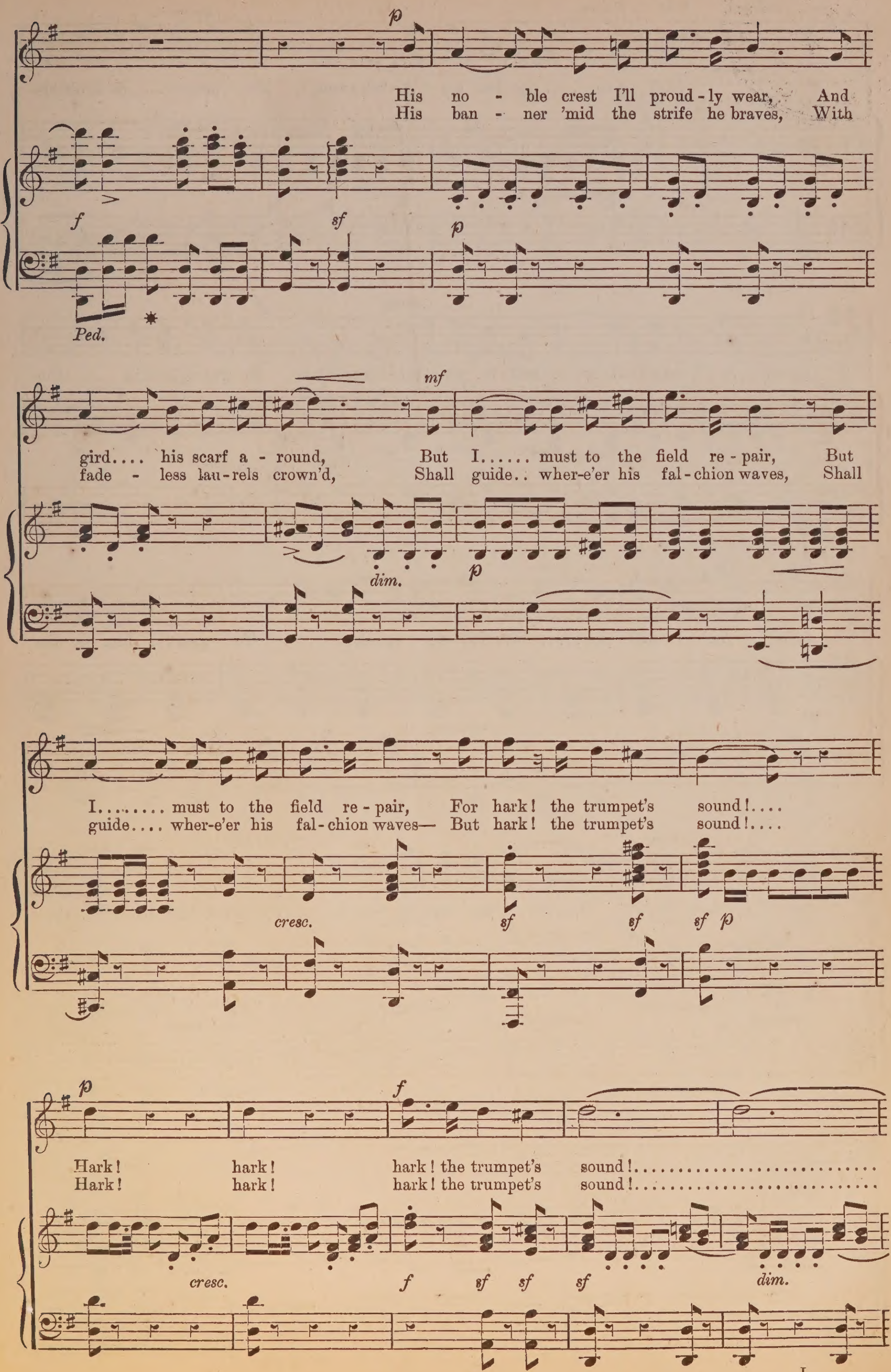
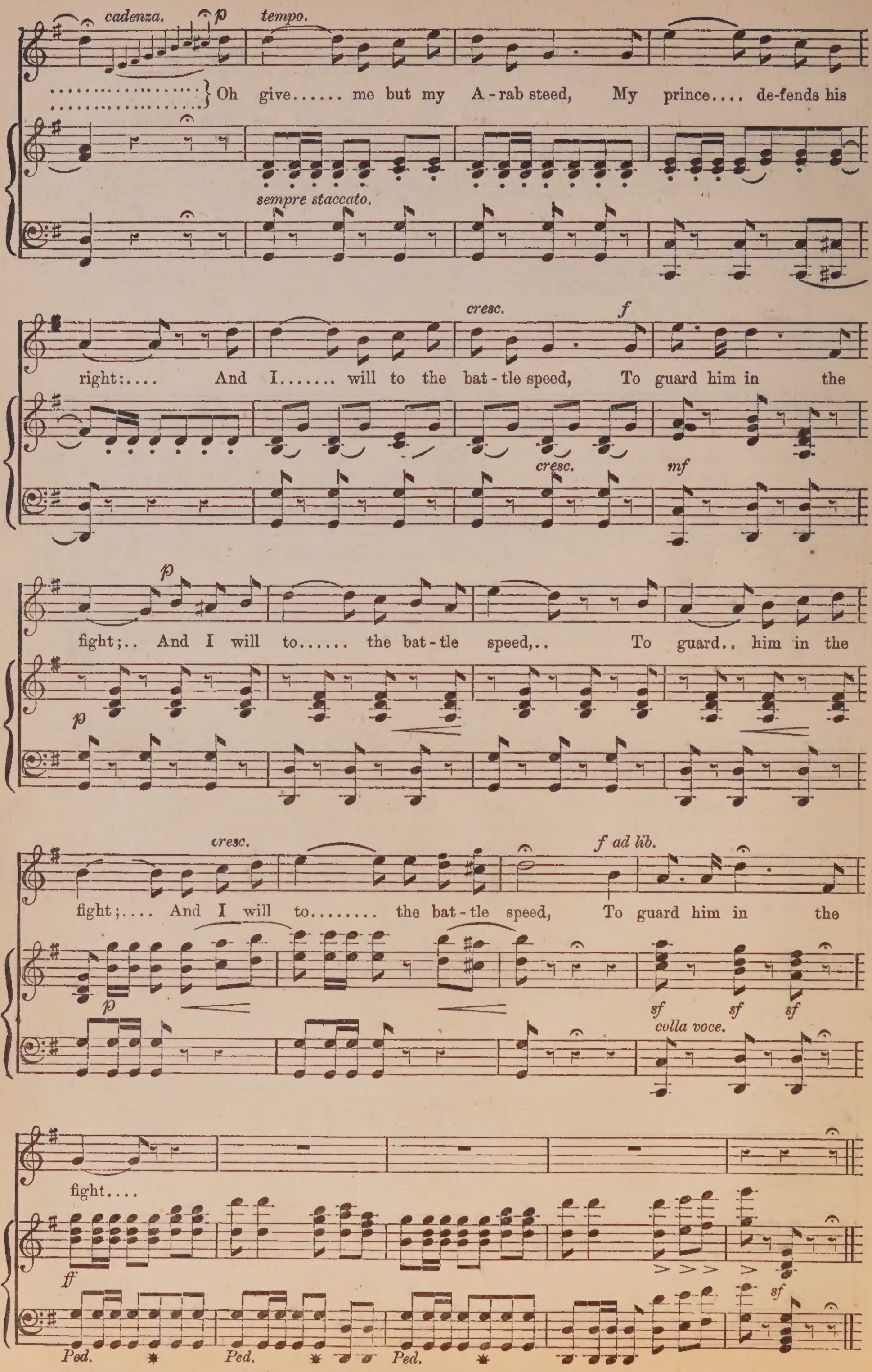
O give me but my Arab steed.

G. A. Hodson

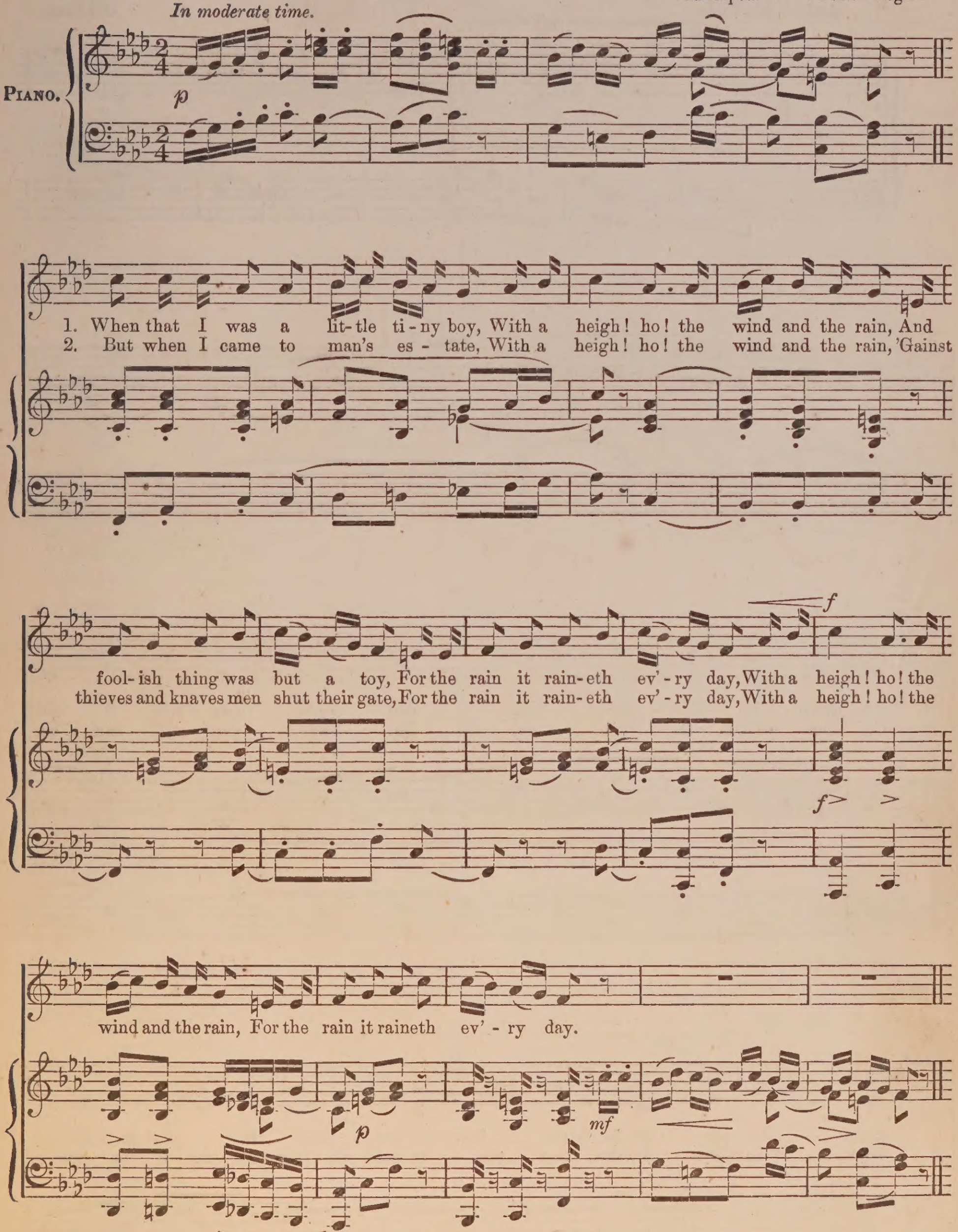

Tempo moderato.
Piano.
f
sf
p
mf
sf
pp
mf
1. Oh
2. Oh
give...... me but my A - rab steed, My prince.... de-fends his right;.... And
with...... my A - rab steed I'll go, At hon - - or's glo-rious cry;...... My
sempre staccato.
dim.
cresc.
f
I...... will to the bat - tle speed, To guard him in the fight:..
sov' - reign meets th' in - va - ding foe— I'll save, or with him die!....
p
cresc.
mf


p
His no - ble crest I'll proud - ly wear, And
His ban - ner 'mid the strife he braves, With
f
sf
p
Ped.
gird.... his scarf a - round, But I...... must to the field re - pair, But
fade - less lau - rels crown'd, Shall guide.. wher-e'er his fal - chion waves, Shall
mf
dim.
p
I........ must to the field re - pair, For hark! the trumpet's sound!....
guide.... wher-e'er his fal - chion waves— But hark! the trumpet's sound!....
cresc.
sf
sf
sf
p
Hark! hark! hark! the trumpet's sound!...........................
Hark! hark! hark! the trumpet's sound!...........................
cresc.
f
sf
sf
sf
dim.


cadenza.
p
tempo.
Oh give...... me but my A-rab steed, My prince.... de-fends his
sempre staccato.
right:.... And I....... will to the bat-tle speed, To guard him in the
cresc.
f
cresc.
mf
p
fight;.. And I will to...... the bat-tle speed,.. To guard.. him in the
p
cresc.
fight;.... And I will to........ the bat-tle speed, To guard him in the
f ad lib.
p
sf
sf
sf
colla voce.
fight....
ff
sf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

When that I was a little tiny boy.

Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."


In moderate time.
PIANO.
p
1. When that I was a little tiny boy, With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain, And
2. But when I came to man's estate, With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain, 'Gainst
foolish thing was but a toy, For the rain it raineth ev'ry day, With a heigh! ho! the
thieves and knaves men shut their gate, For the rain it raineth ev'ry day, With a heigh! ho! the
f
f
wind and the rain, For the rain it raineth ev'ry day.
p
mf

3.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain,
By swaggering never could I thrive,
For the rain it raineth ev'ry day.
With a heigh! ho! &c.

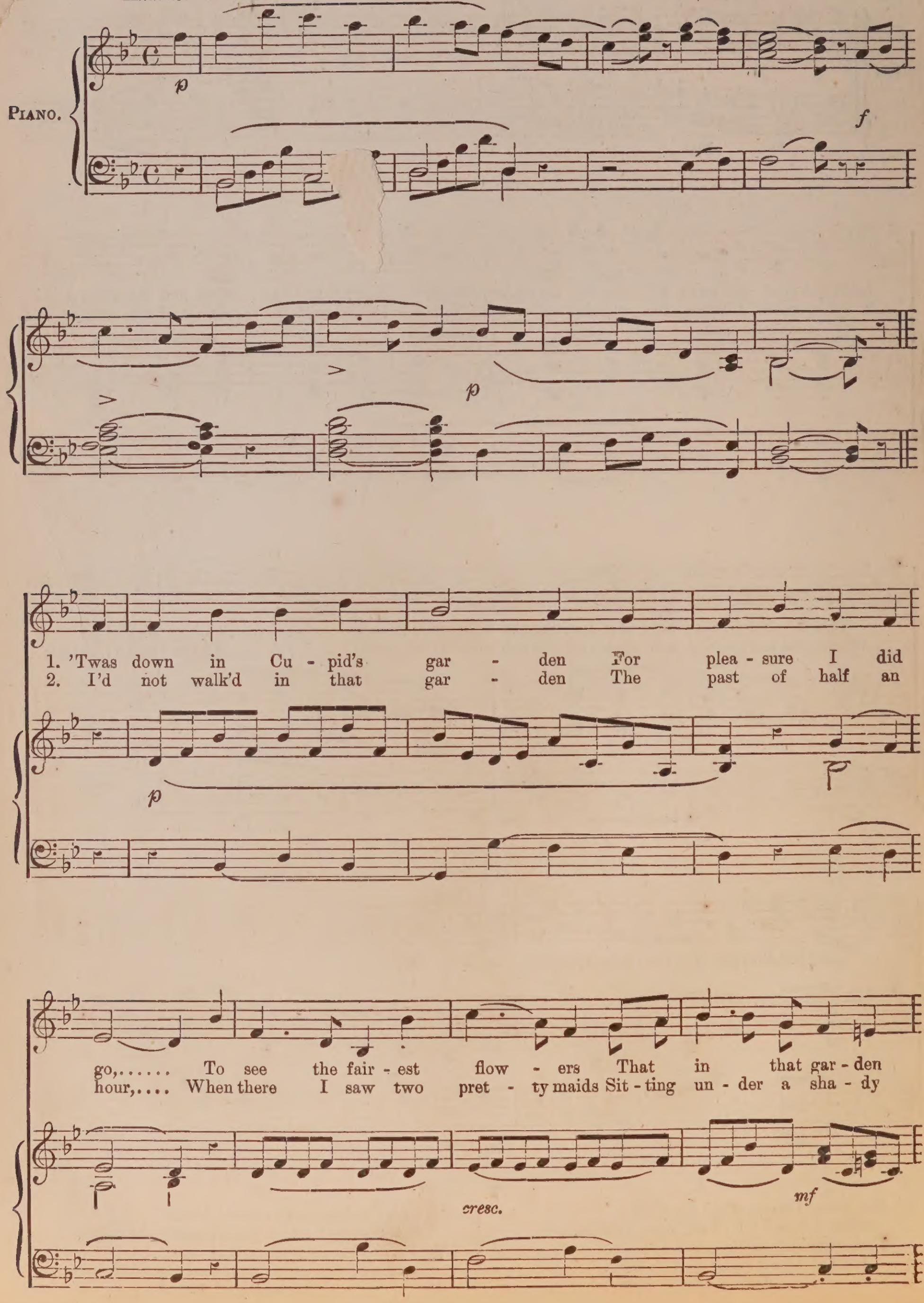
4.

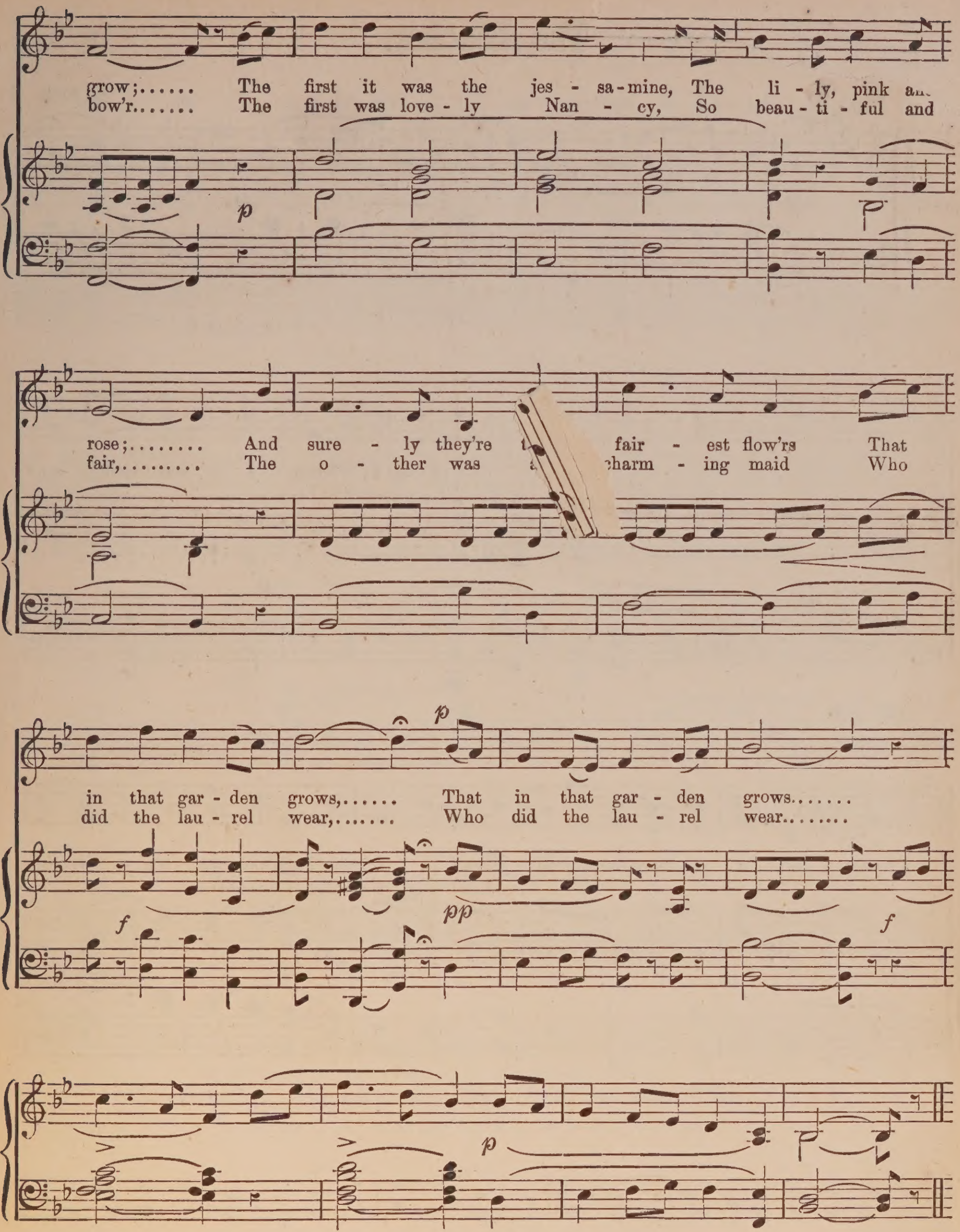
A great while ago the world begun,
With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you ev'ry day.
With a heigh! ho! &c.

Cupid's Garden.

Andante con moto.

Old Song.


PIANO.
p
f
p
p
1. 'Twas down in Cu - pid's gar - den For plea - sure I did
2. I'd not walk'd in that gar - den The past of half an
p
go,...... To see the fair - est flow - ers That in that gar - den
hour,.... When there I saw two pret - ty maids Sit - ting un - der a sha - dy
cresc.
mf


grow;...... The first it was the jes - sa-mine, The li - ly, pink an.
bow'r....... The first was love - ly Nan - cy, So beau - ti - ful and
p
rose;........ And sure - ly they're t fair - est flow'rs That
fair,......... The o - ther was a charm - ing maid Who
in that gar - den grows,...... That in that gar - den grows.......
did the lau - rel wear,....... Who did the lau - rel wear........
p
f
pp
f
p

3.

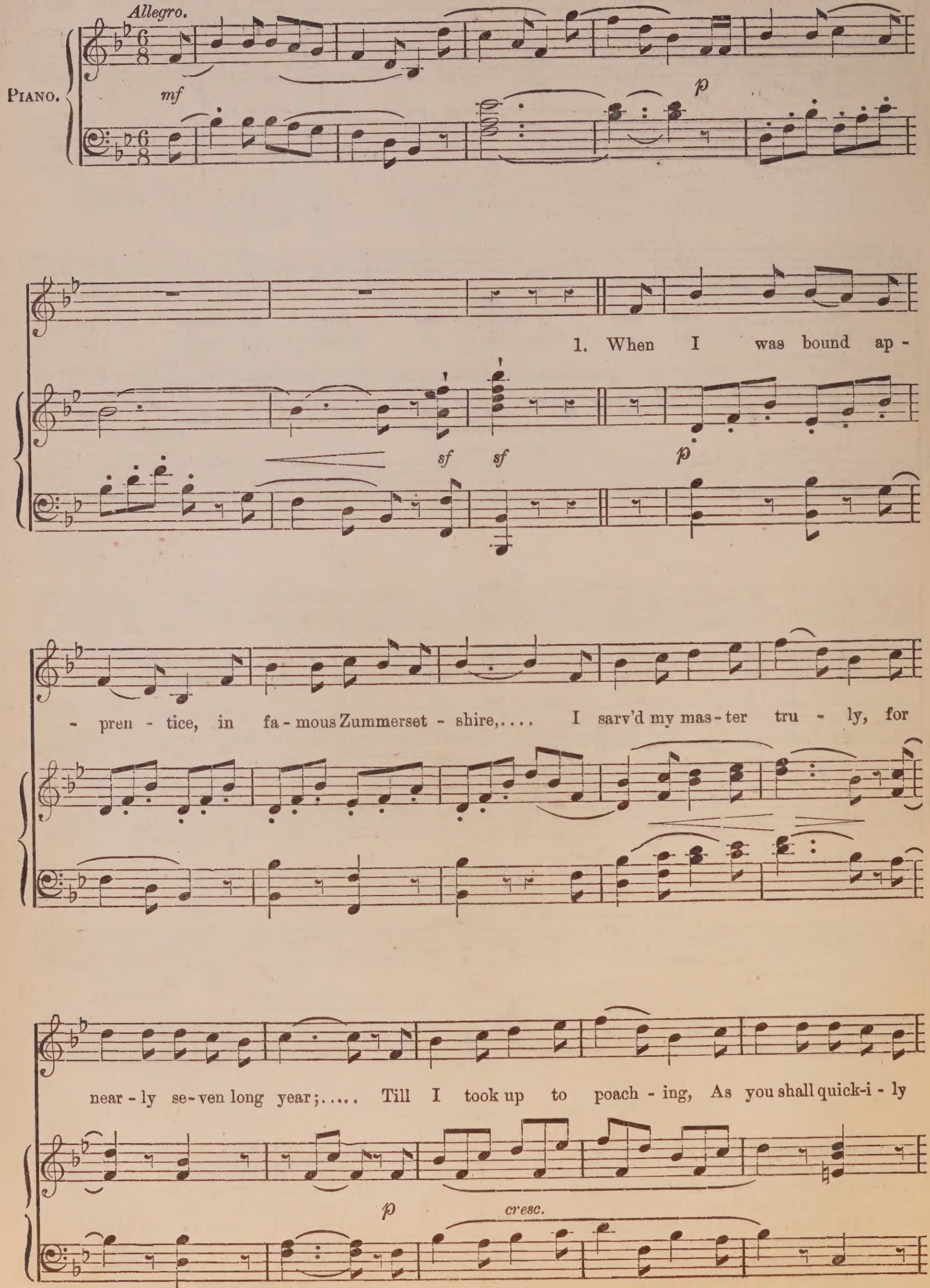
I boldly stepp'd up to her,
And unto her did say—
"Are you engag'd to any young man?
Do tell to me, I pray!"
"I'm not engag'd to any young man—
I solemnly do swear;
I mean to live a single life
And still the laurel wear."

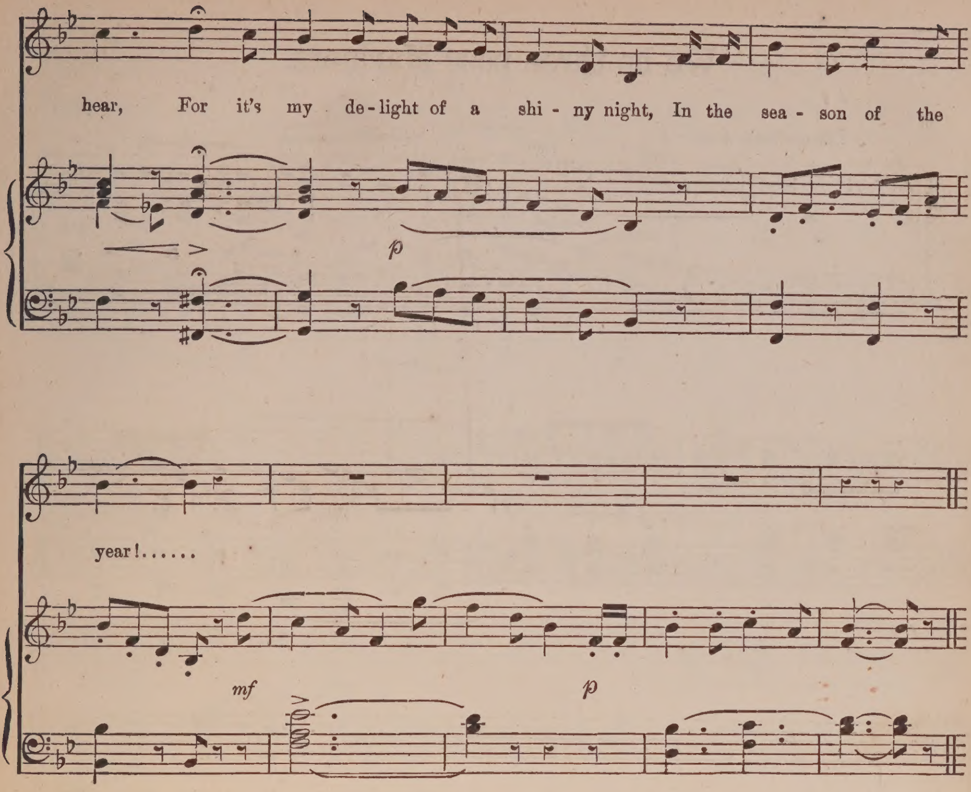
4.

Then hand in hand together,
This lovely couple went;
Resolvèd was the sailor boy
To know her full intent;
To know if he would slighted be,
When to her the truth he told:
"Oh no! oh no! oh no!" she cried,
"I love a sailor bold!"

The Poacher.

Old song.


Allegro.
Piano.
mf
p
sf
sf
p
1. When I was bound ap - pren - tice, in fa - mous Zummerset - shire,.... I sarv'd my mas - ter tru - ly, for near - ly se - ven long year;..... Till I took up to poach - ing, As you shall quick-i - ly
p
cresc.


hear, For it's my de-light of a shi - ny night, In the sea - son of the
p
year!......
mf
p

2.

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
The gamekeeper was watching us—for him we did not care;
For we can wrestle, fight, my boys, jump over anywhere,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

3.

As me and my companions were setting four and five,
And taking of them up again, we took the hare alive;
We popp'd her into a bag, my boys, and thro' the wood did steer,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

4.

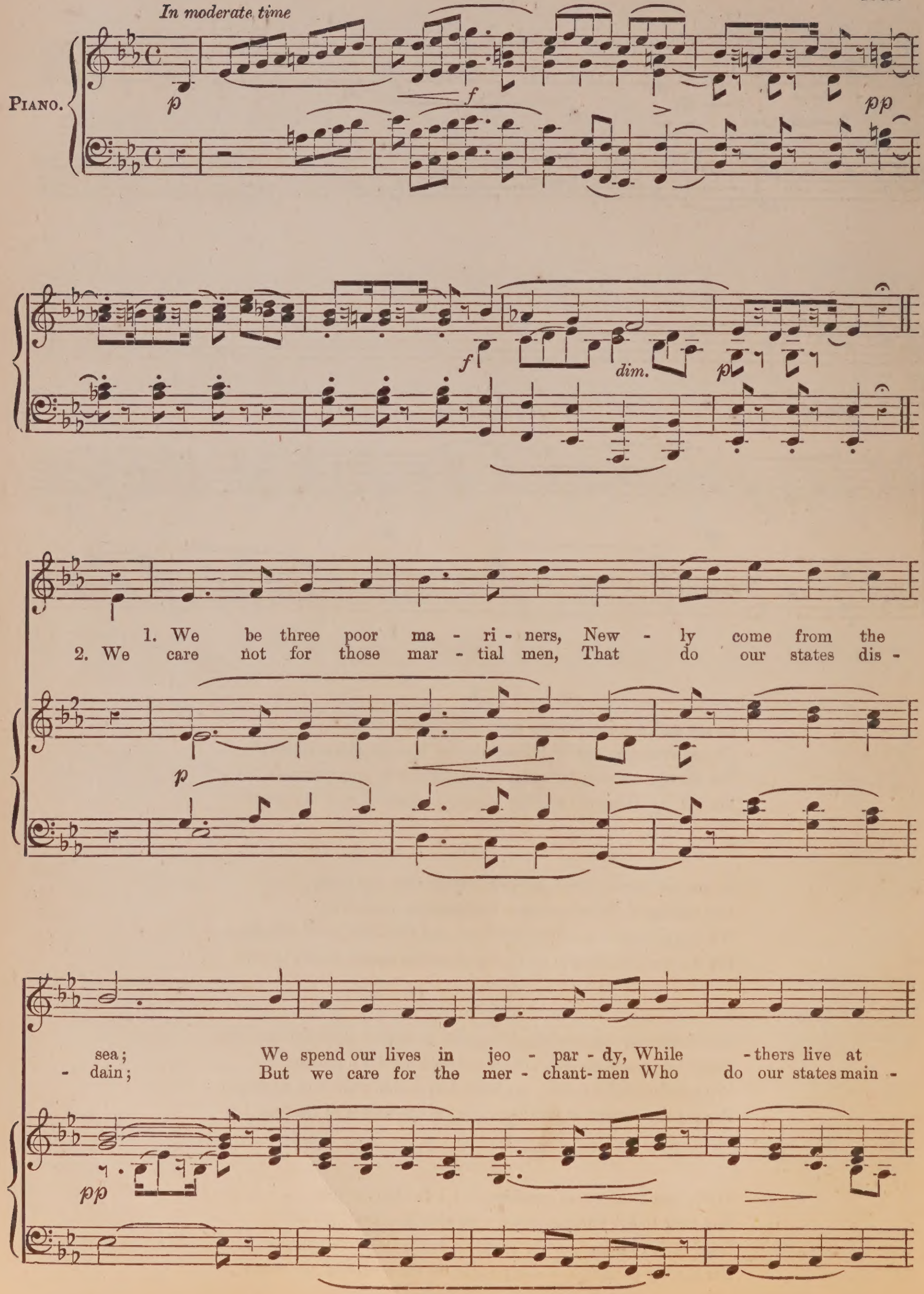
We threw her o'er our shoulders, and wandered through the town,
Call'd into a neighbour's house, and sold her for a crown;
We sold her for a crown, my boys, but I didn't tell you where,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

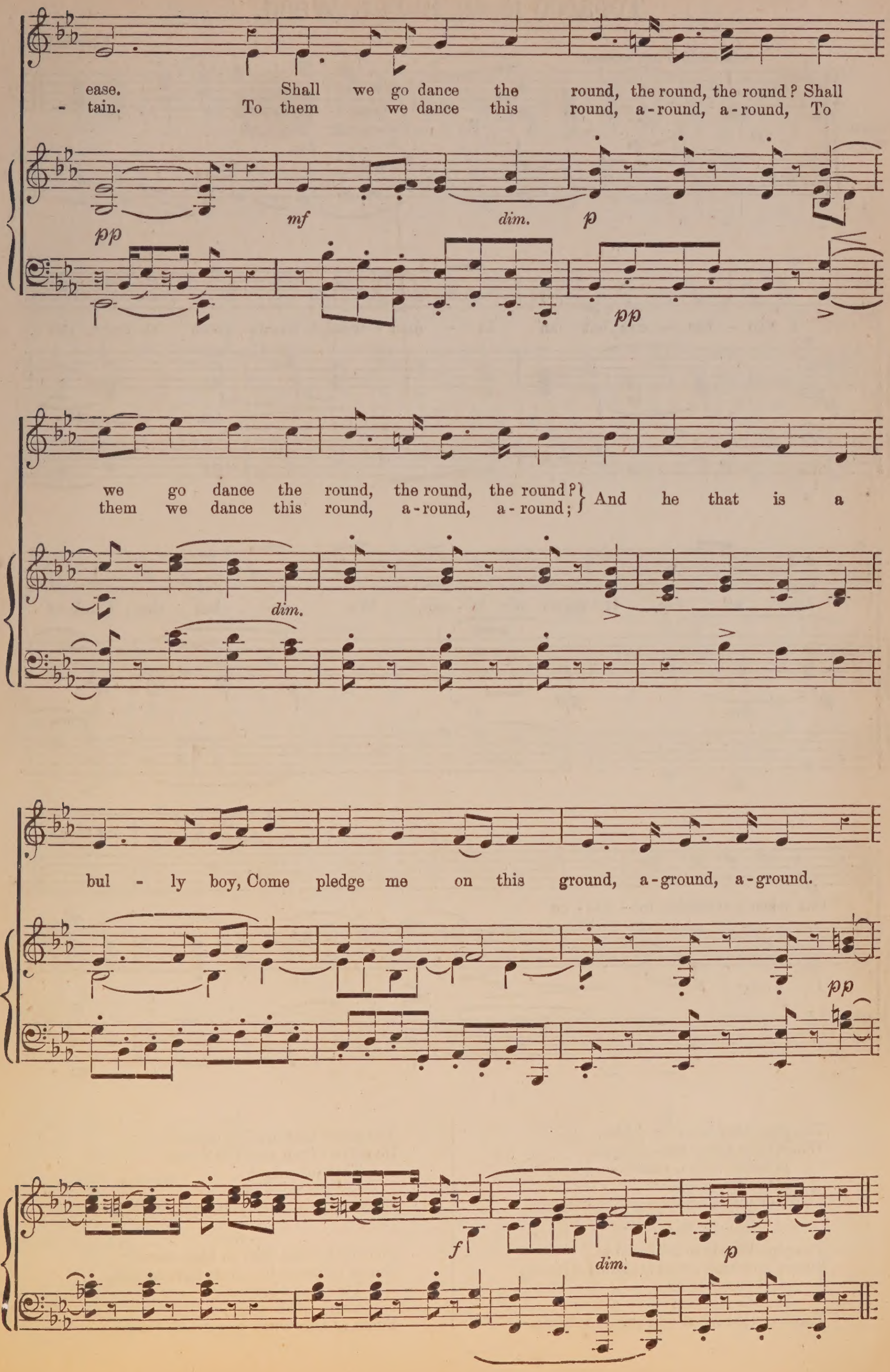
5.

Well, here's success to poaching, for I do think it fair;
Bad luck to ev'ry housekeeper that would not sell his deer,
Good luck to ev'ry gamekeeper that wants to buy a hare,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

We be three poor Mariners.

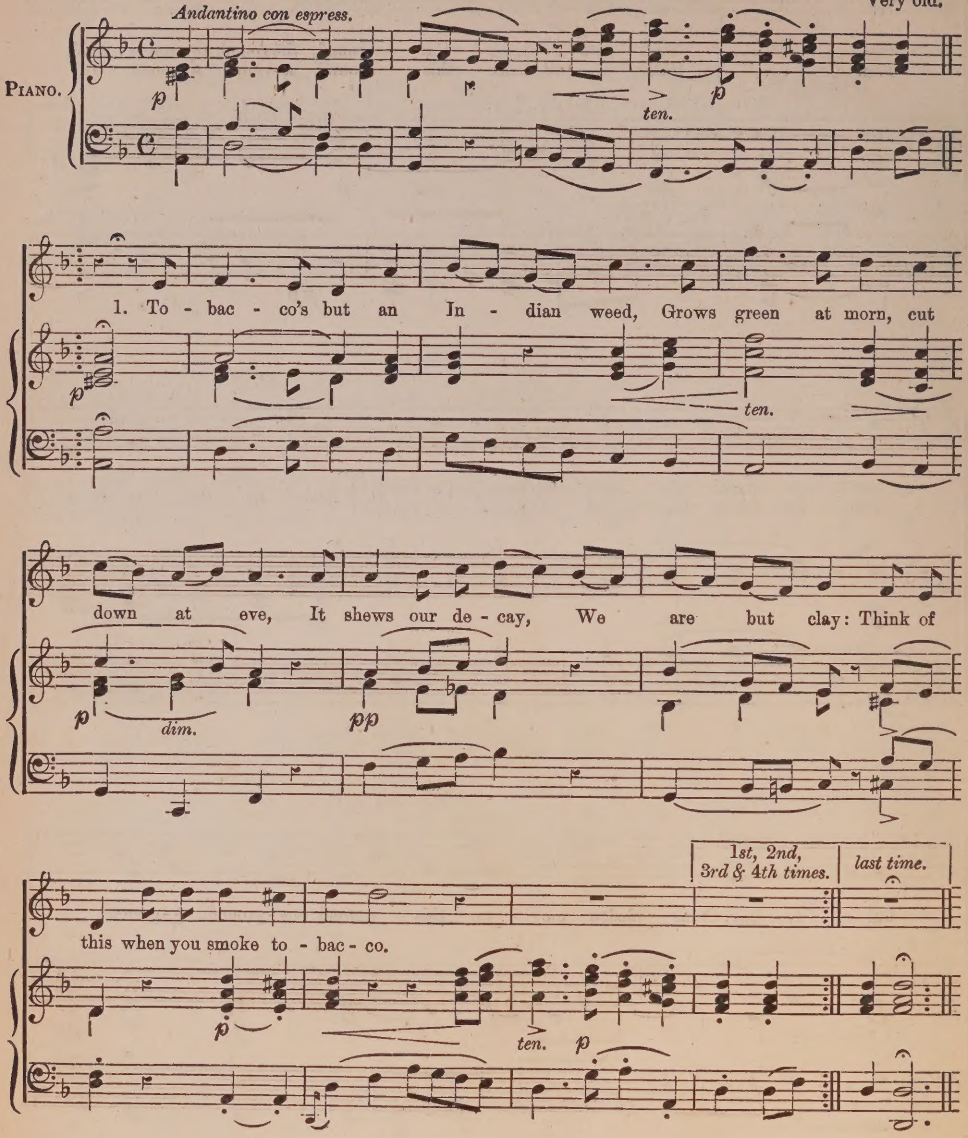
1609.


In moderate time
Piano.
p
f
pp
f
dim.
p
1. We be three poor ma - ri - ners, New - ly come from the
2. We care not for those mar - tial men, That do our states dis -
p
sea; We spend our lives in jeo - par - dy, While - thers live at
- dain; But we care for the mer - chant- men Who do our states main -
pp


ease. Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? Shall
- tain. To them we dance this round, a-round, a-round, To
pp
mf
dim.
p
pp
we go dance the round, the round, the round?
them we dance this round, a-round, a-round;
And he that is a
dim.
bul - ly boy, Come pledge me on this ground, a-ground, a-ground.
pp
f
dim.
p

Tobacco is an Indian Weed.

Very old.


Andantino con espress.
PIANO.
p
ten.
p
1. To - bac - co's but an In - dian weed, Grows green at morn, cut down at eve, It shews our de - cay, We are but clay: Think of this when you smoke to - bac - co.
p
ten.
p
dim.
pp
p
1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times.
last time.
ten.
p

2.
The pipe, that is so lily white,
Wherein so many take delight,
Is broke with a touch—
Man's life is such:
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

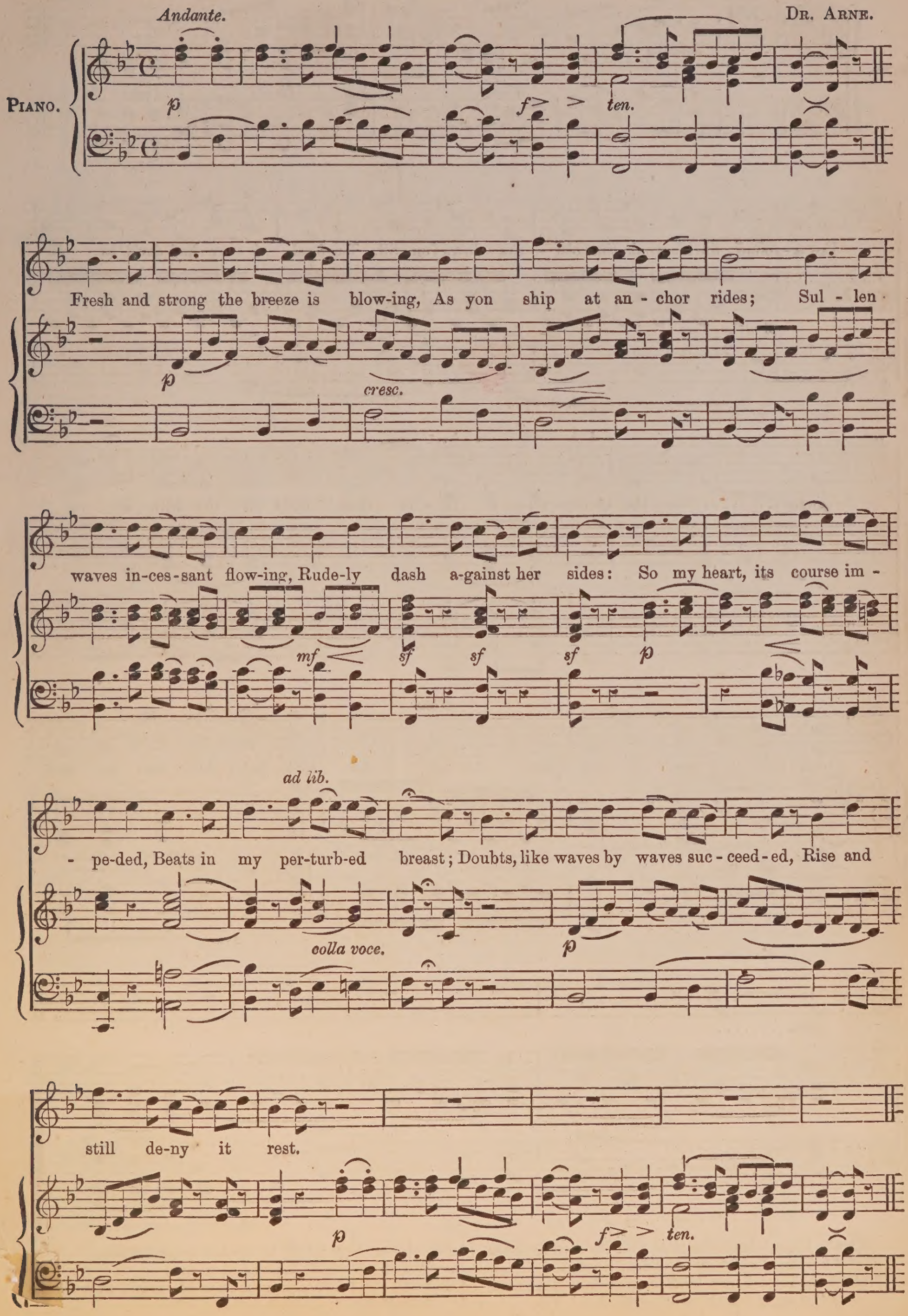
3.
The pipe that is so foul within,
Shews how man's soul is stain'd with sin,
And then the fire,
It doth require:
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

4.
The ashes that are left behind,
Do serve to put us all in mind,
That unto dust,
Return we must:
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

5.
The smoke that does so high ascend,
Shews us man's life must have an end,
The vapour's gone—
Man's life is done:
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

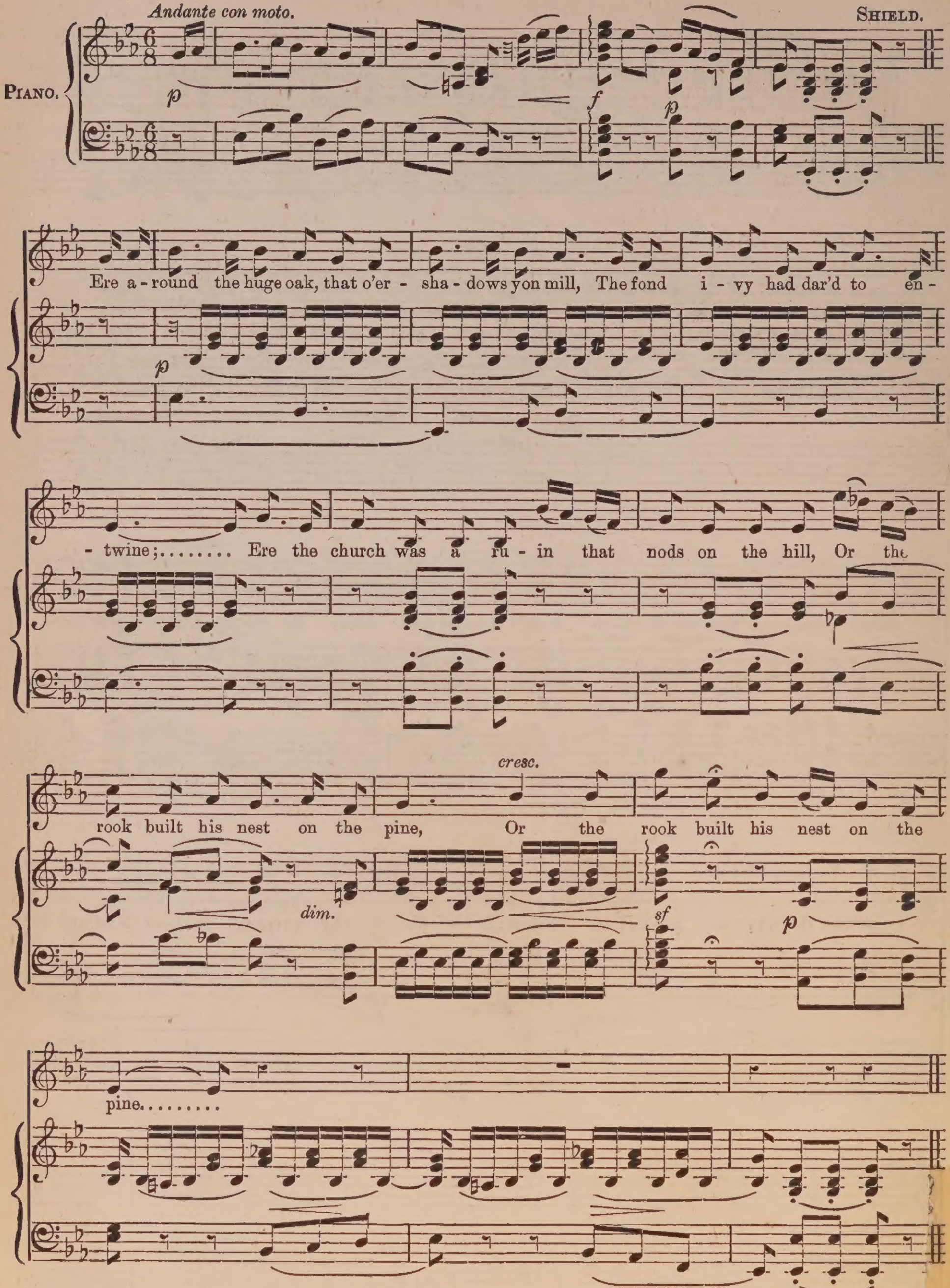
Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing.

DR. ARNE.


Andante.
PIANO.
p
f> > ten.
Fresh and strong the breeze is blow-ing, As yon ship at an - chor rides; Sul - len -
p
cresc.
waves in-ces-sant flow-ing, Rude-ly dash a-gainst her sides: So my heart, its course im -
mf
sf sf sf p
ad lib.
- pe-ded, Beats in my per-turb-ed breast; Doubts, like waves by waves suc - ceed - ed, Rise and
colla voce.
p
still de-ny it rest.
p
f> > ten.

Ere around the huge oak.

SHIELD.


Andante con moto.
Piano.
p
f
p
Ere a-round the huge oak, that o'er-sha-dows yon mill, The fond i-vy had dar'd to en-twine;........
Ere the church was a ru-in that nods on the hill, Or the
rook built his nest on the pine, Or the rook built his nest on the
pine.........
cresc.
dim.
sf

2.

Could I trace back the time to a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in the field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate
Is the same which my grandfather till'd.

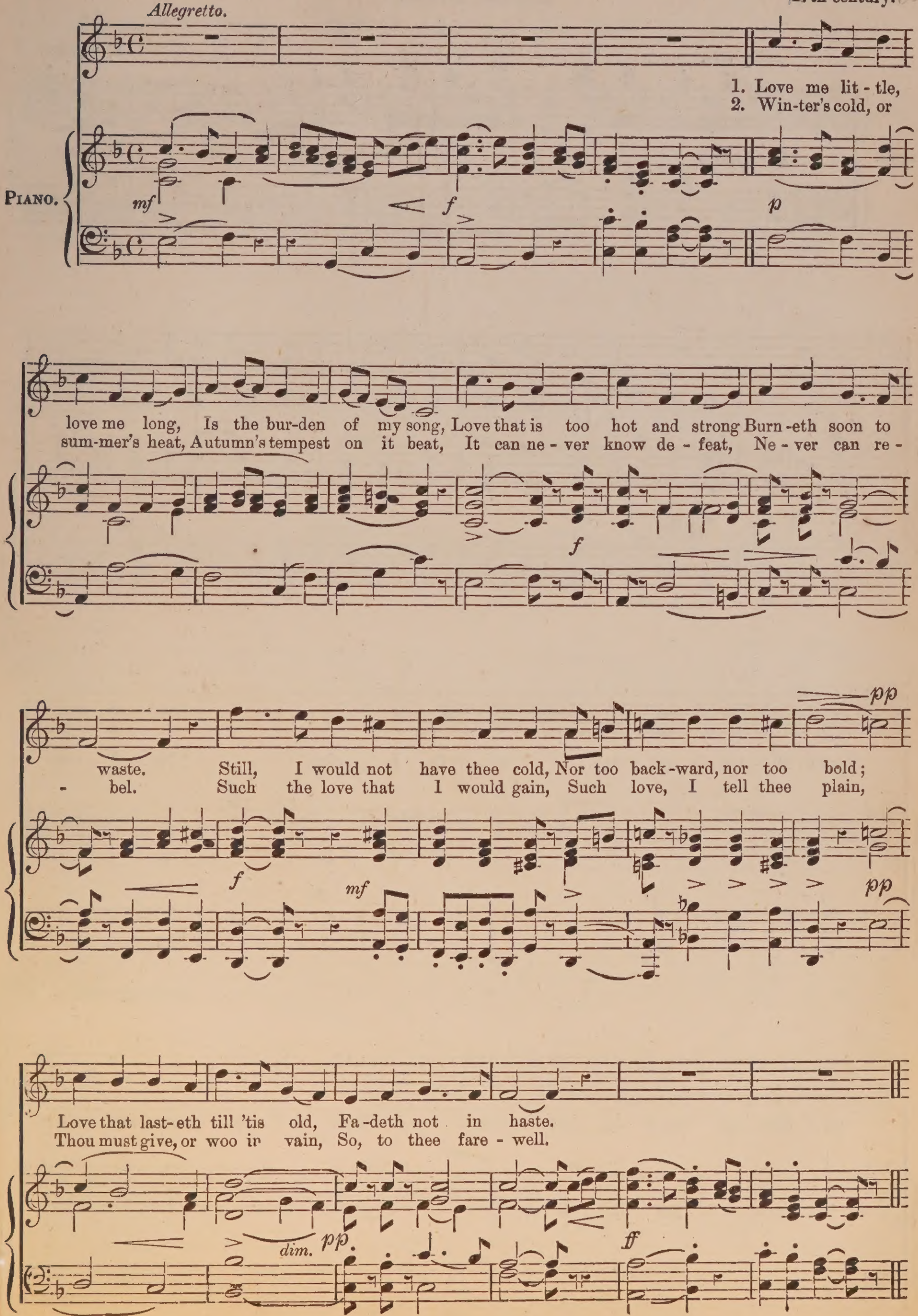
3.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unsullied descended to me;
For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with shame
And it still from a spot shall go free.

Tender

Love me little, love me long.

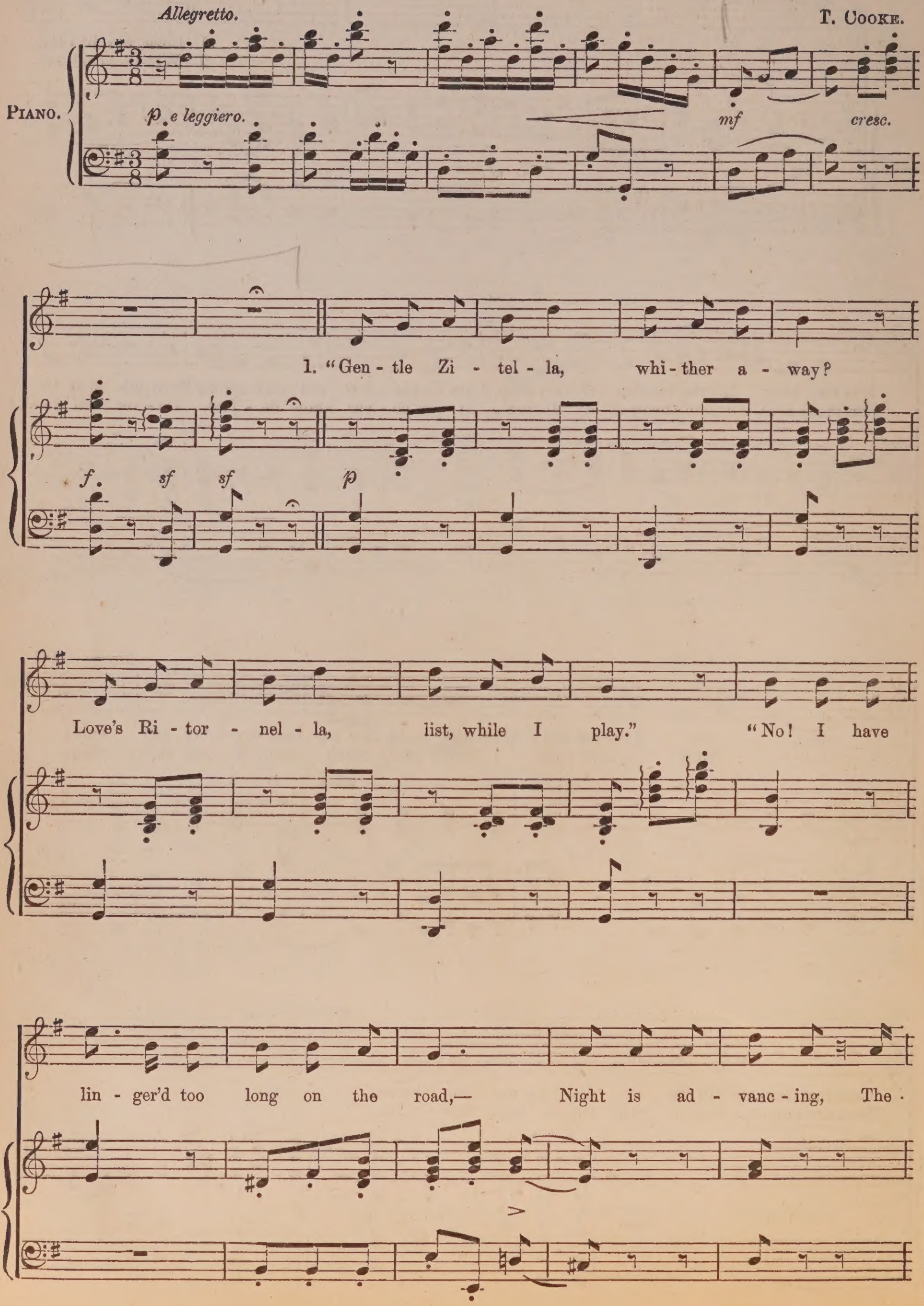
17th century. Presley

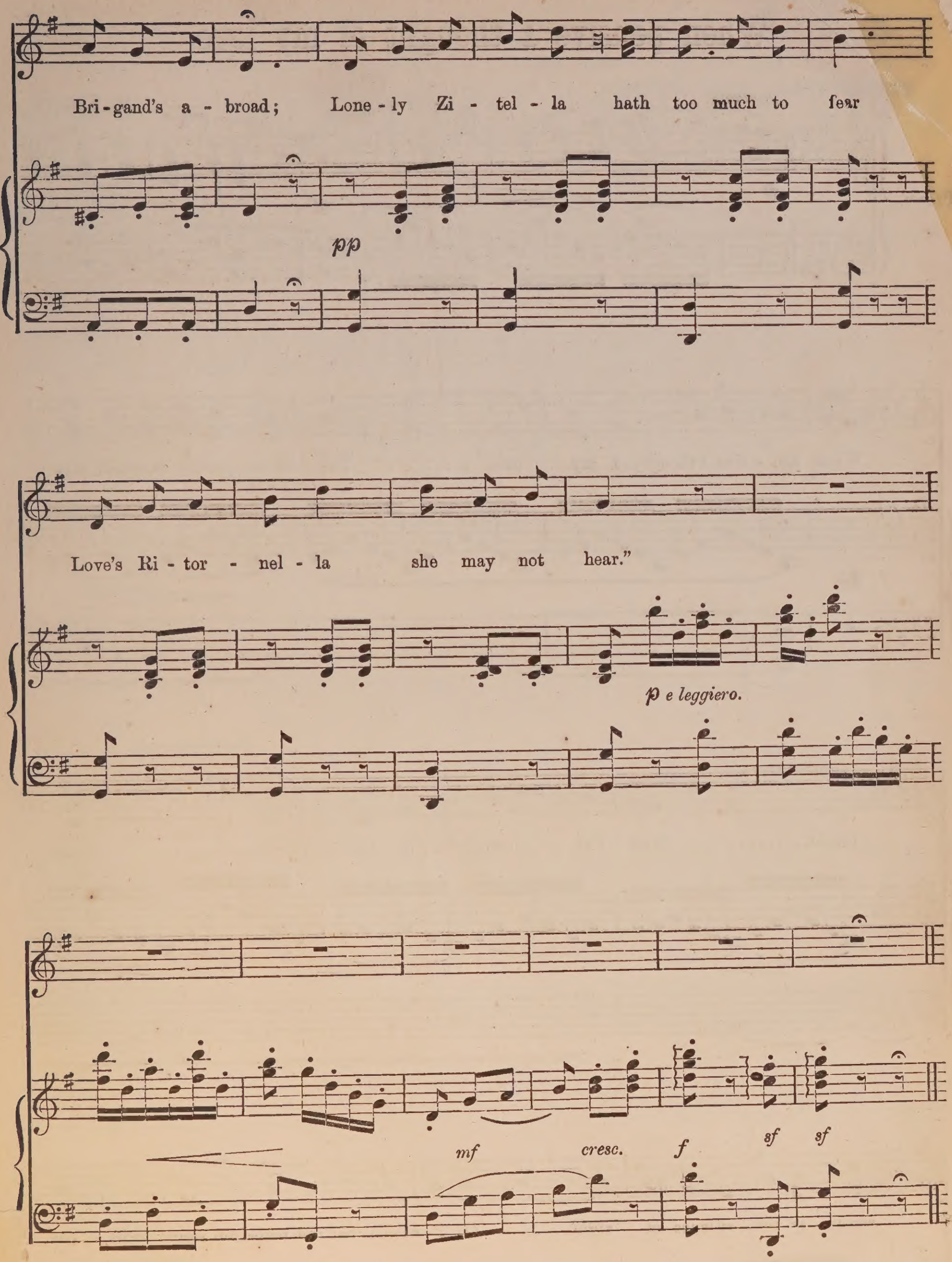

Allegretto.
PIANO.
mf
f
p
1. Love me lit-tle, love me long, Is the bur-den of my song, Love that is too hot and strong Burn-eth soon to waste. Still, I would not have thee cold, Nor too back-ward, nor too bold; Love that last-eth till 'tis old, Fa-deth not in haste.
2. Win-ter's cold, or sum-mer's heat, Autumn's tempest on it beat, It can ne-ver know de-feat, Ne-ver can re-bel. Such the love that I would gain, Such love, I tell thee plain, Thou must give, or woo in vain, So, to thee fare-well.
f
mf
pp
pp
dim.
pp
ff

Love's Ritornella.

(GENTLE ZITELLA.)

T. COOKE.


Allegretto.
PIANO.
p e leggiero.
mf
cresc.
f.
sf
sf
p
1. "Gen - tle Zi - tel - la, whi - ther a - way?
Love's Ri - tor - nel - la, list, while I play."
"No! I have lin - ger'd too long on the road,—
Night is ad - vanc - ing, The -


Bri - gand's a - broad; Lone - ly Zi - tel - la hath too much to fear
pp
Love's Ri - tor - nel - la she may not hear."
p e leggiero.
mf
cresc.
f
sf
sf

2.

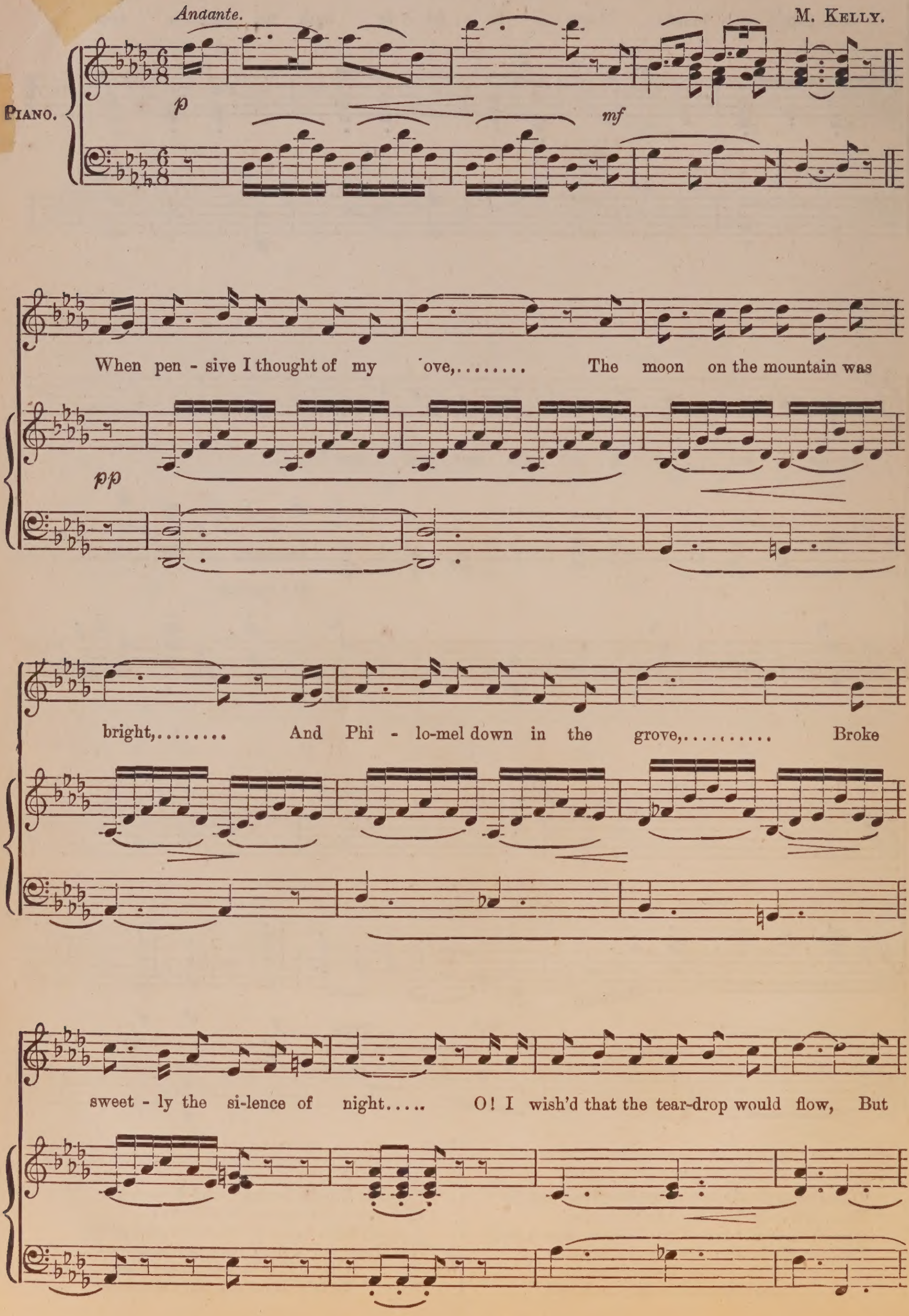
"Charming Zitella, why should'st thou care?
Night is not darker than thy raven hair;
And those bright eyes if the brigand should see,
Thou art the robber, the captive is he.
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear;
Love's Ritornella tarry and hear."

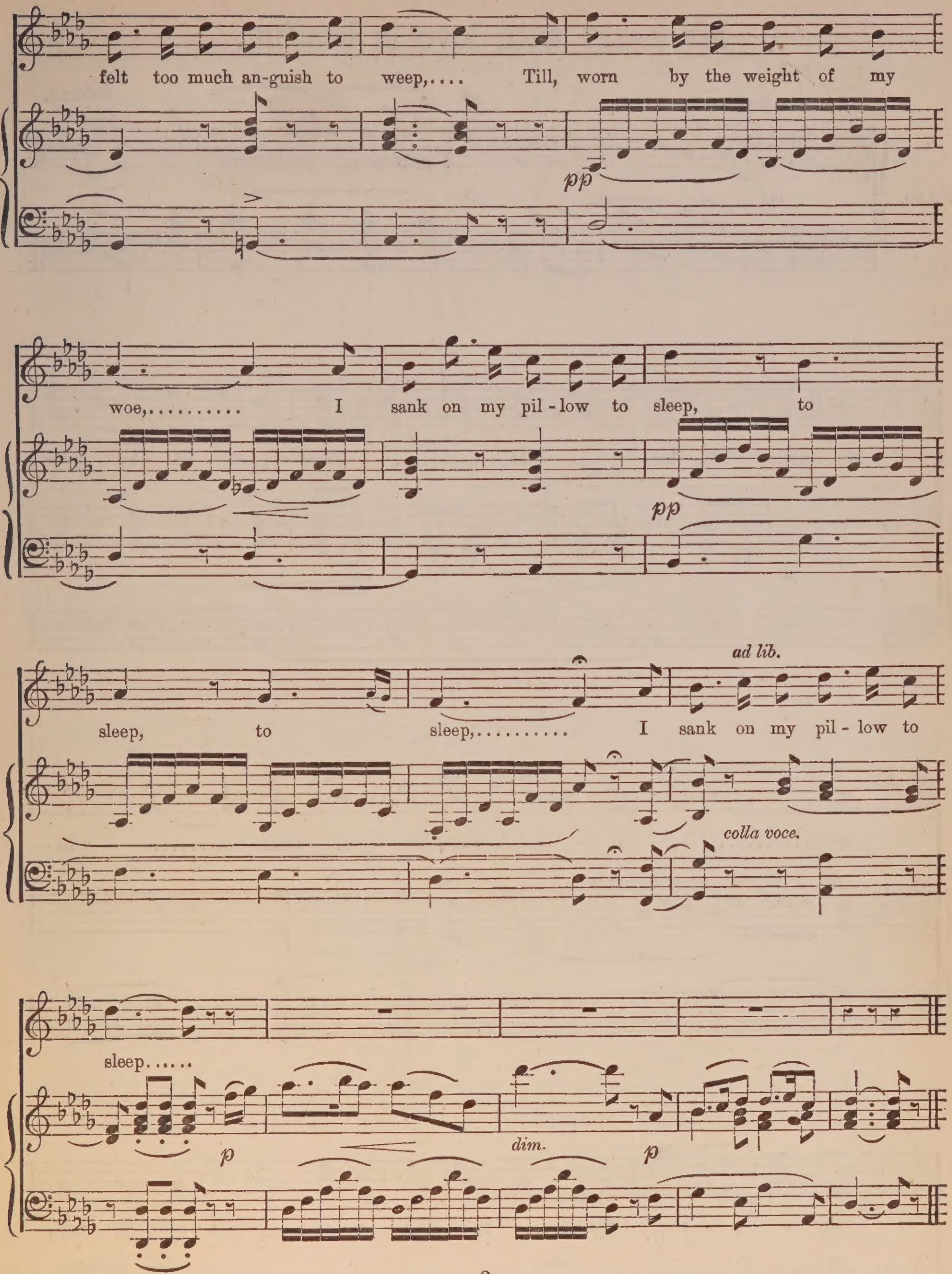
3.

"Simple Zitella, beware! oh! beware!
List ye no ditty, grant ye no pray'r!
To your light footsteps let terror add wings,
'Tis Massaroni himself who now sings—
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear;
Love's Ritornella tarry and hear."

When pensive I thought of my love.

M. KELLY.


Andante.
PIANO.
p
mf
pp
When pen - sive I thought of my love,........ The moon on the mountain was
bright,........ And Phi - lo-mel down in the grove,.......... Broke
sweet - ly the si-lence of night..... O! I wish'd that the tear-drop would flow, But

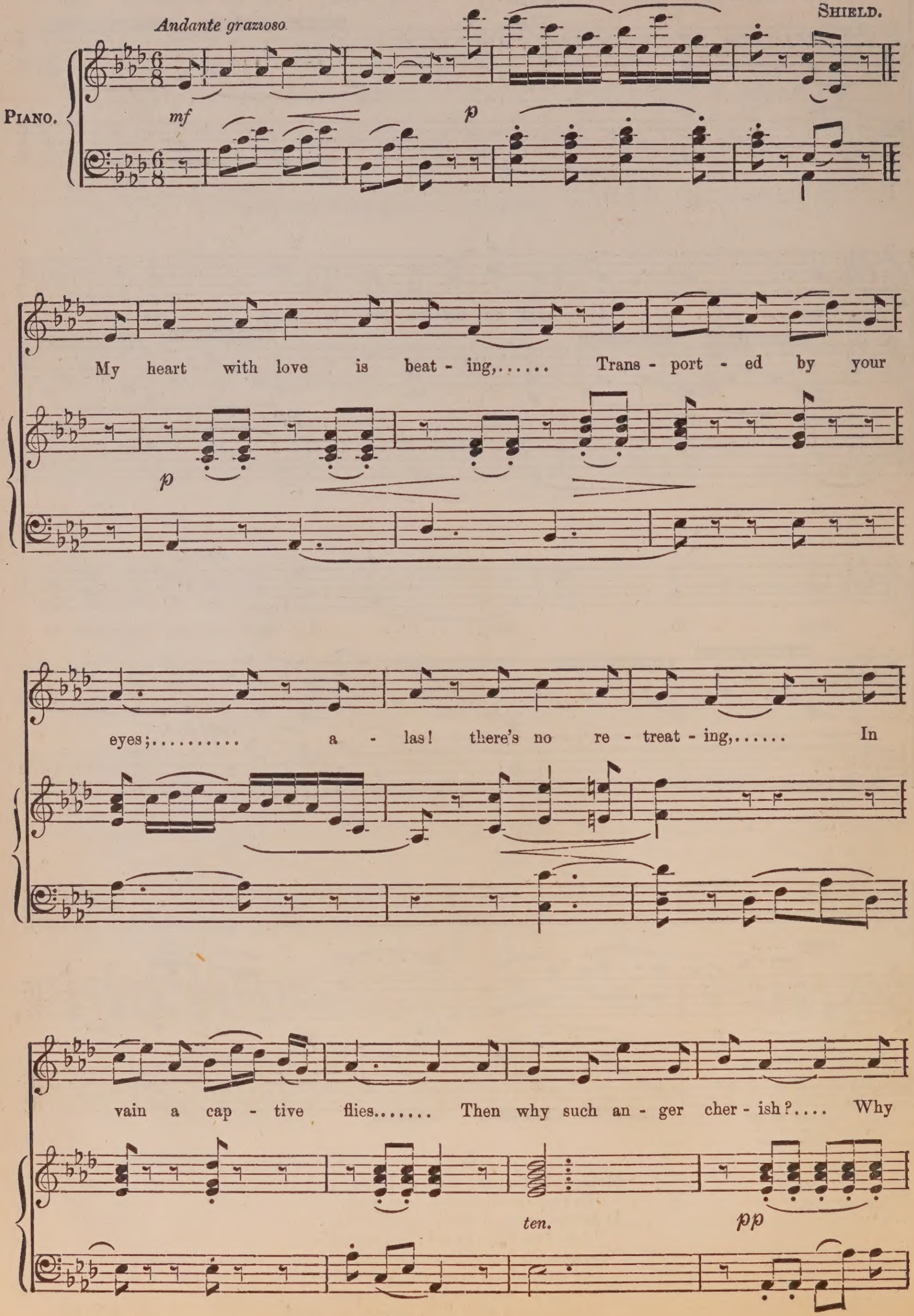

felt too much an-guish to weep,.... Till, worn by the weight of my
pp
woe,.......... I sank on my pil-low to sleep, to
pp
sleep, to sleep,.......... I sank on my pil-low to
ad lib.
colla voce.
sleep......
p
dim.
p

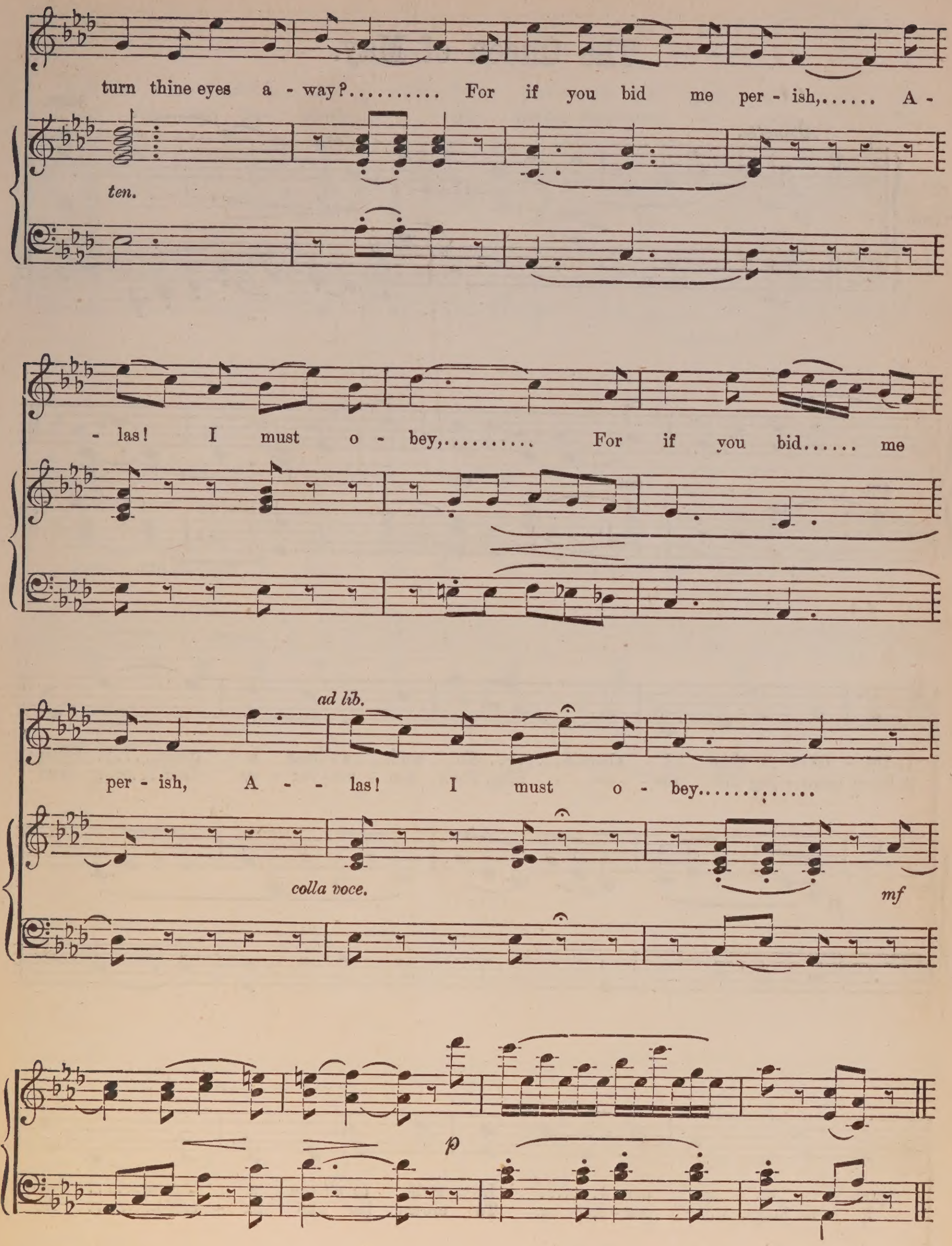
2.

Methought that my love, as I lay,
His ringlets all clotted with gore,
In the paleness of death seem'd to say,
"Alas! we must never meet more!"
Yes, yes, my belov'd, we must part,
The steel of my rival prov'd true,
The assassin has struck on that heart
Which beats with such fervour for you!

My heart with love is beating.

SHIELD.


Andante grazioso
PIANO.
mf
p
My heart with love is beating,...... Trans - port - ed by your
p
eyes;.......... a - las! there's no re - treat - ing,...... In
vain a cap - tive flies....... Then why such an - ger cher - ish?.... Why
ten.
pp

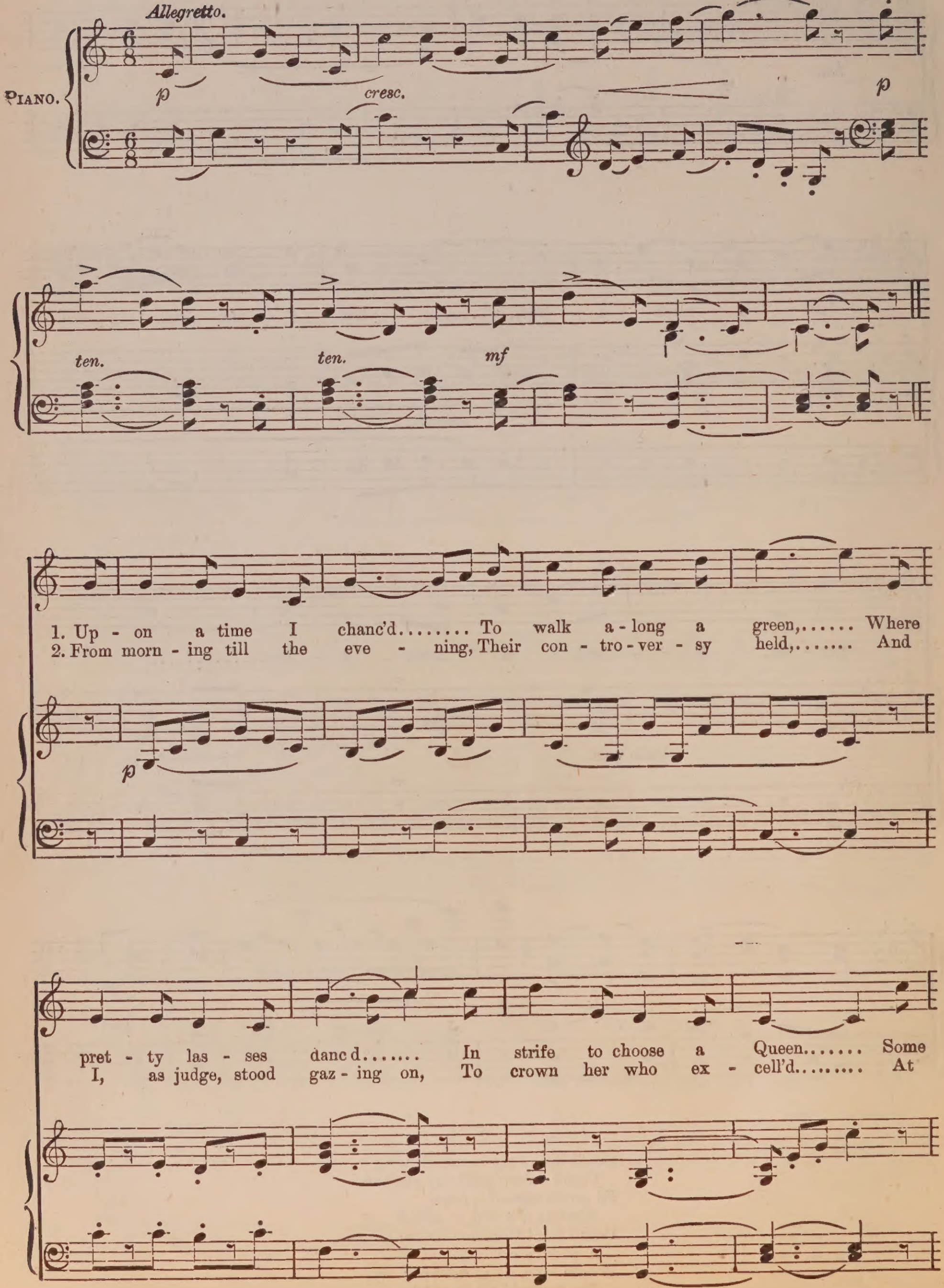

turn thine eyes a - way?......... For if you bid me per - ish,...... A -
ten.
- las! I must o - bey,......... For if you bid...... me
ad lib.
per - ish, A - - las! I must o - bey.............
colla voce.
mf
p

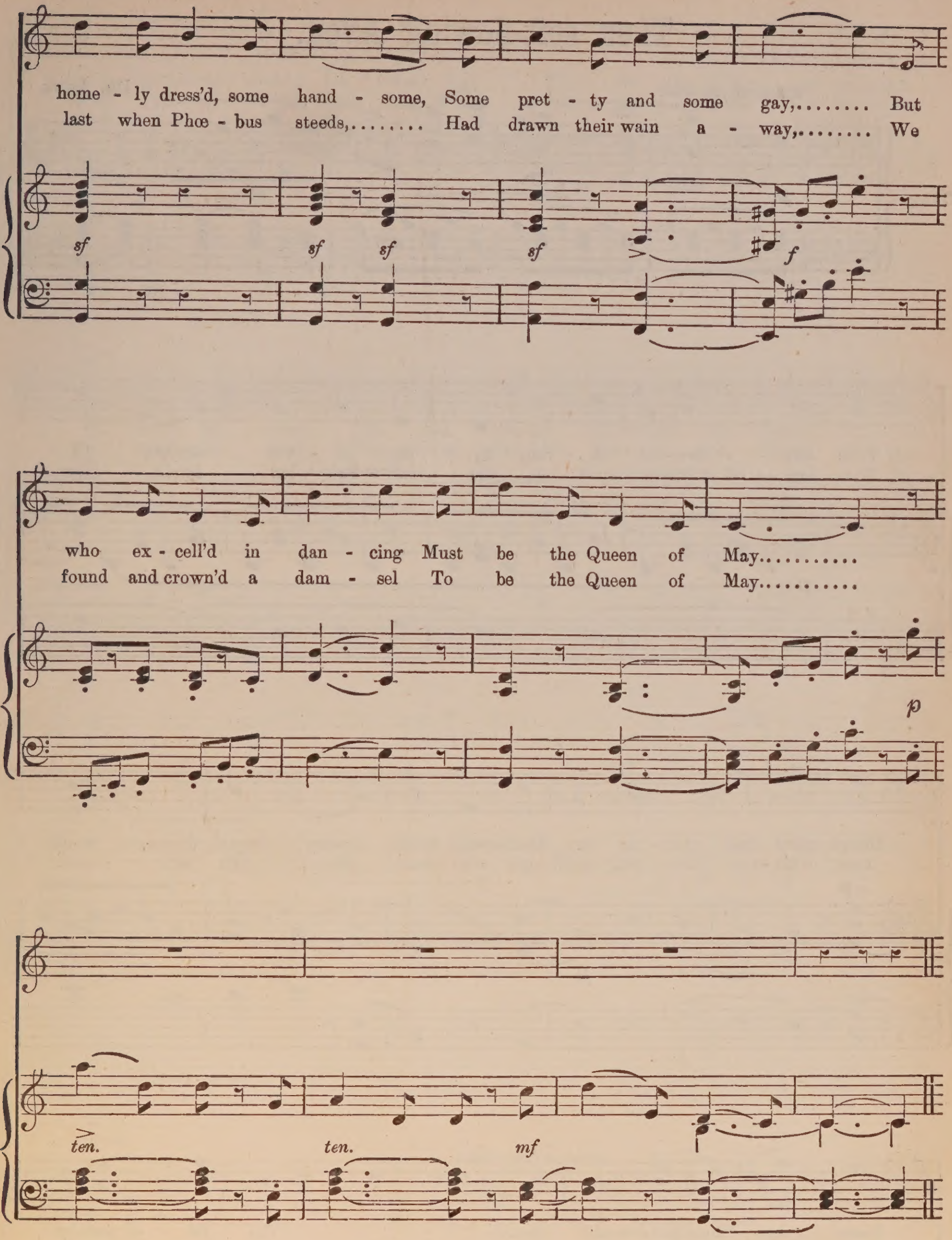
2.

Could deeds my heart discover
Could valour gain thy charms,
I'd prove myself a lover,
Against a world in arms!
Proud fair! thus low before thee,
A prostrate warrior view,
Whose love, delight, and glory,
Are center'd all in you!

The Queen of May.

1650.


Allegretto.
PIANO.
p
cresc.
p
ten.
ten.
mf
1. Up - on a time I chanc'd........ To walk a - long a green,...... Where
2. From morn - ing till the eve - ning, Their con - tro - ver - sy held,....... And
p
pret - ty las - ses danc d....... In strife to choose a Queen....... Some
I, as judge, stood gaz - ing on, To crown her who ex - cell'd......... At


home - ly dress'd, some hand - some, Some pret - ty and some gay,........ But
last when Phœ - bus steeds,........ Had drawn their wain a - way,........ We
sf
sf
sf
sf
f
who ex - cell'd in dan - cing Must be the Queen of May...........
found and crown'd a dam - sel To be the Queen of May...........
p
ten.
ten.
mf

3.

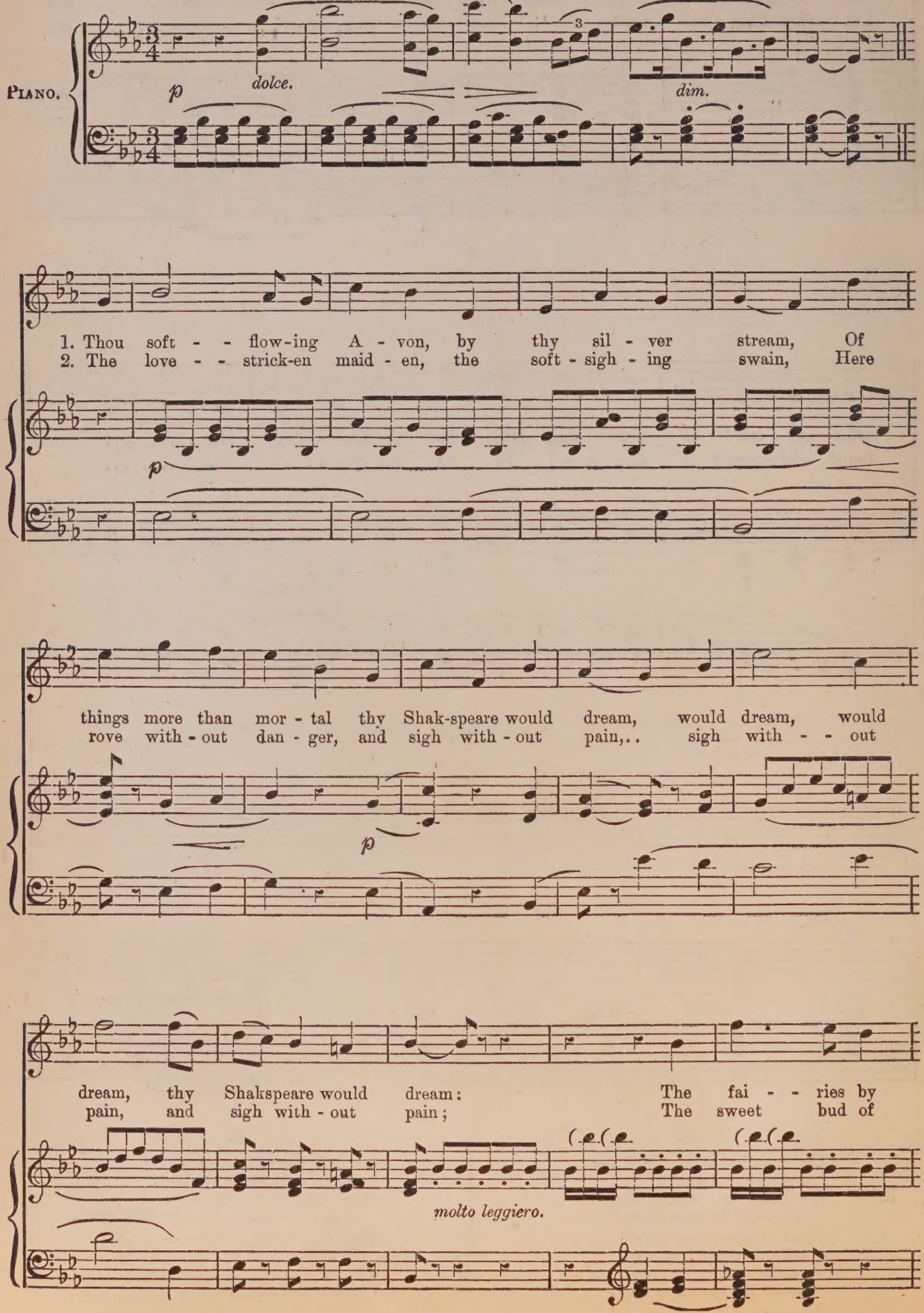
Full well her nature from her
  Face I did admire;
Her habit well became her,
  Although in poor attire.
Her carriage was so good,
  As did appear that day,
That she was justly chosen
  To be the Queen of May.

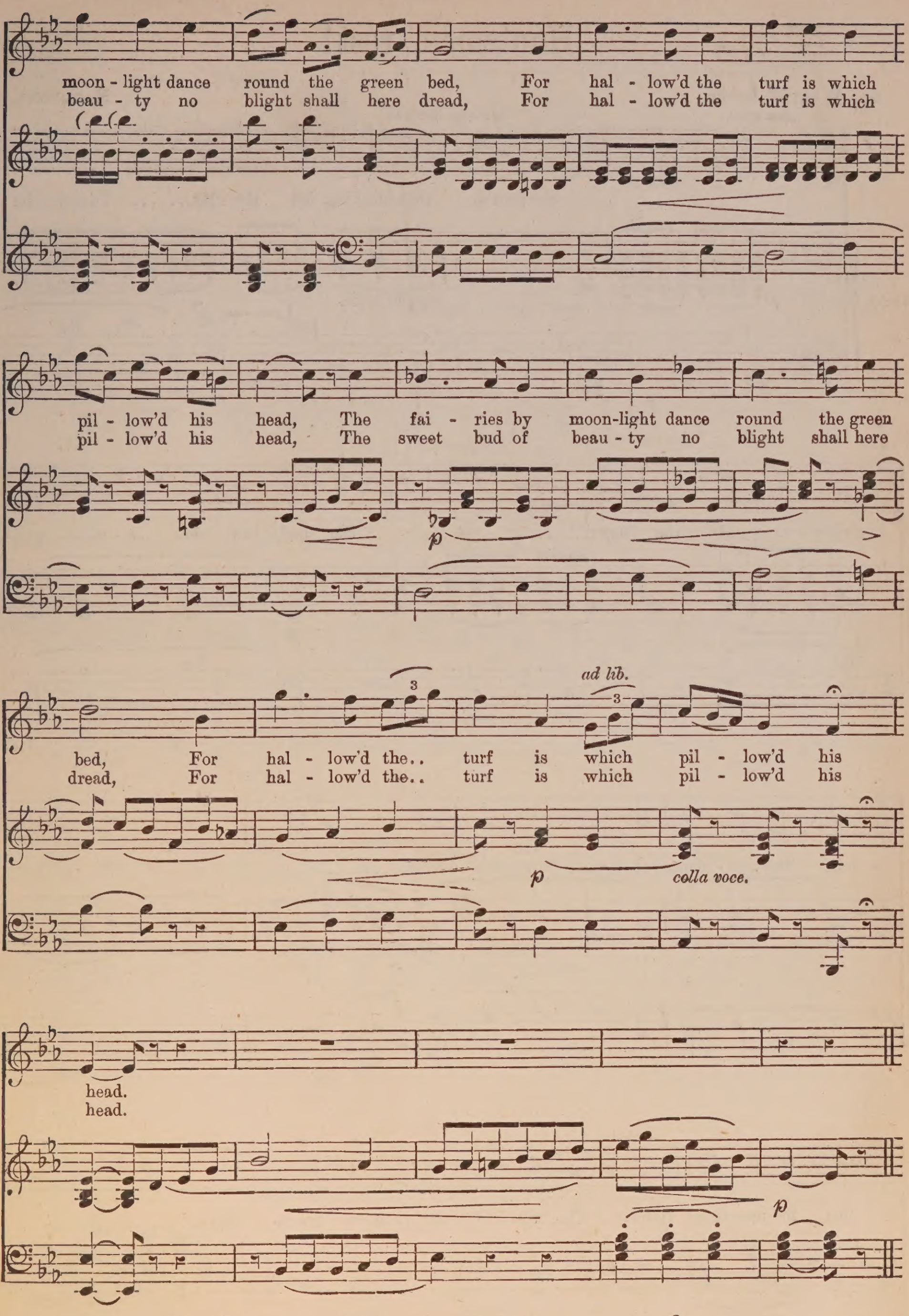
4.

Then all the rest in sorrow,
  And she in sweet content,
Gave over till the morrow,
  And homewards straight they went.
But she, of all the rest,
  Was hindered by the way,
For ev'ry youth that met her,
  Must kiss the Queen of May.

Thou soft-flowing Avon.

Andante con moto. **Dr. Arne.**


Piano.
p
dolce.
3
dim.
1. Thou soft - - flow-ing A - von, by thy sil - ver stream, Of
2. The love - - strick-en maid - en, the soft - sigh - ing swain, Here
p
things more than mor - tal thy Shak-speare would dream, would dream, would
rove with - out dan - ger, and sigh with - out pain,.. sigh with - - out
p
dream, thy Shakspeare would dream: The fai - - ries by
pain, and sigh with - out pain; The sweet bud of
molto leggiero.


moon-light dance round the green bed, For hal-low'd the turf is which
beau-ty no blight shall here dread, For hal-low'd the turf is which
pil-low'd his head, The fai-ries by moon-light dance round the green
pil-low'd his head, The sweet bud of beau-ty no blight shall here
p
bed, For hal-low'd the.. turf is which pil-low'd his
dread, For hal-low'd the.. turf is which pil-low'd his
ad lib.
p
colla voce.
head.
head.
p

2.

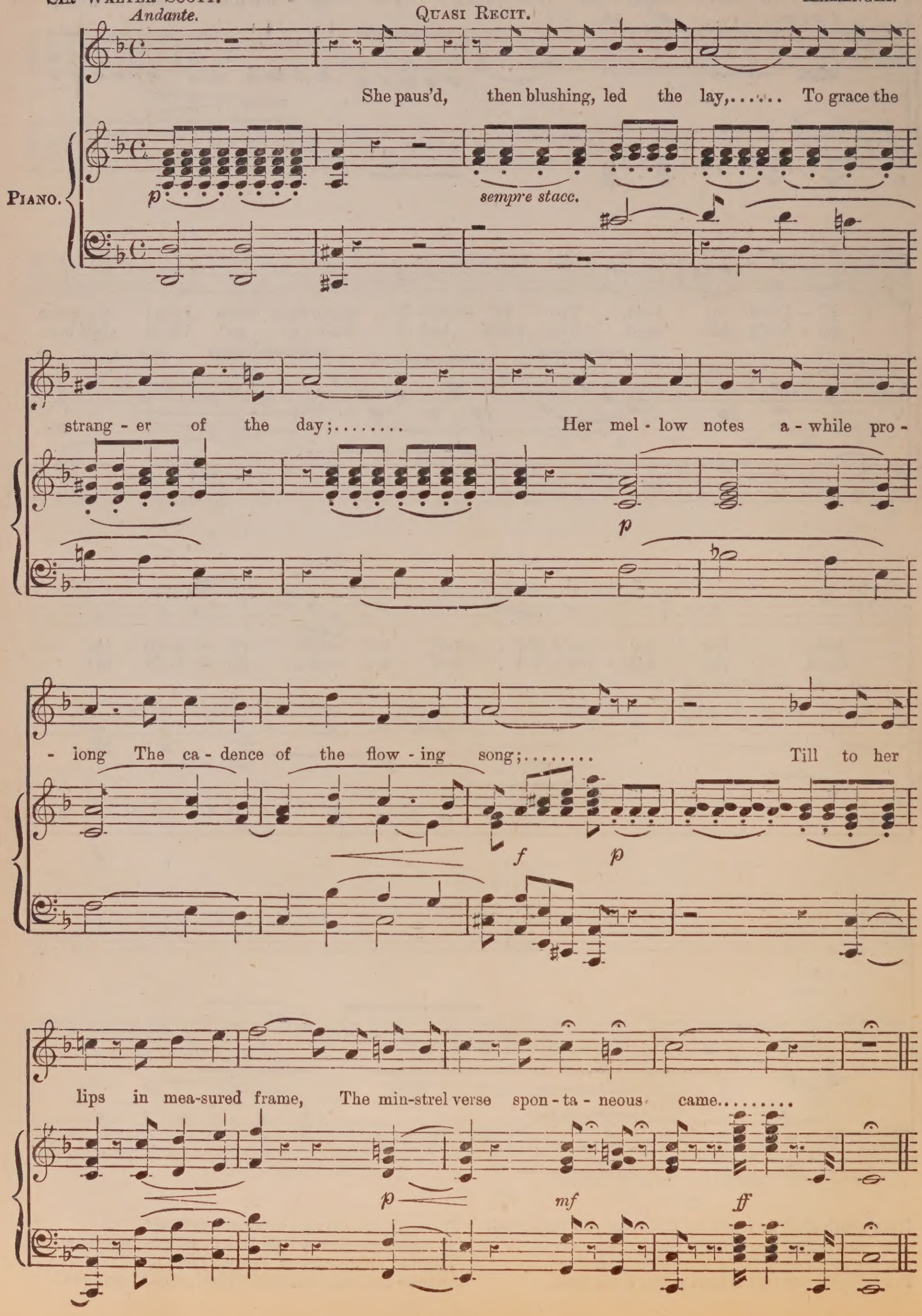
Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

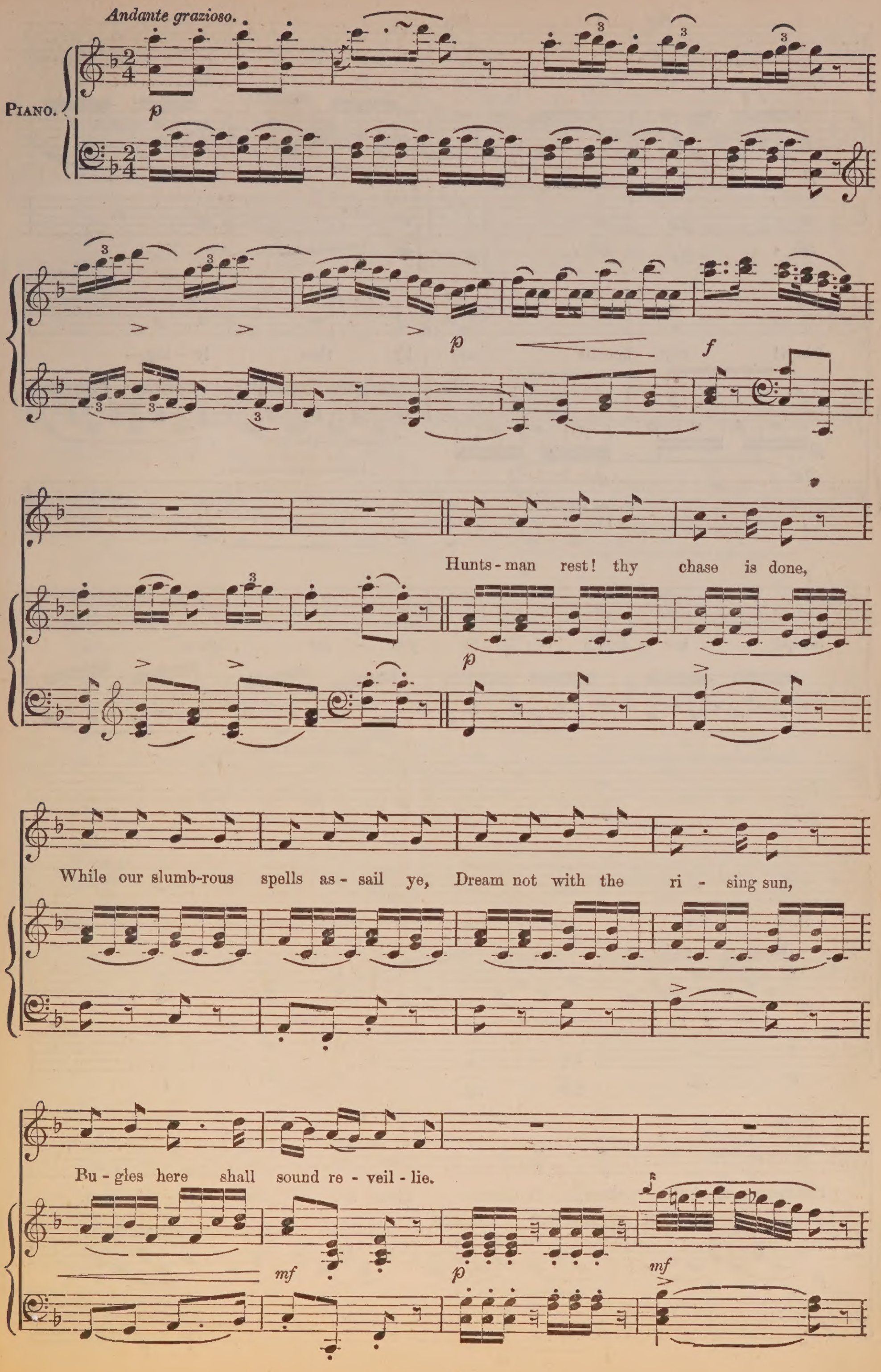
3.

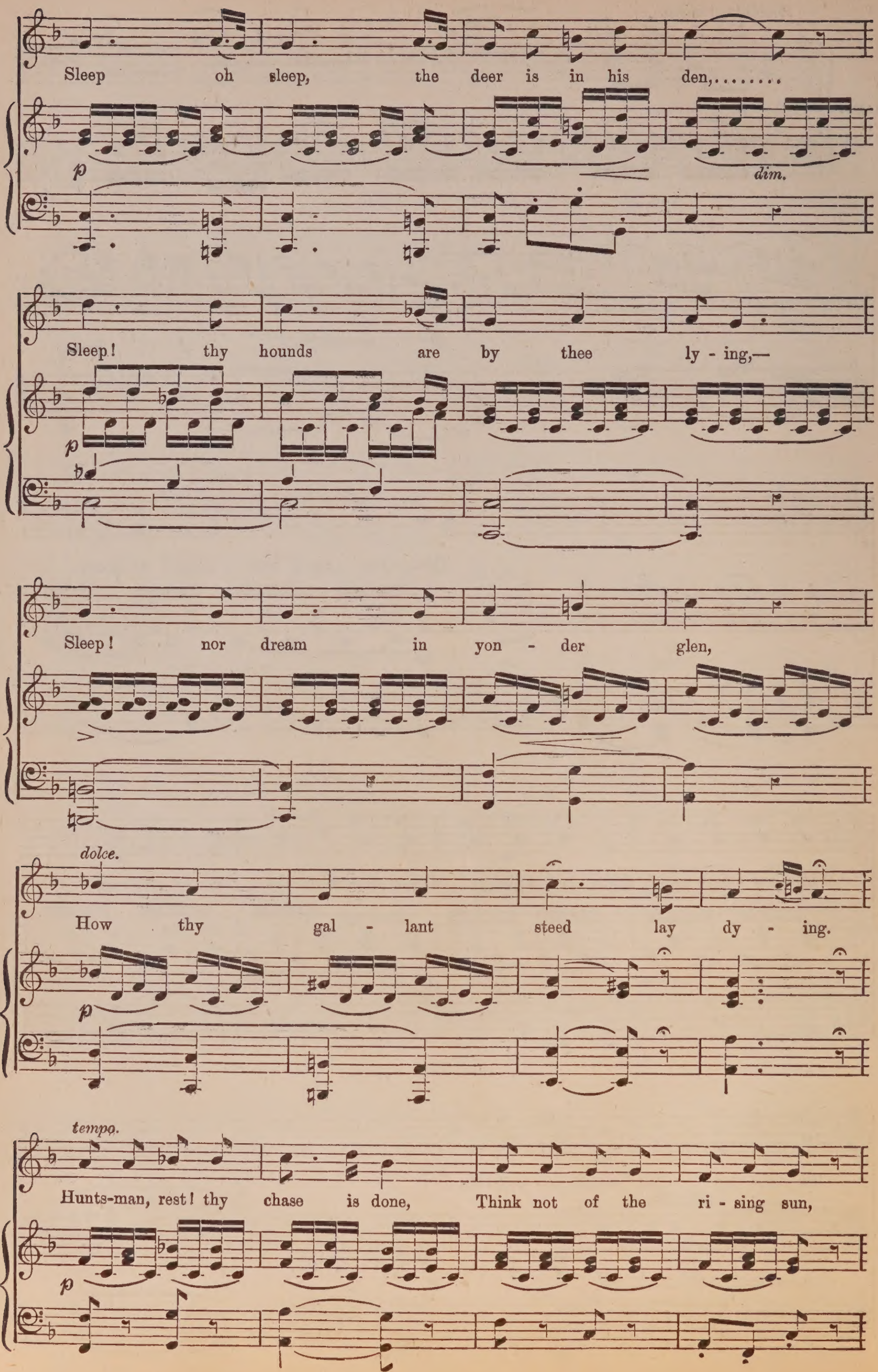
Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow!
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow!
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread!
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head!

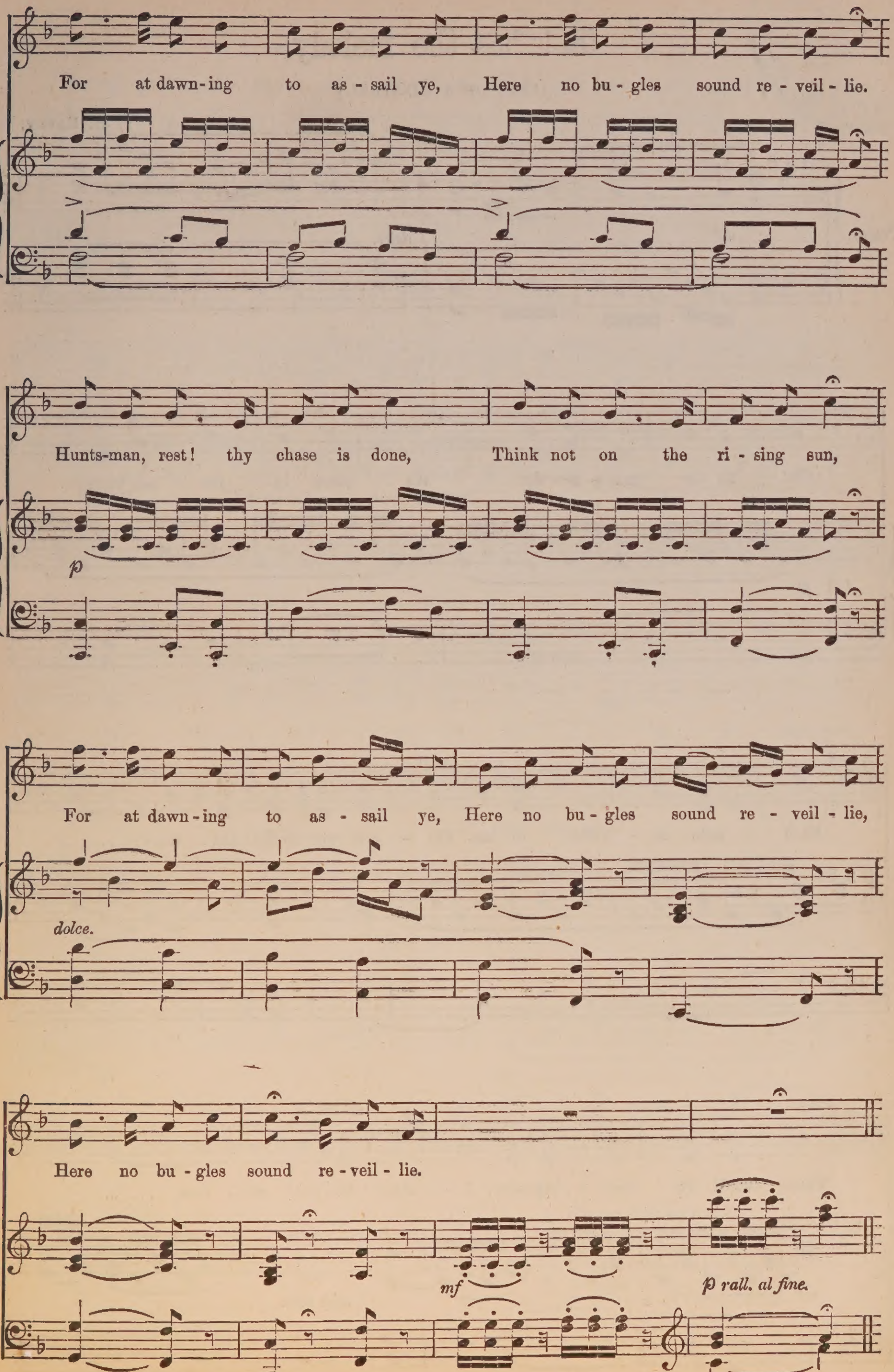
Huntsman, rest!

Sir Walter Scott. **Mazzinghi.**


Andante.
Quasi Recit.
Piano.
p
sempre stacc.
She paus'd, then blushing, led the lay,...... To grace the strang - er of the day;........ Her mel - low notes a - while pro - - long The ca - dence of the flow - ing song;........ Till to her lips in mea-sured frame, The min-strel verse spon - ta - neous came.........
p
f
p
p
mf
ff

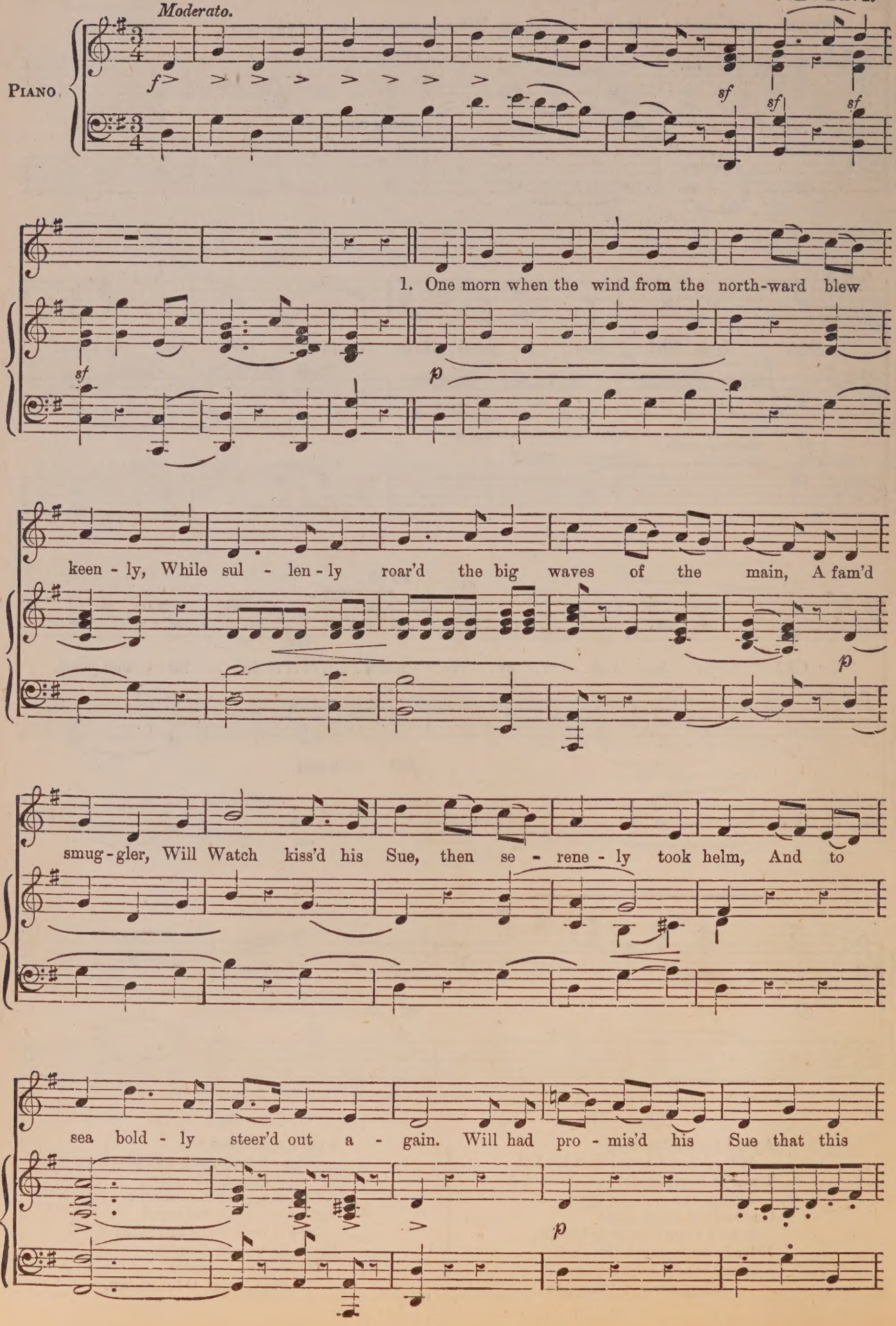

Andante grazioso.
PIANO.
p
f
Hunts - man rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumb-rous spells as - sail ye, Dream not with the ri - sing sun,
Bu - gles here shall sound re - veil - lie.
mf
p
mf

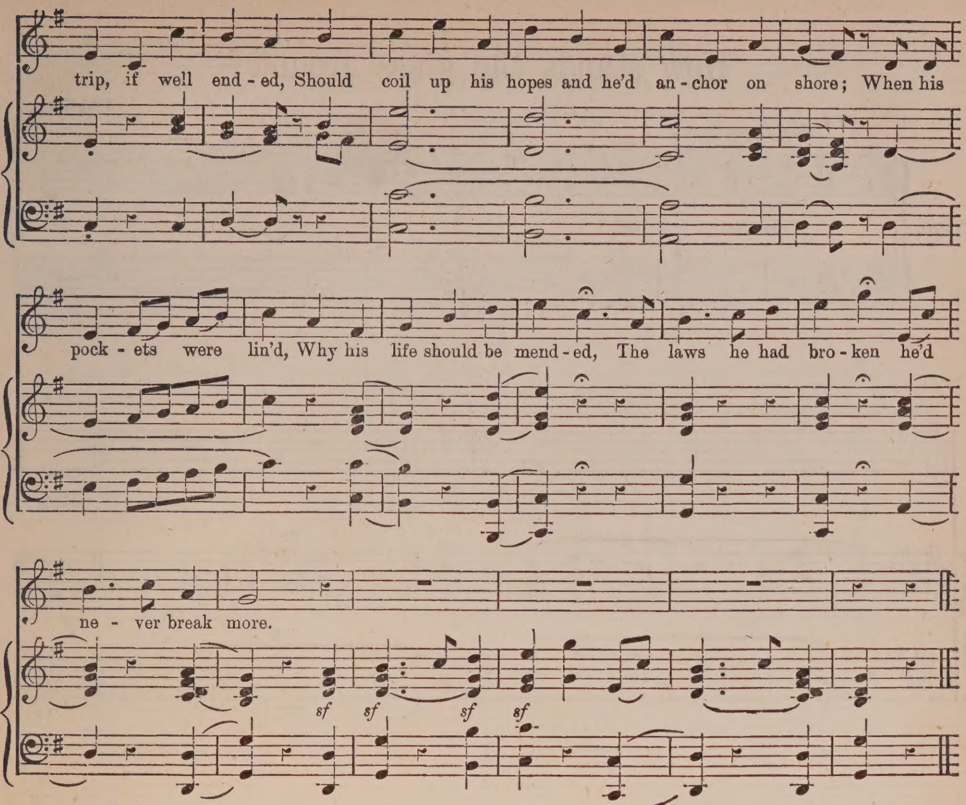

Sleep oh sleep, the deer is in his den,........
p
dim.
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee ly - ing,—
p
Sleep! nor dream in yon - der glen,
dolce.
How thy gal - lant steed lay dy - ing.
p
tempo.
Hunts-man, rest! thy chase is done, Think not of the ri - sing sun,
p


For at dawn-ing to as-sail ye, Here no bu-gles sound re-veil-lie.
Hunts-man, rest! thy chase is done, Think not on the ri-sing sun,
p
For at dawn-ing to as-sail ye, Here no bu-gles sound re-veil-lie,
dolce.
Here no bu-gles sound re-veil-lie.
mf
p rall. al fine.

Will Watch.

John Davy.


Moderato.
Piano
f
sf
p
1. One morn when the wind from the north-ward blew
keen - ly, While sul - len - ly roar'd the big waves of the main, A fam'd
smug - gler, Will Watch kiss'd his Sue, then se - rene - ly took helm, And to
sea bold - ly steer'd out a - gain. Will had pro - mis'd his Sue that this


trip, if well end - ed, Should coil up his hopes and he'd an - chor on shore; When his
pock - ets were lin'd, Why his life should be mend - ed, The laws he had bro - ken he'd
ne - ver break more.
sf
sf
sf
sf

2.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading;
Then Will stood for home, reach'd the offing, and cried,
"This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading;
In dock I can lie, serve a friend, too, beside."
Will lay-to till night came on, darksome and dreary;
To crowd ev'ry sail, then, he pip'd up each hand;
But a signal soon 'spied—'twas a prospect uncheery—
A signal that warn'd them to steer from the land.

3.

"The Philistines are out!" cries Will—"we'll take no heed on't;
Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his gun?
Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need on't:
We'll fight while we can; when we can't, boys, we'll run."
Through the haze of the night, a bright flash now appearing,
"Oh, oh!" cries Will Watch, "the Philistines bear down;
Bear a hand, my tight lads, ere we think about sheering—
One broadside pour in, should we swim, boys, or drown.

4.

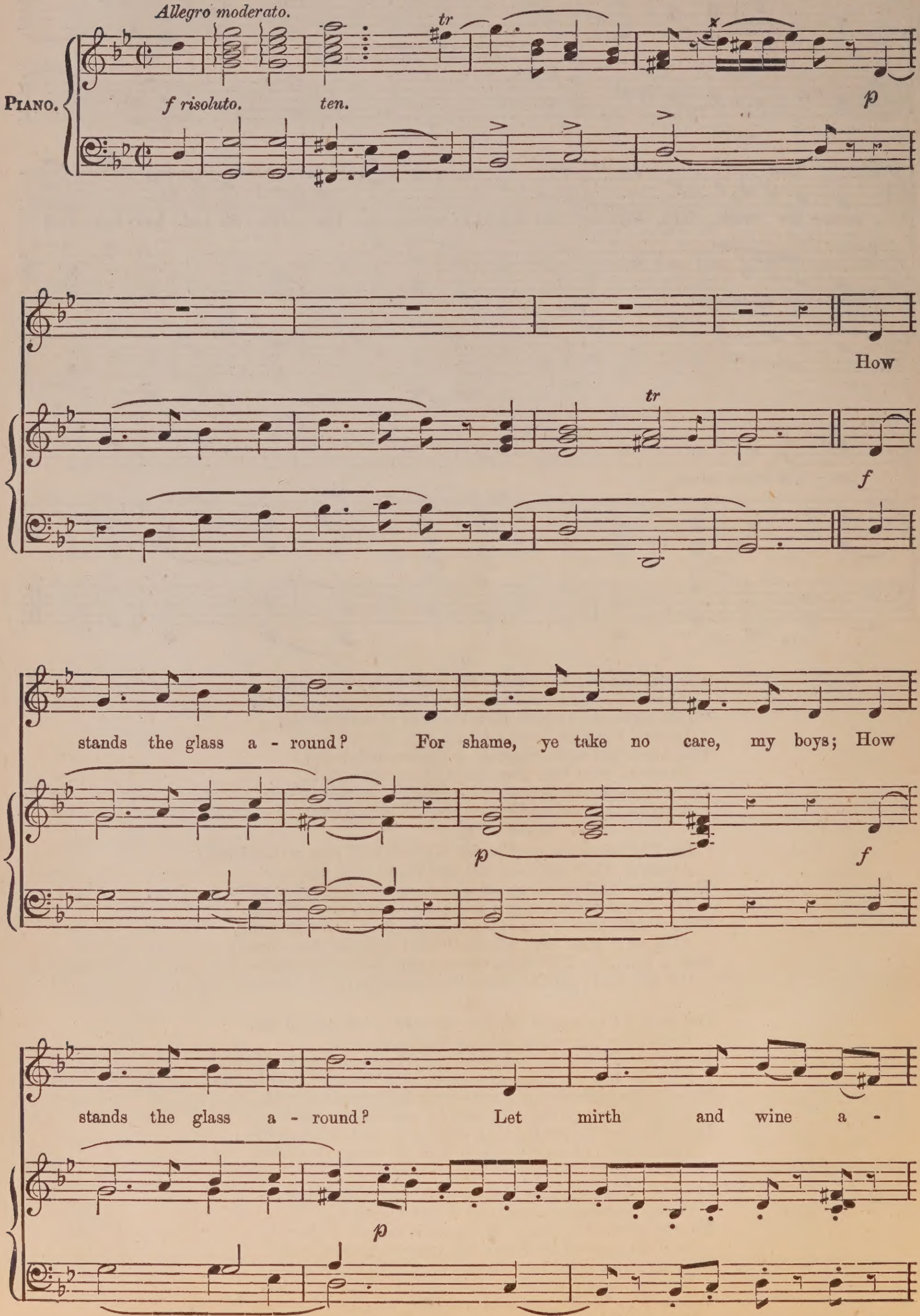
But should I be popp'd off, you, my mates, left behind me,
Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obey'd;
Let no stone mark the spot; and, my friends, do you mind me,
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid."
Poor Will's yarn was spun out—for a bullet next minute
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more:
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remain'd in it,
Then sheer'd off and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

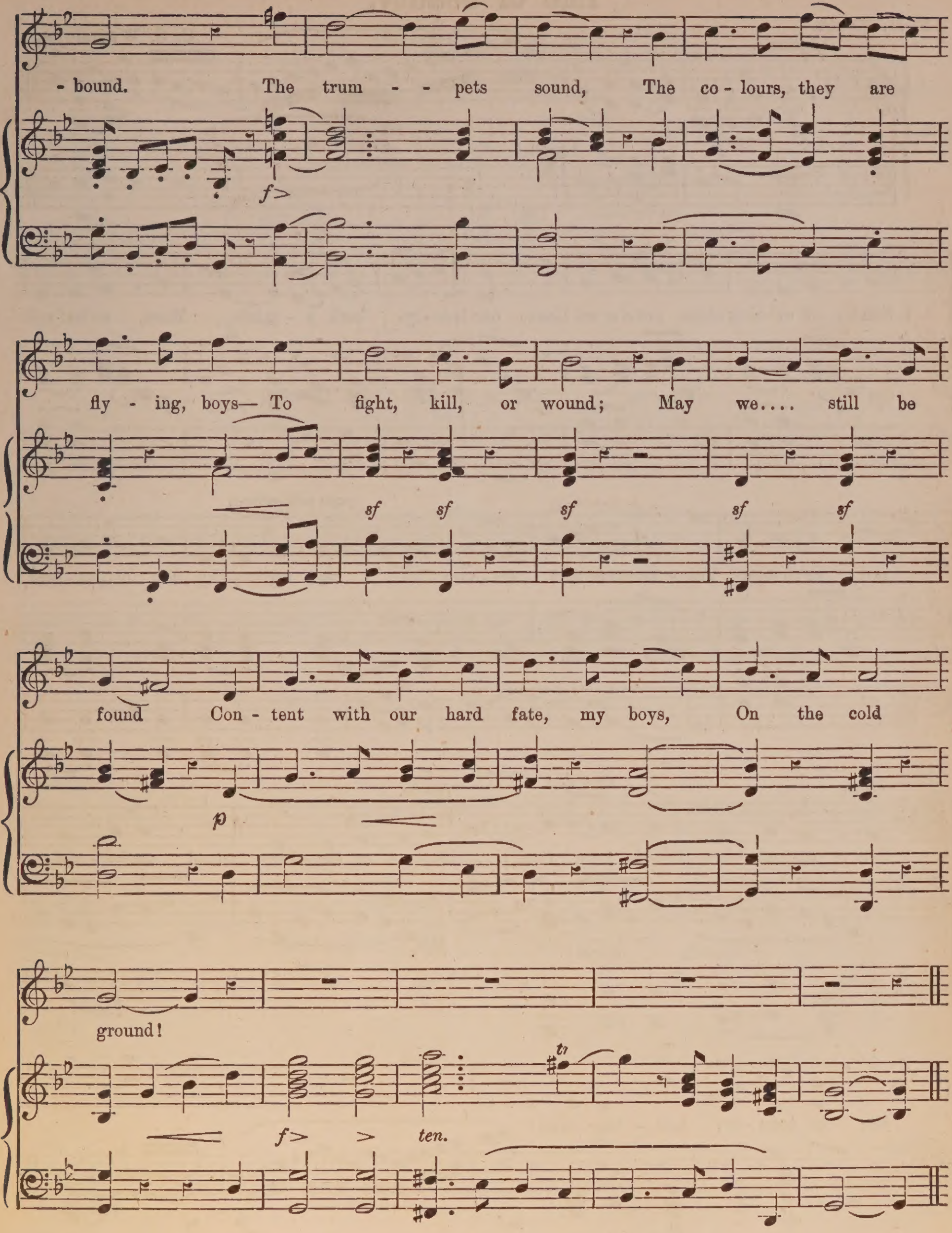
5.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with,
To few known his grave, and to few known his end:
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with,
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.
Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow;
Yon ash, struck with lightning, points out the cold bed
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that fam'd lawless fellow,
Once fear'd, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead.

How stands the glass around?

Old Song.


Allegro moderato.
PIANO.
f risoluto.
ten.
tr
p
How
tr
f
stands the glass a - round? For shame, ye take no care, my boys; How
p
f
stands the glass a - round? Let mirth and wine a -
p



-bound. The trum - - pets sound, The co-lours, they are
fly - ing, boys— To fight, kill, or wound; May we.... still be
found Con - tent with our hard fate, my boys, On the cold
ground!
f>
sf
p
ten.
tr

2.

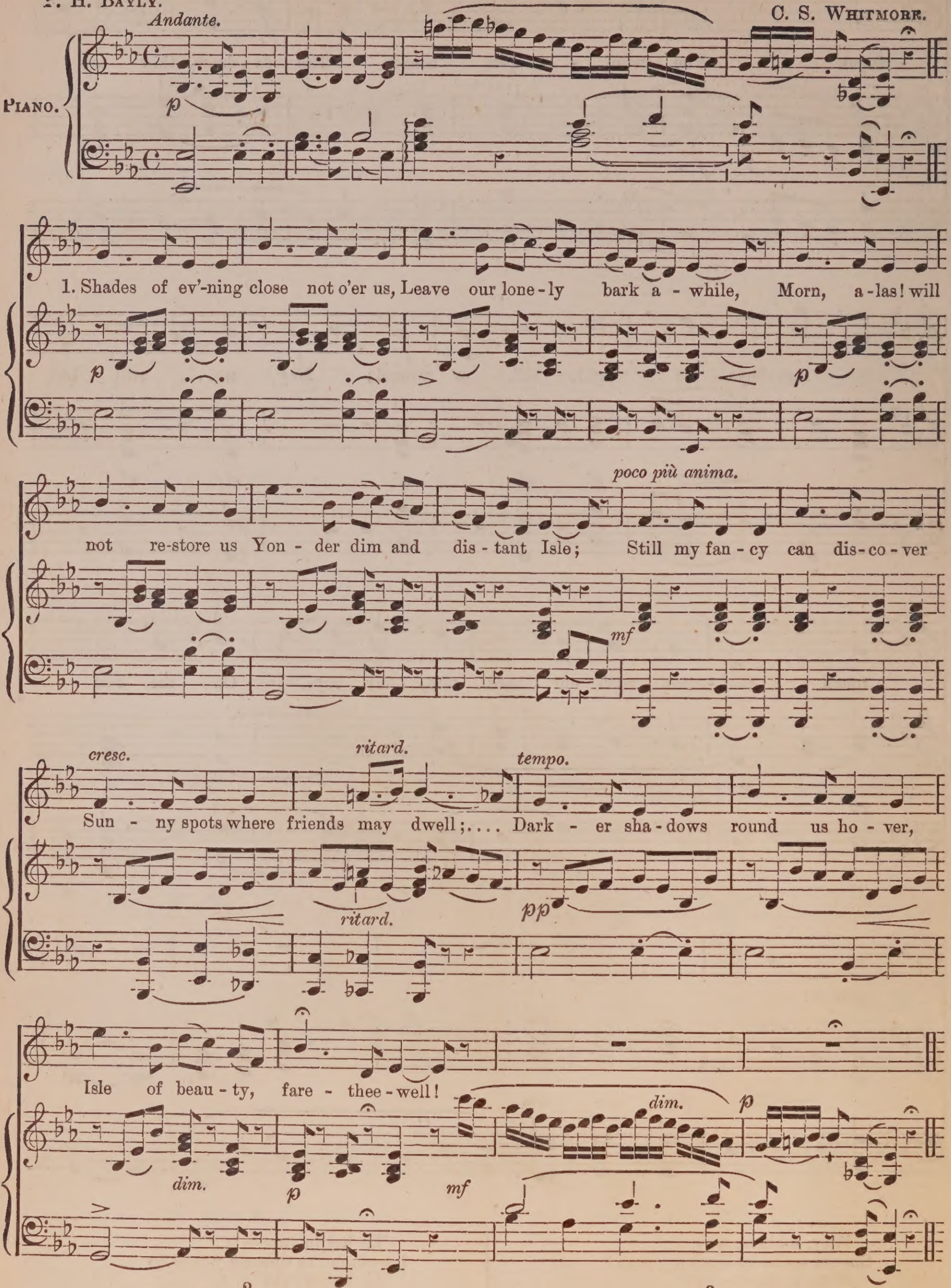
Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business 'tis to die?
What, sighing? fie!
Don't fear; drink on; be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly!

3.

'Tis but in vain—
I mean not to upbraid you, boys
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But, if we remain,
A bottle and a kind landlady
Cure all again.

Isle of beauty.

F. H. Bayly. C. S. Whitmore.

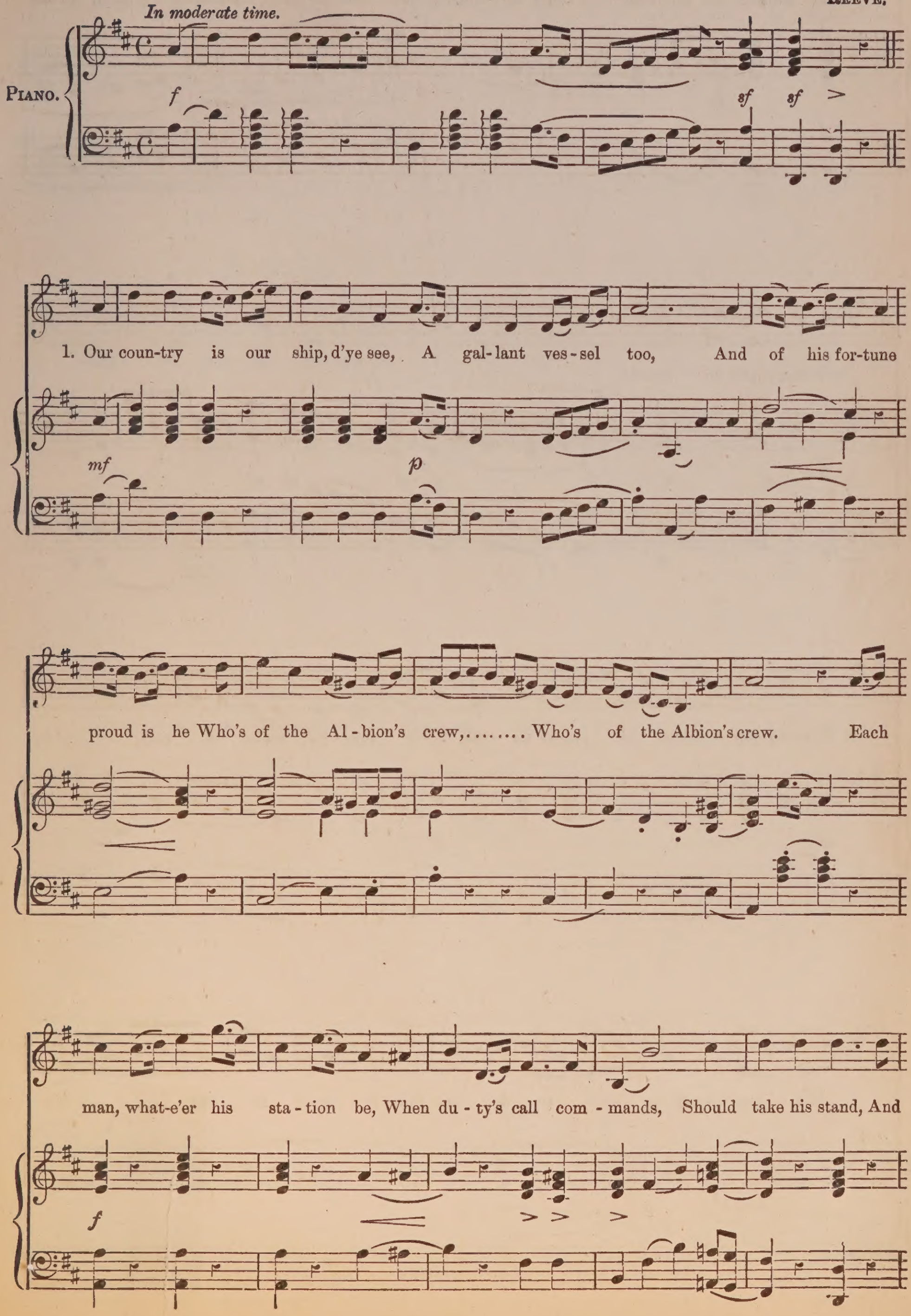

Andante.
Piano.
p
1. Shades of ev'ning close not o'er us, Leave our lone-ly bark a-while, Morn, a-las! will
not re-store us Yon-der dim and dis-tant Isle;
poco più anima.
mf
Still my fan-cy can dis-co-ver
cresc.
ritard.
tempo.
Sun-ny spots where friends may dwell;.... Dark-er sha-dows round us ho-ver,
pp
Isle of beau-ty, fare-thee-well!
dim.
p
mf
dim.
p

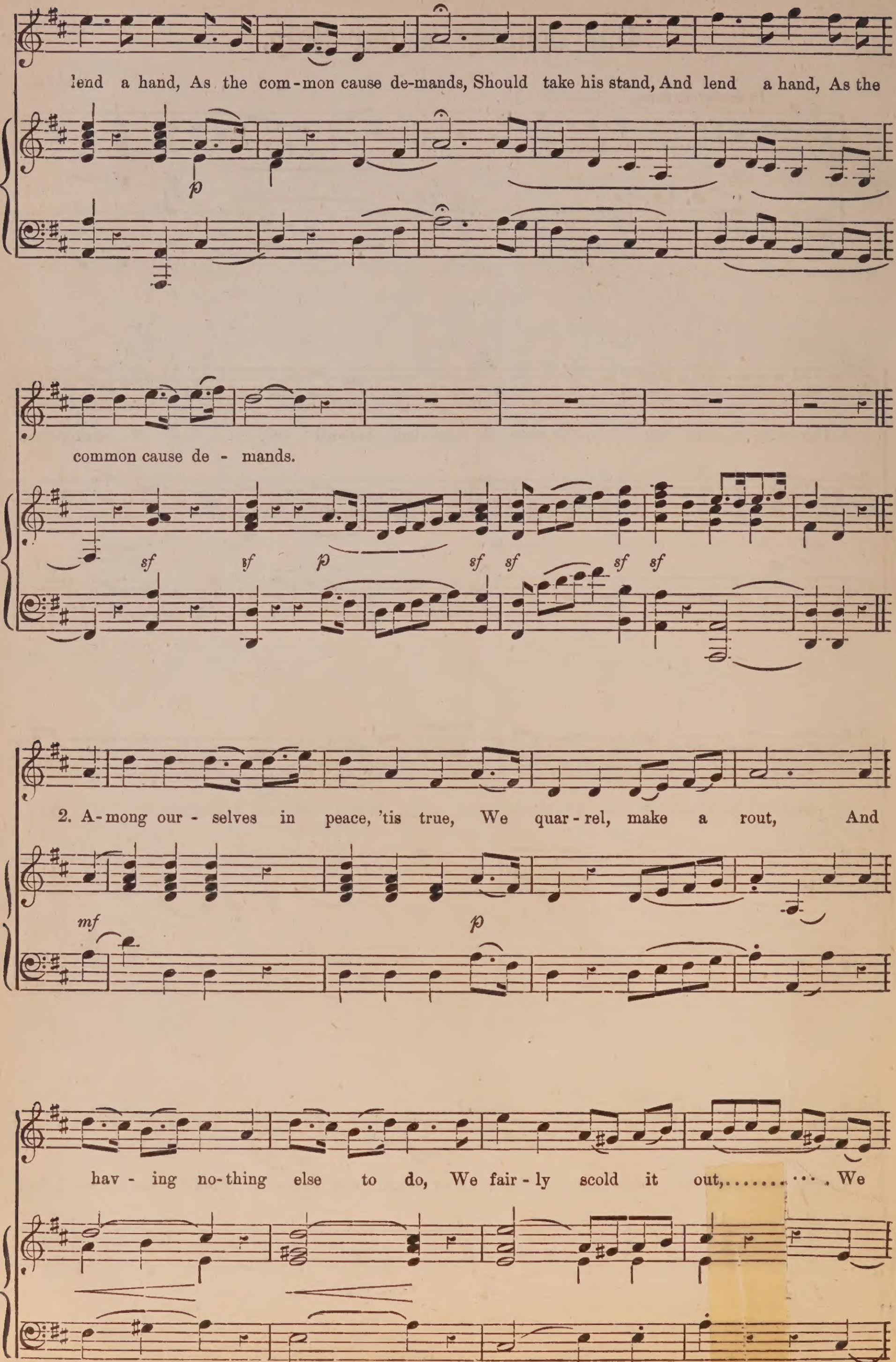
2.
'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Thro' the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly—fare-thee-well!

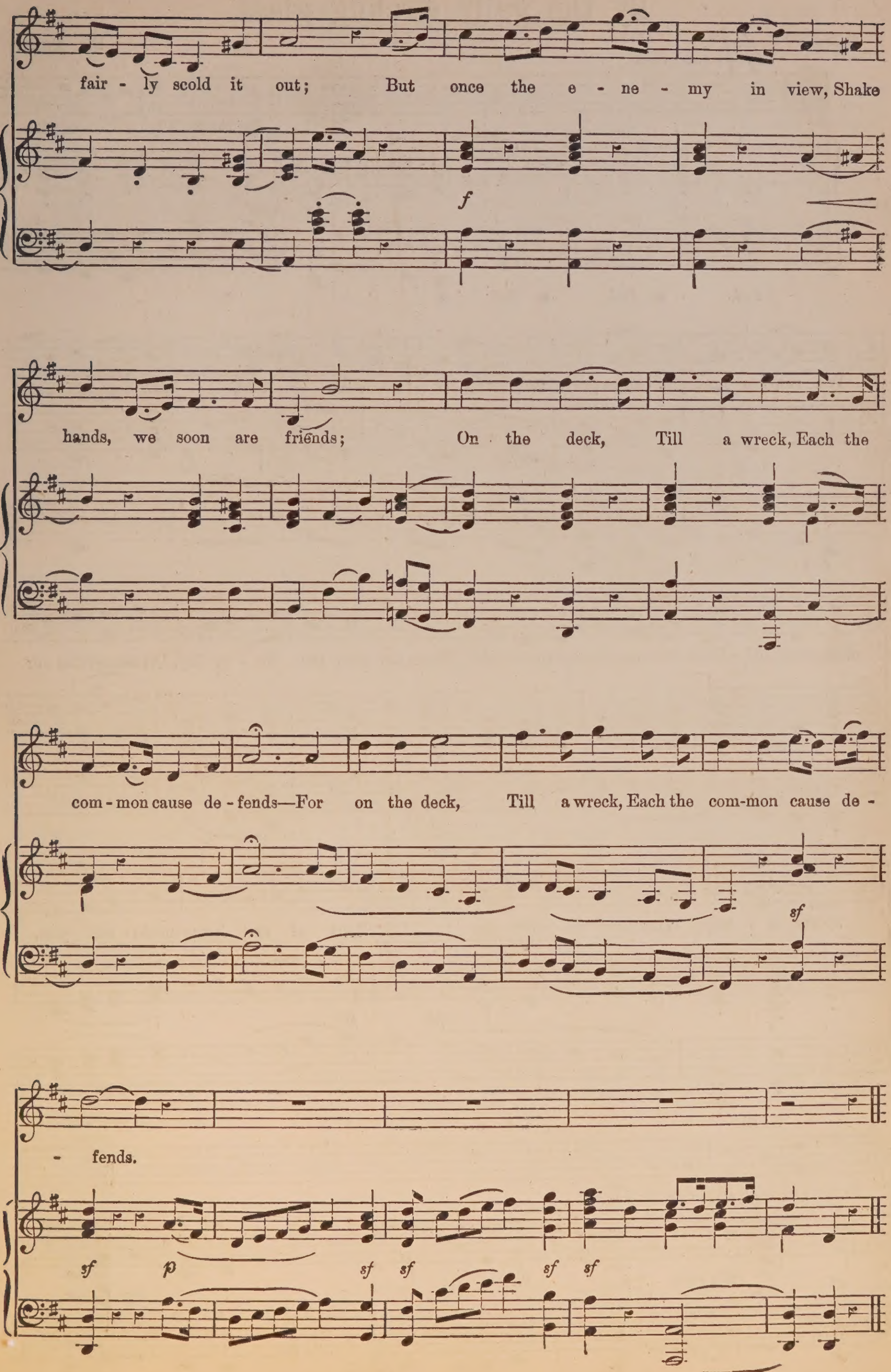
3.
When the waves around us breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon;
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell;
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of beauty, fare-thee-well.

Our Country is our Ship.

Reeve.

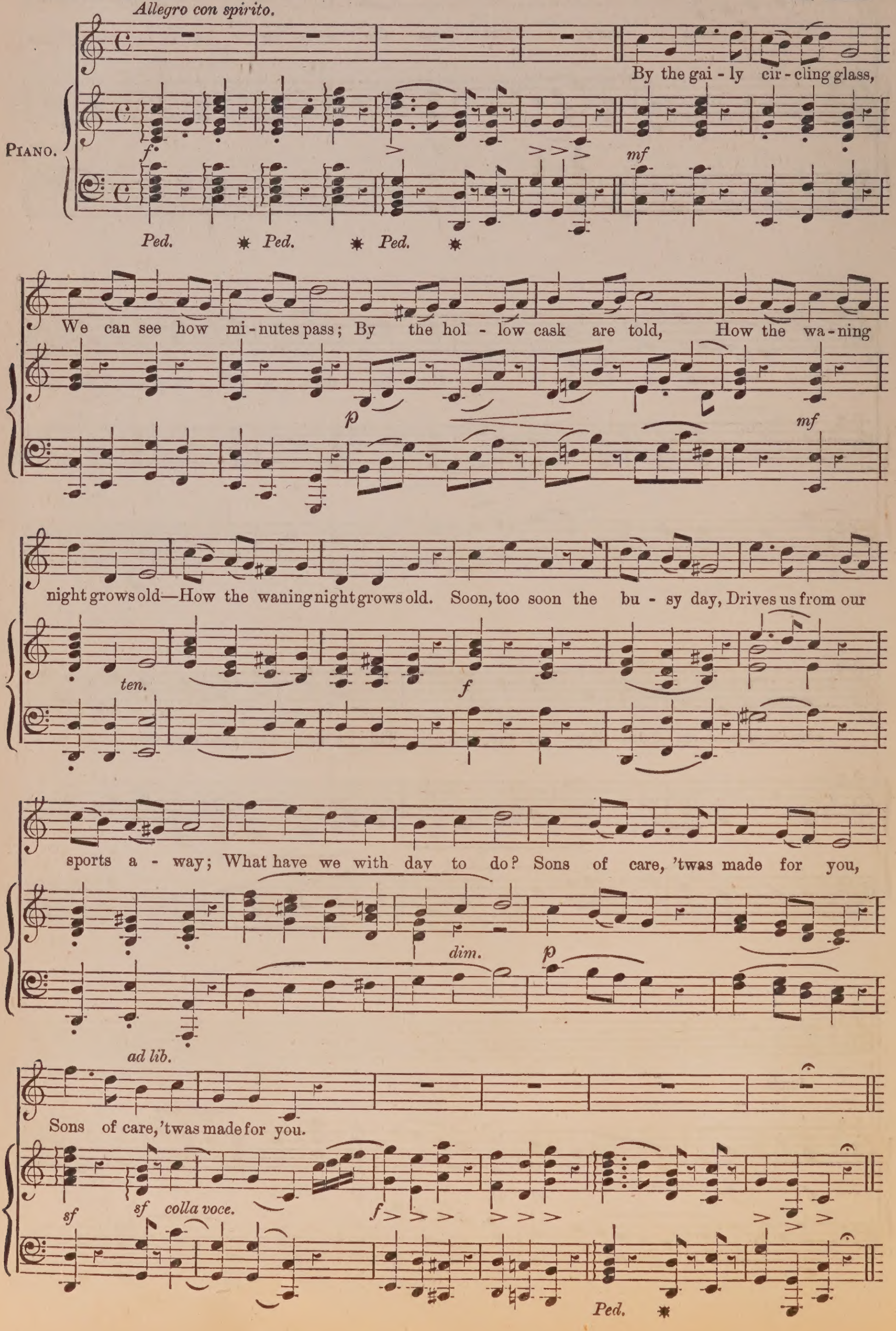

In moderate time.
Piano.
f
sf
sf
mf
p
1. Our coun-try is our ship, d'ye see, A gal-lant ves-sel too, And of his for-tune
proud is he Who's of the Al-bion's crew,........ Who's of the Albion's crew. Each
man, what-e'er his sta-tion be, When du-ty's call com-mands, Should take his stand, And
f


lend a hand, As the com-mon cause de-mands, Should take his stand, And lend a hand, As the
common cause de - mands.
2. A-mong our - selves in peace, 'tis true, We quar-rel, make a rout, And
hav - ing no-thing else to do, We fair-ly scold it out,........ . We
p
sf
sf
p
sf
sf
sf
sf
mf
p


fair - ly scold it out; But once the e - ne - my in view, Shake
f
hands, we soon are friends; On the deck, Till a wreck, Each the
com - mon cause de - fends—For on the deck, Till a wreck, Each the com-mon cause de -
sf
- fends.
sf p sf sf sf sf

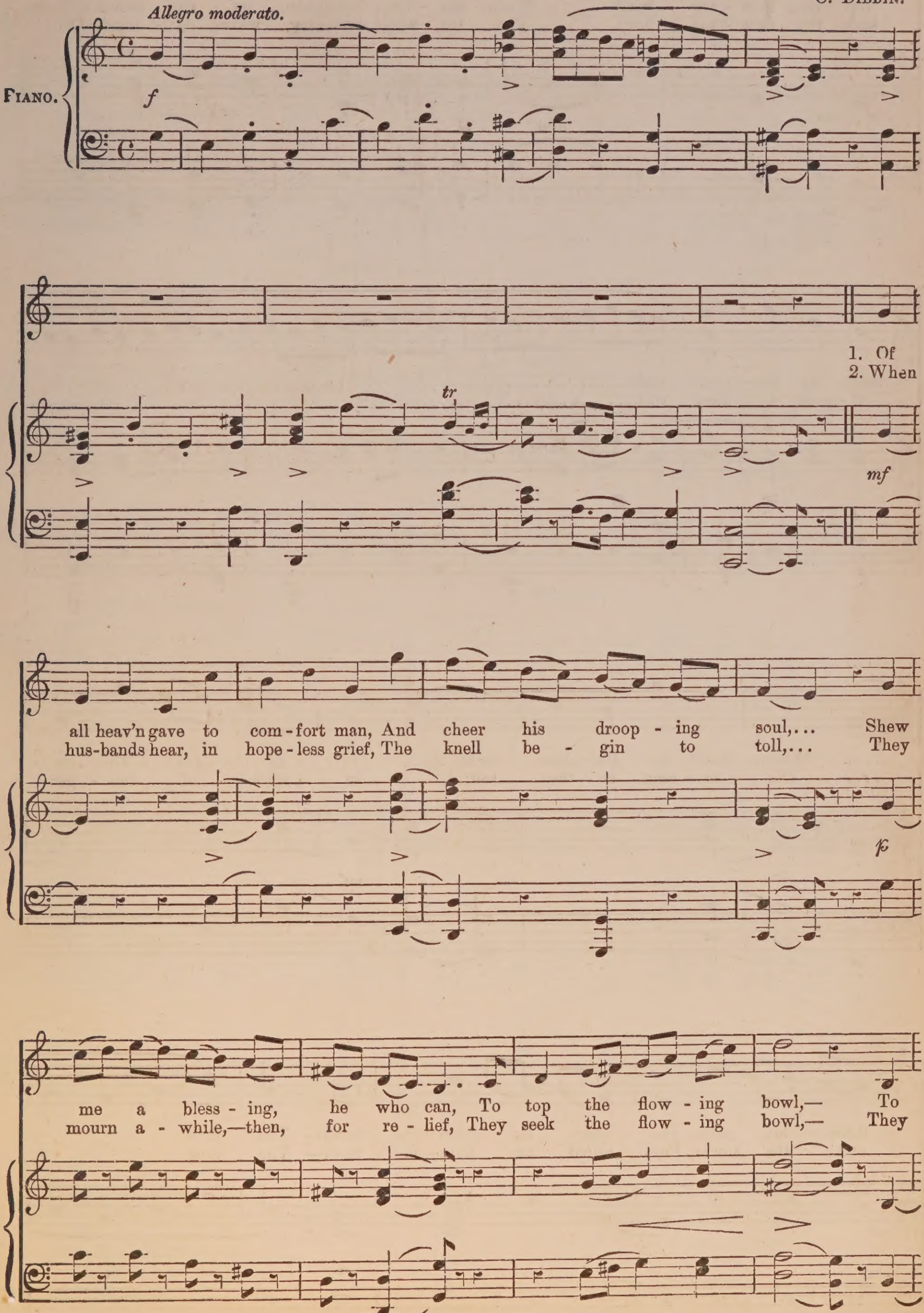
By the gaily circling glass.

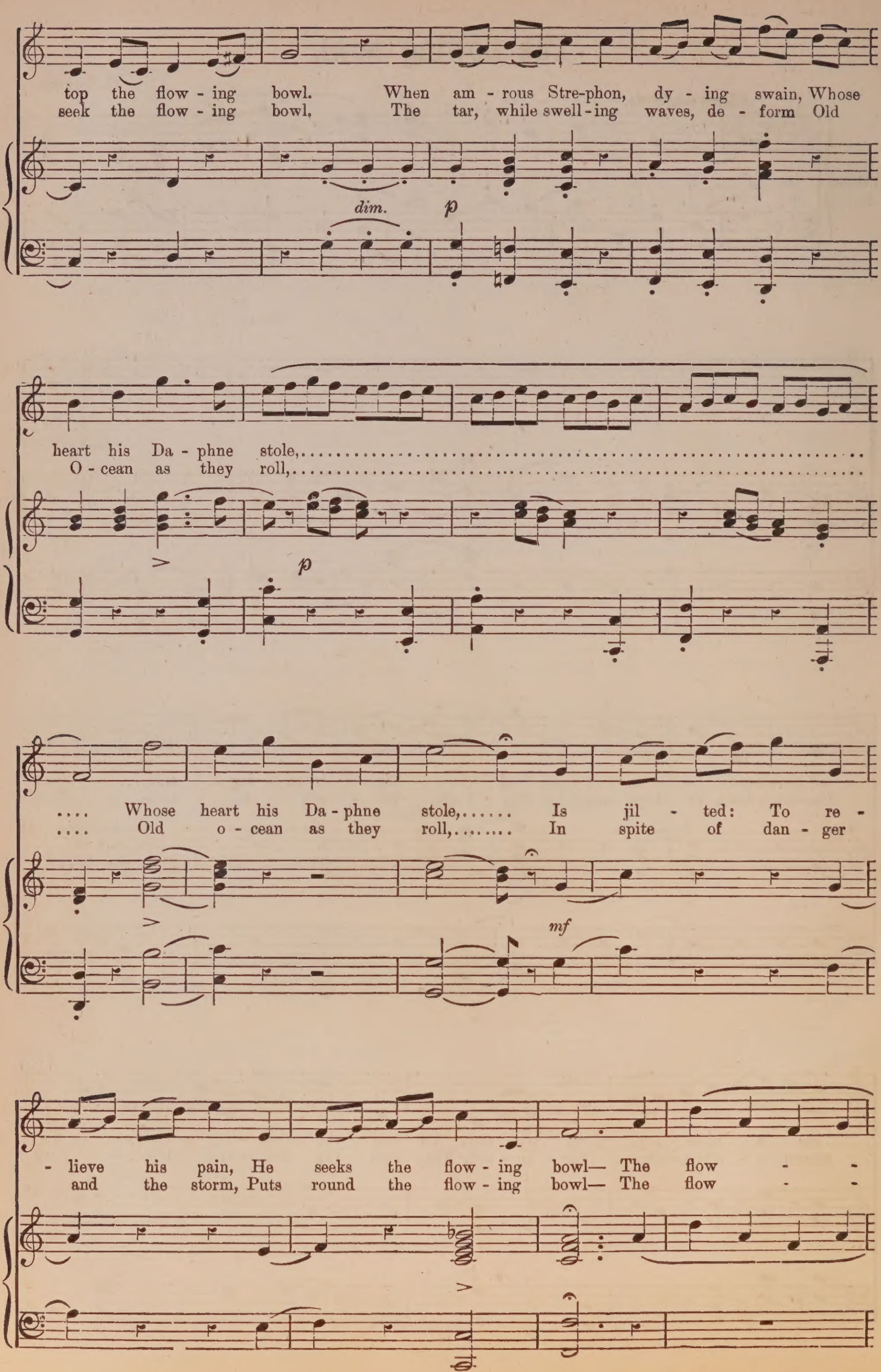
Milton's "Comus." **Dr. Arne.**

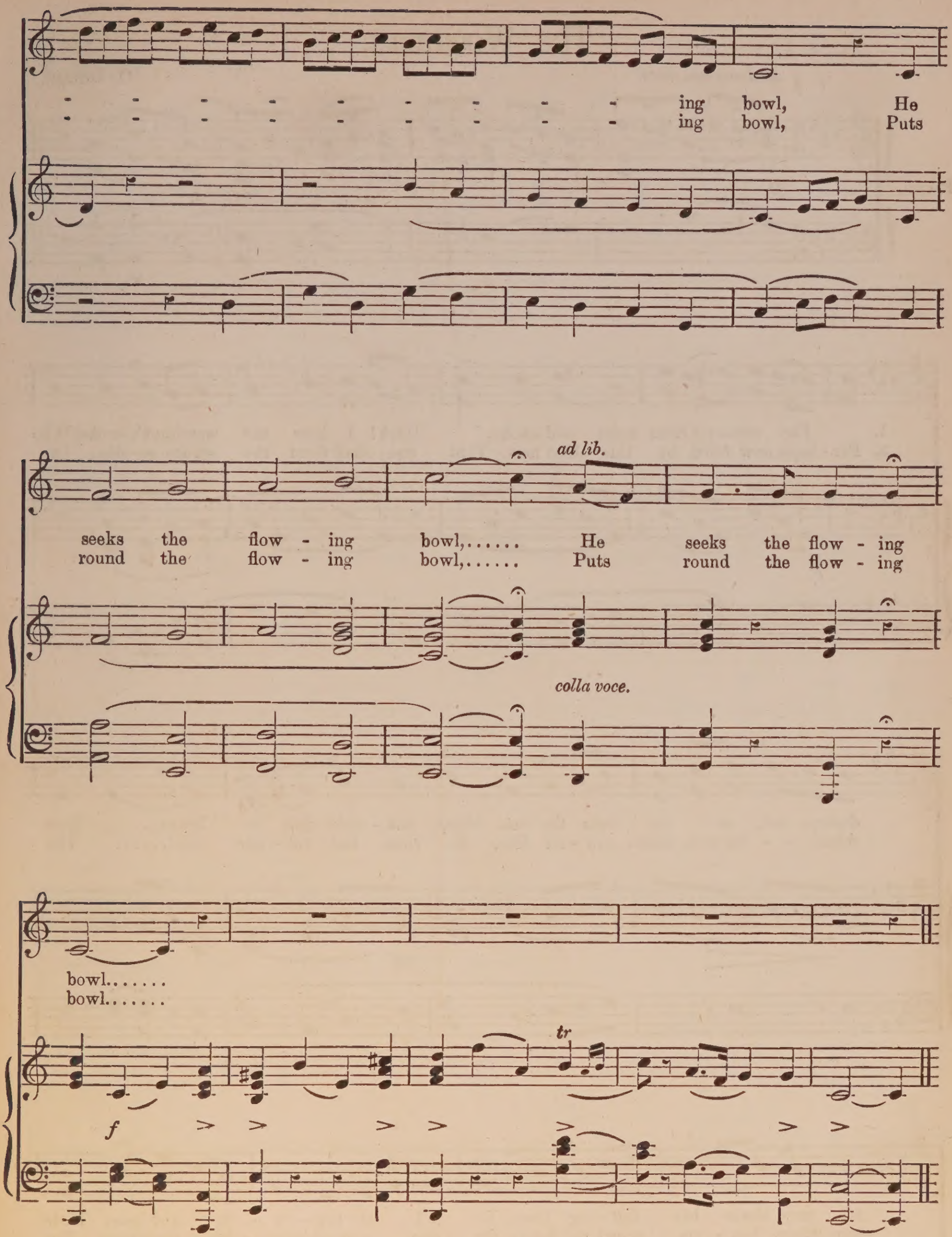

Allegro con spirito.
Piano.
By the gai - ly cir - cling glass,
We can see how mi - nutes pass; By the hol - low cask are told,
How the wa - ning night grows old—How the waning night grows old.
Soon, too soon the bu - sy day, Drives us from our sports a - way;
What have we with day to do? Sons of care, 'twas made for you,
ad lib.
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.
f
mf
p
ten.
dim.
sf
colla voce.
Ped.
*

The flowing bowl.

C. Dibdin.


Allegro moderato.
Piano.
f
tr
1. Of
2. When
mf
all heav'n gave to com-fort man, And cheer his droop - ing soul,... Shew
hus-bands hear, in hope-less grief, The knell be - gin to toll,... They
p
me a bless - ing, he who can, To top the flow - ing bowl,— To
mourn a - while,—then, for re - lief, They seek the flow - ing bowl,— They


top the flow - ing bowl. When am - rous Stre-phon, dy - ing swain, Whose
seek the flow - ing bowl. The tar, while swell - ing waves, de - form Old
dim.
p
heart his Da - phne stole,..
O - cean as they roll,..
p
.... Whose heart his Da - phne stole,...... Is jil - ted: To re -
.... Old o - cean as they roll,........ In spite of dan - ger
mf
- lieve his pain, He seeks the flow - ing bowl— The flow - -
and the storm, Puts round the flow - ing bowl— The flow - -


ing bowl, He
ing bowl, Puts
ad lib.
seeks the flow - ing bowl,...... He seeks the flow - ing
round the flow - ing bowl,...... Puts round the flow - ing
colla voce.
bowl.......
bowl.......
tr
f

3.

The miner who his devious way,
Works like the purblind mole
Still comfort for the loss of day
Finds in the flowing bowl.
It gives to poets lyric wit,
To jesters to be droll;
Anacreon's self had never writ,
But for the flowing bowl.

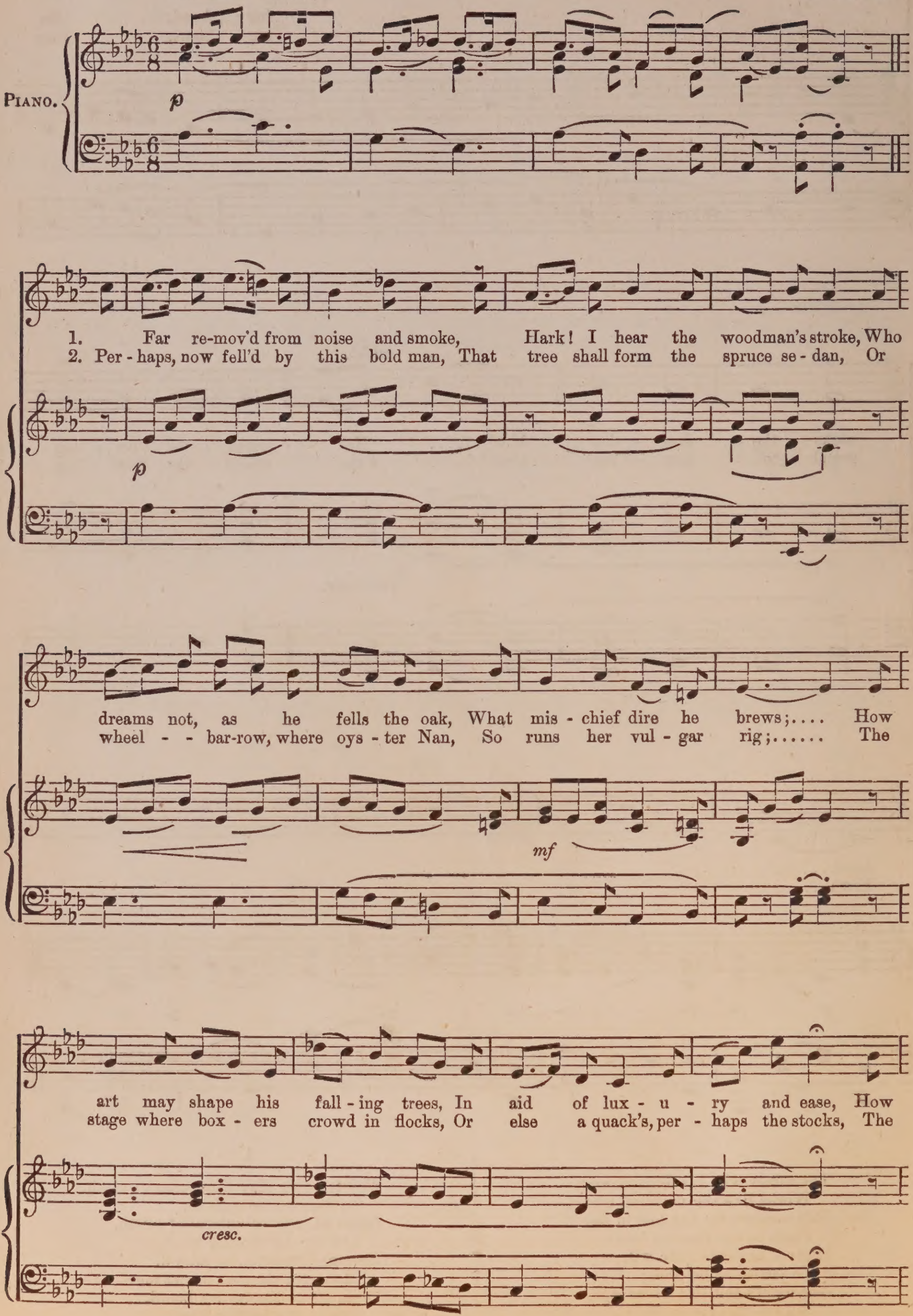
4.

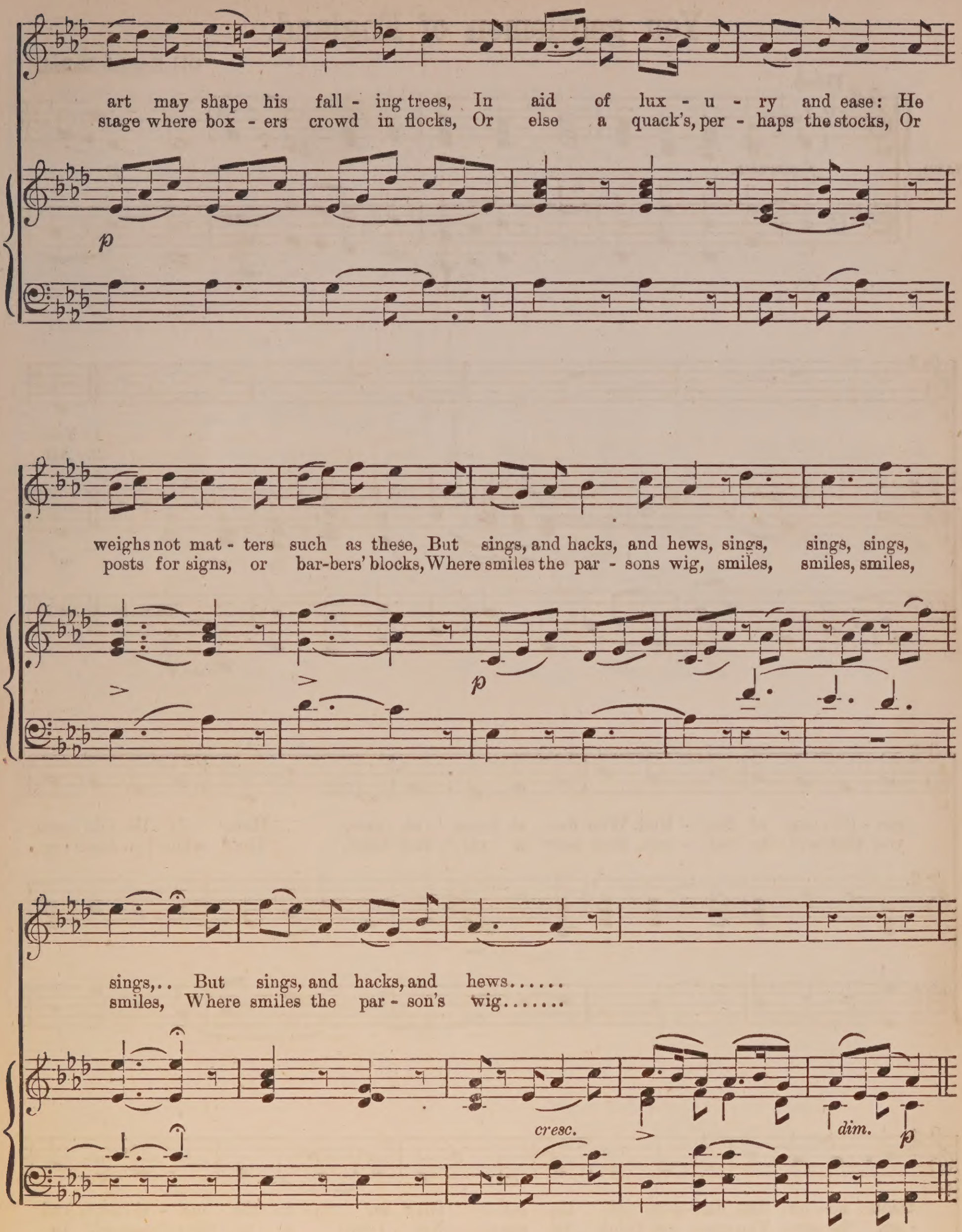
Moisten your clay then, sons of earth,
To Bacchus in a shoal,
Come on, the volunteers of mirth,
And by the flowing bowl
Become immortal, be ador'd,
'Mongst gods your names enrol,
Olympus be the festive board,
Nectar the flowing bowl.

The Woodman.

Andante con moto.

C. DIBDIN.


PIANO.
p
1. Far re-mov'd from noise and smoke, Hark! I hear the woodman's stroke, Who
2. Per-haps, now fell'd by this bold man, That tree shall form the spruce se-dan, Or
p
dreams not, as he fells the oak, What mis-chief dire he brews;.... How
wheel - - bar-row, where oys-ter Nan, So runs her vul-gar rig;...... The
mf
art may shape his fall-ing trees, In aid of lux-u-ry and ease, How
stage where box-ers crowd in flocks, Or else a quack's, per-haps the stocks, The
cresc.


art may shape his fall - ing trees, In aid of lux - u - ry and ease: He
stage where box - ers crowd in flocks, Or else a quack's, per - haps the stocks, Or
p
weighs not mat - ters such as these, But sings, and hacks, and hews, sings, sings, sings,
posts for signs, or bar-bers' blocks, Where smiles the par - sons wig, smiles, smiles, smiles,
p
sings,.. But sings, and hacks, and hews......
smiles, Where smiles the par - son's wig.......
cresc.
dim.
p

3.

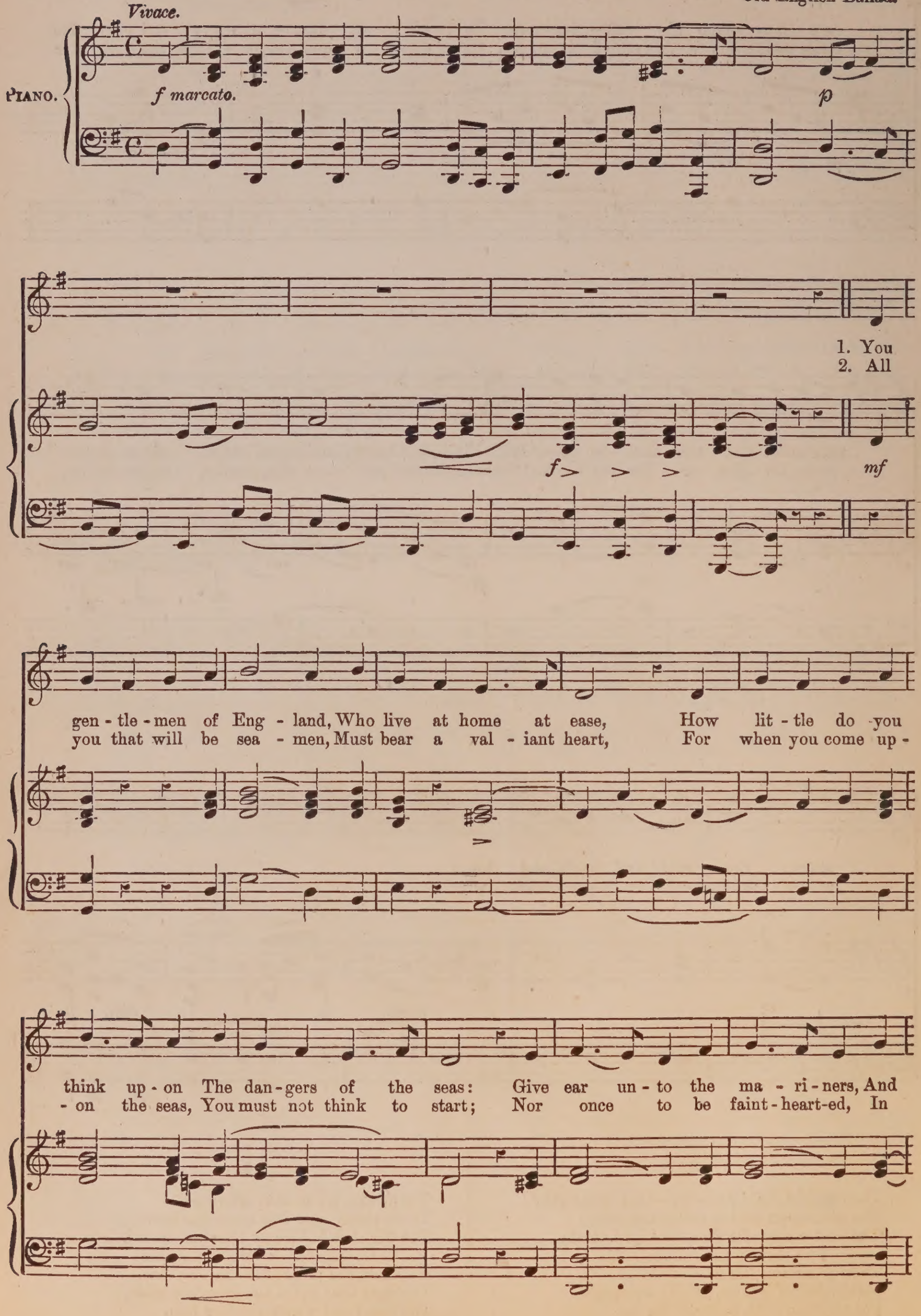
Thou mak'st, bold peasant,—Oh! what grief!
The gibbet, on which hangs the thief;
The seat where sits the grave lord chief;
The throne, the cobbler's stall:
Thou pamp'rest life in every stage,
Mak'st folly's whims, pride's equipage,
For children toys, crutches for age,
And coffins for us all.

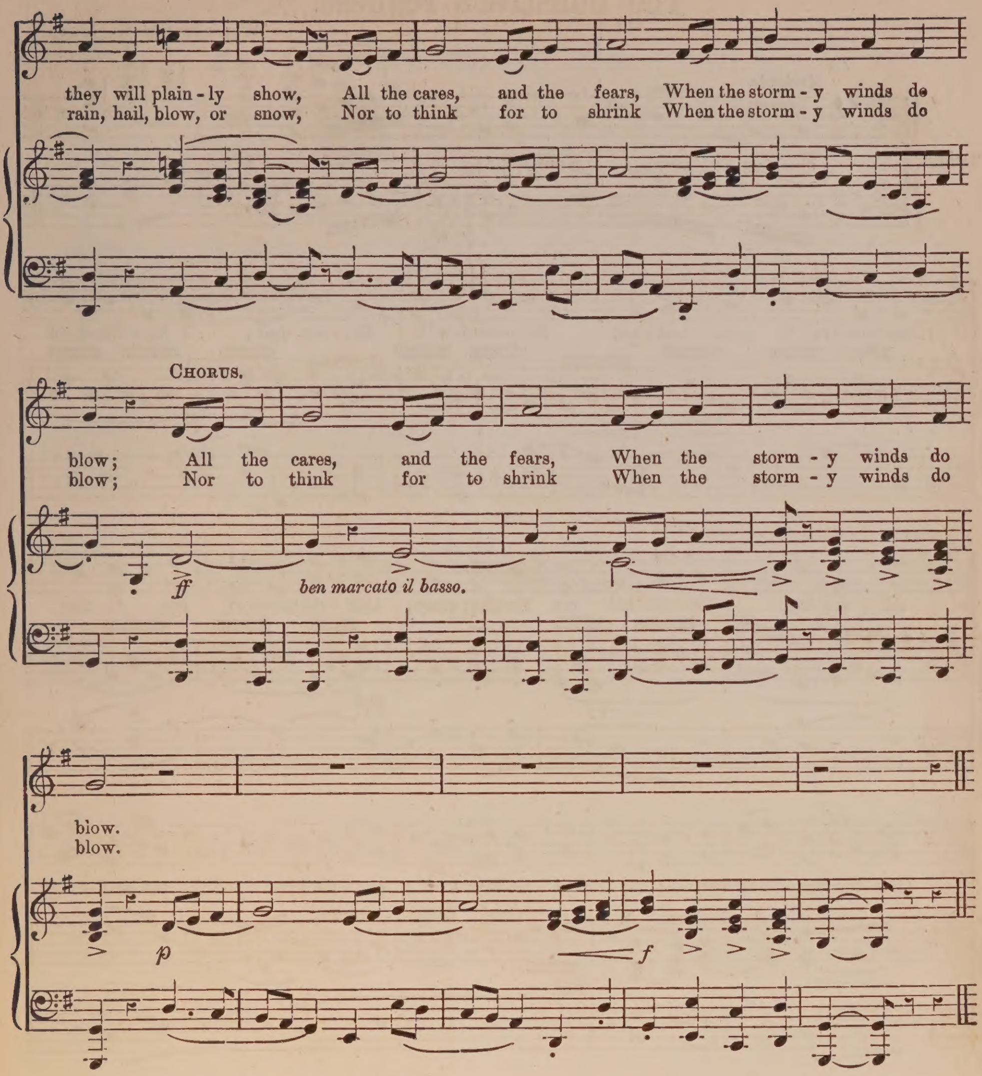
4.

Yet justice let us still afford;—
These chairs, and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard,
Confess the woodman's stroke:
He made the press that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the generous wine,
The hall itself where tipplers join,
To crack the mirthful joke.

You gentlemen of England.

Old English Ballad.


Vivace.
PIANO.
f marcato.
p
1. You
2. All
f>
>
>
mf
gen - tle - men of Eng - land, Who live at home at ease, How lit - tle do you
you that will be sea - men, Must bear a val - iant heart, For when you come up -
think up - on The dan - gers of the seas: Give ear un - to the ma - ri - ners, And
- on the seas, You must not think to start; Nor once to be faint - heart - ed, In


they will plain-ly show, All the cares, and the fears, When the storm-y winds do
rain, hail, blow, or snow, Nor to think for to shrink When the storm-y winds do
Chorus.
blow; All the cares, and the fears, When the storm-y winds do
blow; Nor to think for to shrink When the storm-y winds do
ff
ben marcato il basso.
blow.
blow.
p
f

3.
The lawyer and the usurer,
  That sit in gowns of fur,
In closets warm can take no harm,—
  Abroad they need not stir;
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
  And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure,
  When the stormy winds do blow.

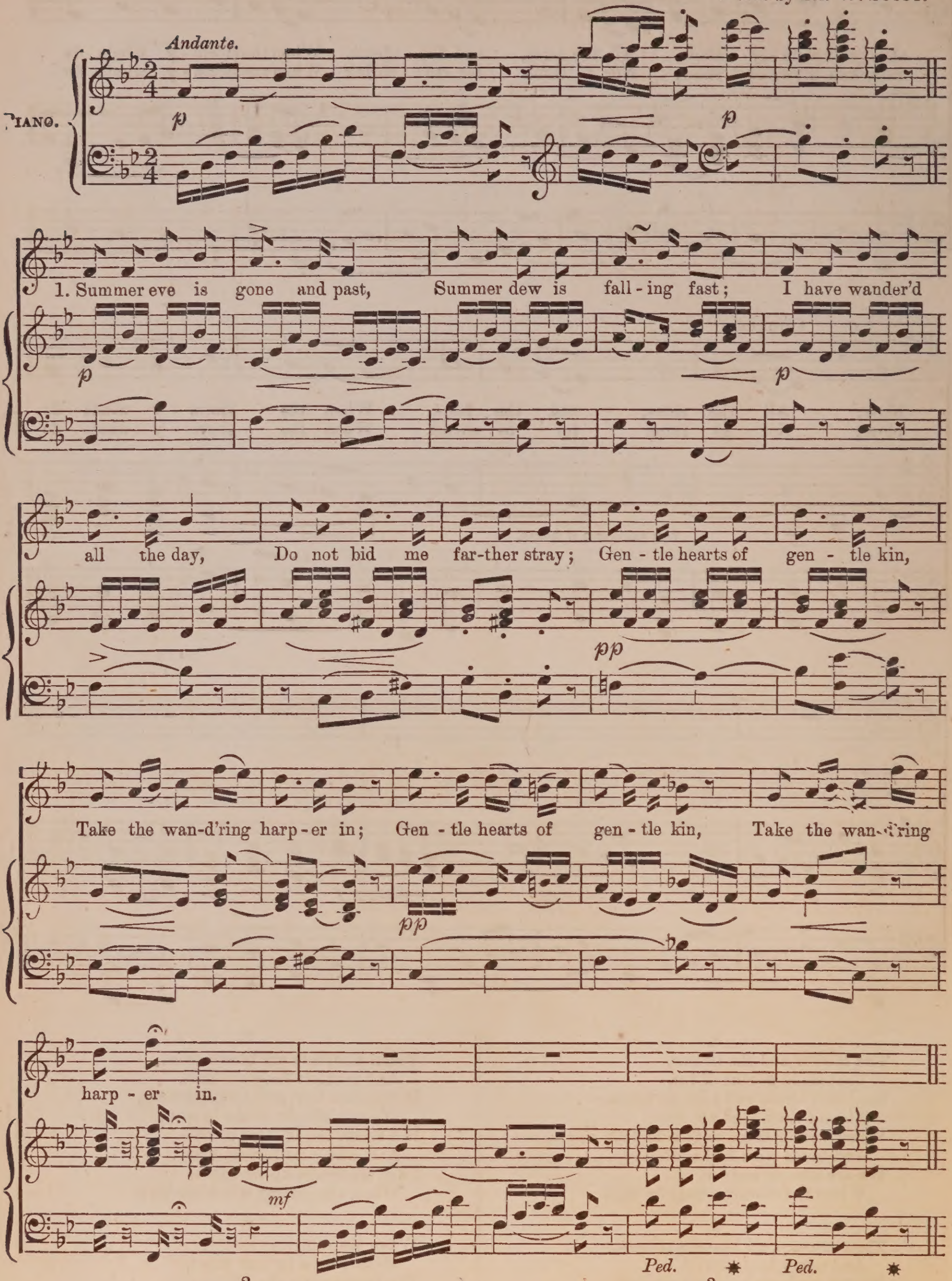
4.
Then courage, all brave mariners,
  And never be dismay'd,—
Whilst we have bold adventurers,
  We ne'er shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us
  To fetch them wealth, I know;—
Then behold, work for gold,
  When the stormy winds do blow.

5.
When tempests are blown over,
  And greatest fears are past,
In weather fair, and temperate air,
  We straight lie down to rest;
But when the billows tumble,
  And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
  When the stormy winds do blow.

6.
When we return in safety,
  With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the Vintner
  Will help to share our gains;
We'll call for liquor roundly,
  And pay before we go;
Then we'll roar on the shore,
  When the stormy winds do blow.

The minstrel's request.

Words by Sir W. Scott.

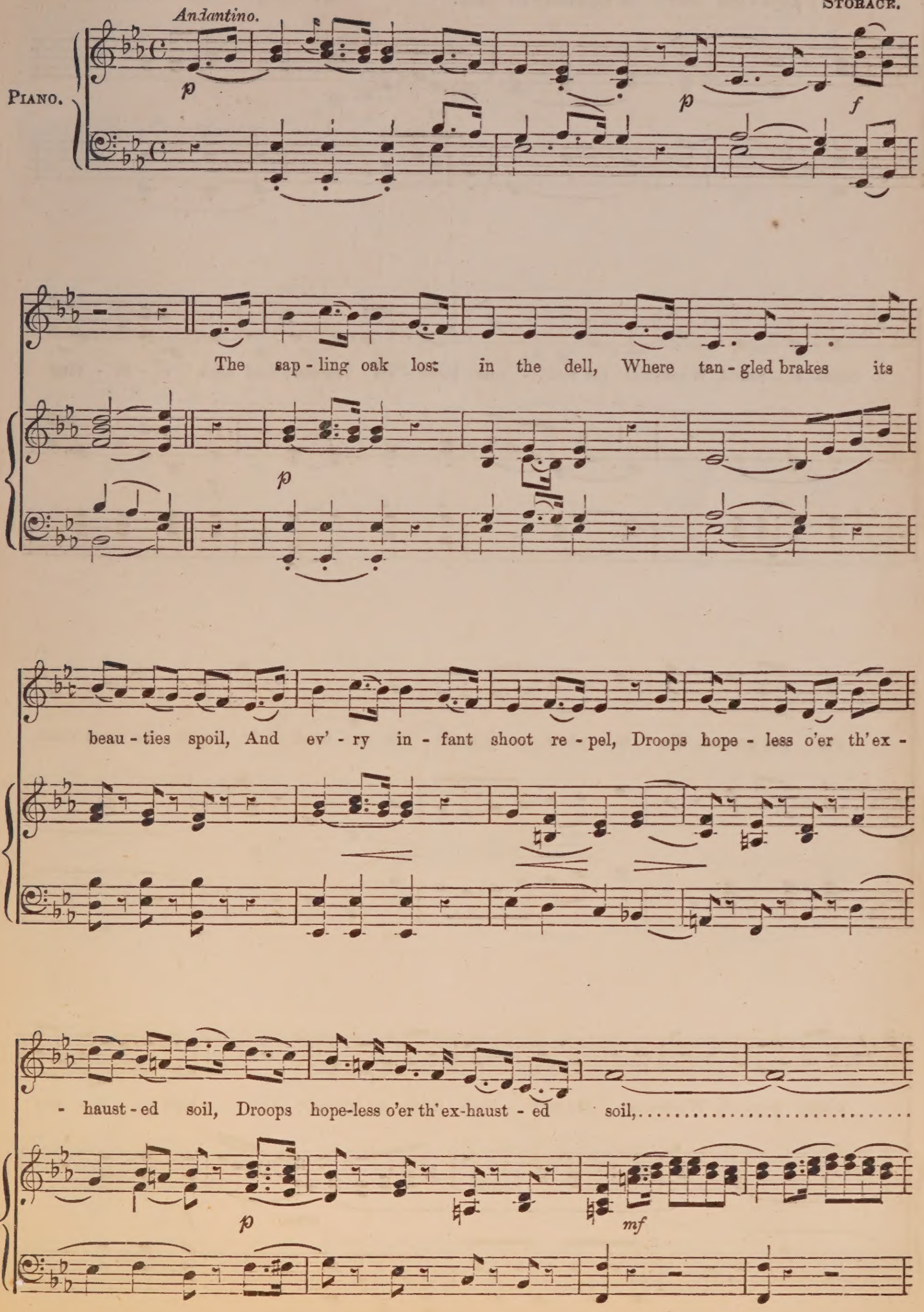

Andante.
Piano.
p
mf
pp
1. Summer eve is gone and past, Summer dew is fall-ing fast; I have wander'd
all the day, Do not bid me far-ther stray; Gen-tle hearts of gen-tle kin,
Take the wan-d'ring harp-er in; Gen-tle hearts of gen-tle kin, Take the wan-d'ring
harp-er in.
Ped. ✱ Ped. ✱

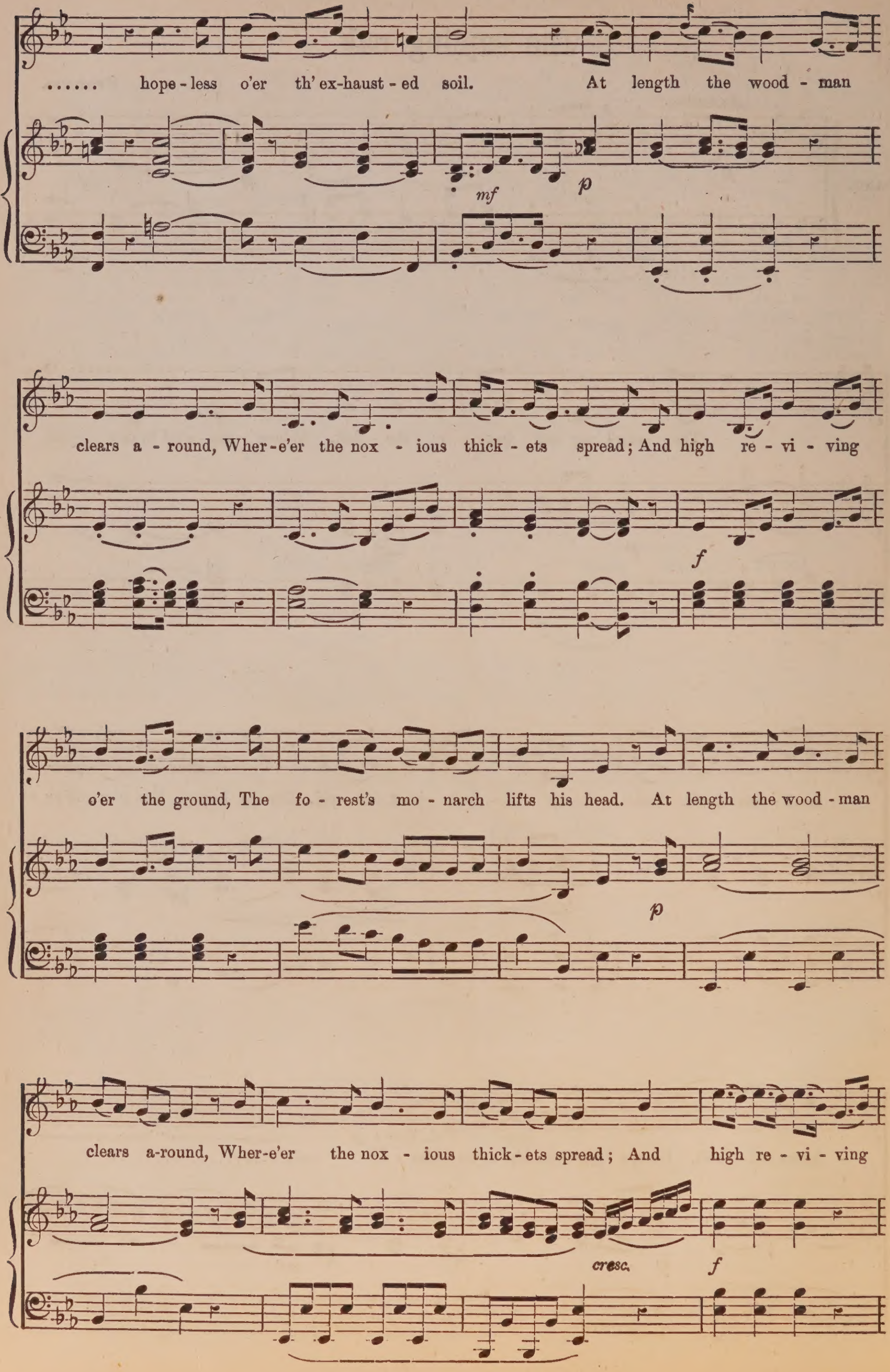
2.
I have song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright,
Fairy tale to lull the heir,
Goblin grim the maids to scare:
Dark the night and long till day,
Do not bid me farther stray.

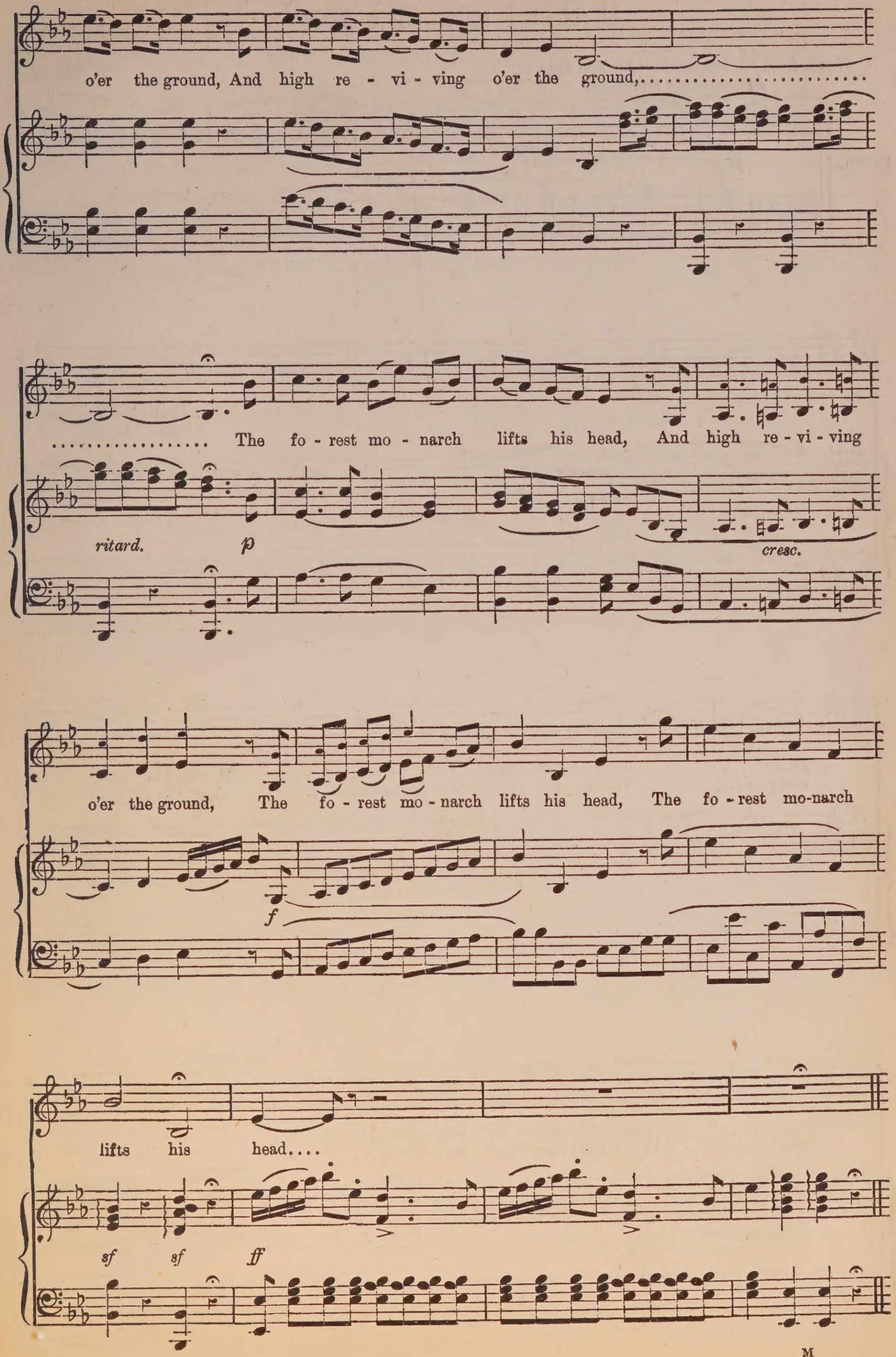
3.
Ancient lords had fair regard
For the harp and for the bard;
Baron's race throve never well
Where the curse of minstrel fell:
If you love your noble kin,
Take the weary harper in.

The sapling oak.

STORACE.

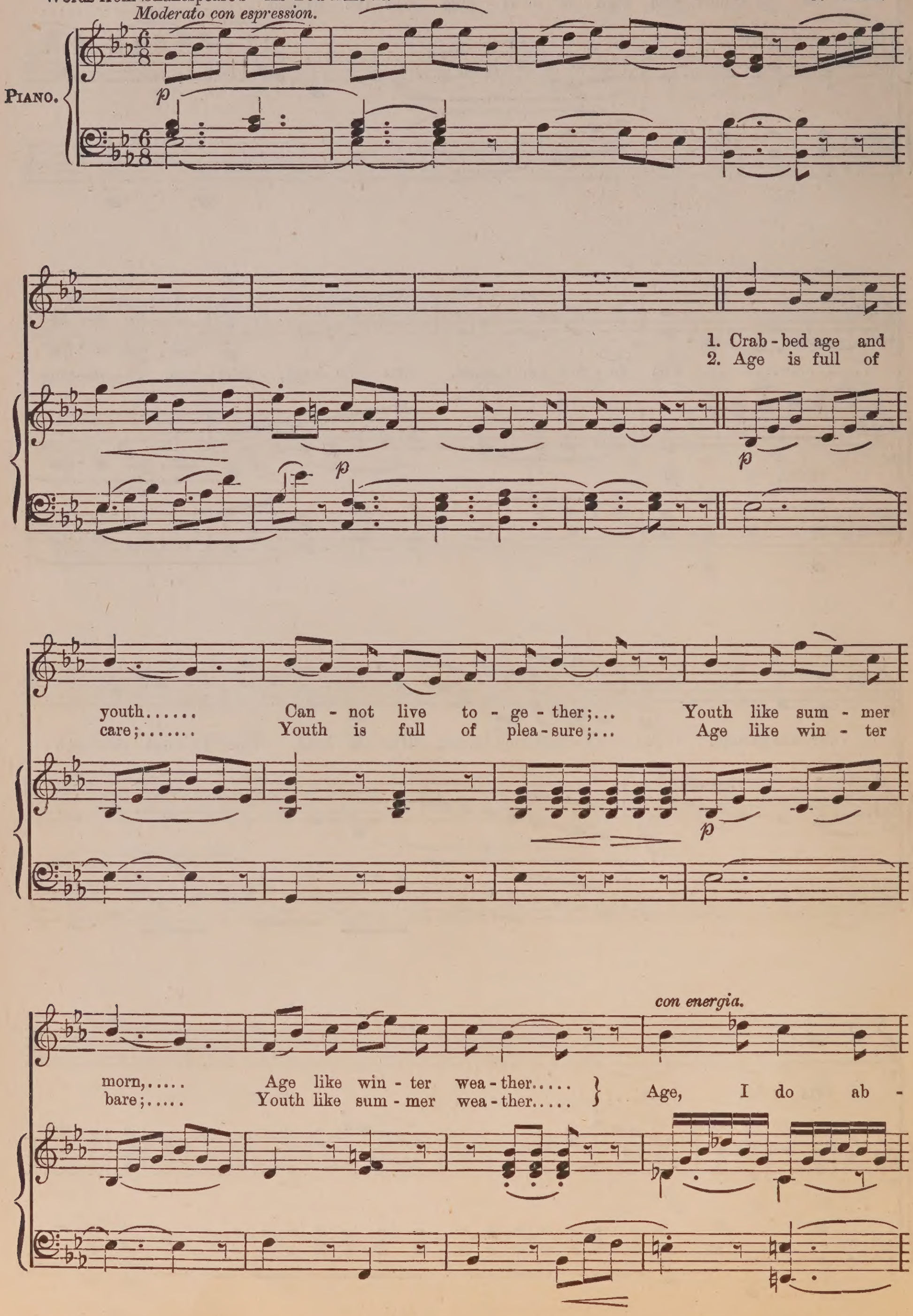

Andantino.
PIANO.
p
p
f
The sap - ling oak lost in the dell, Where tan - gled brakes its
p
beau - ties spoil, And ev' - ry in - fant shoot re - pel, Droops hope - less o'er th' ex -
- haust - ed soil, Droops hope-less o'er th' ex-haust - ed soil,.............................
p
mf

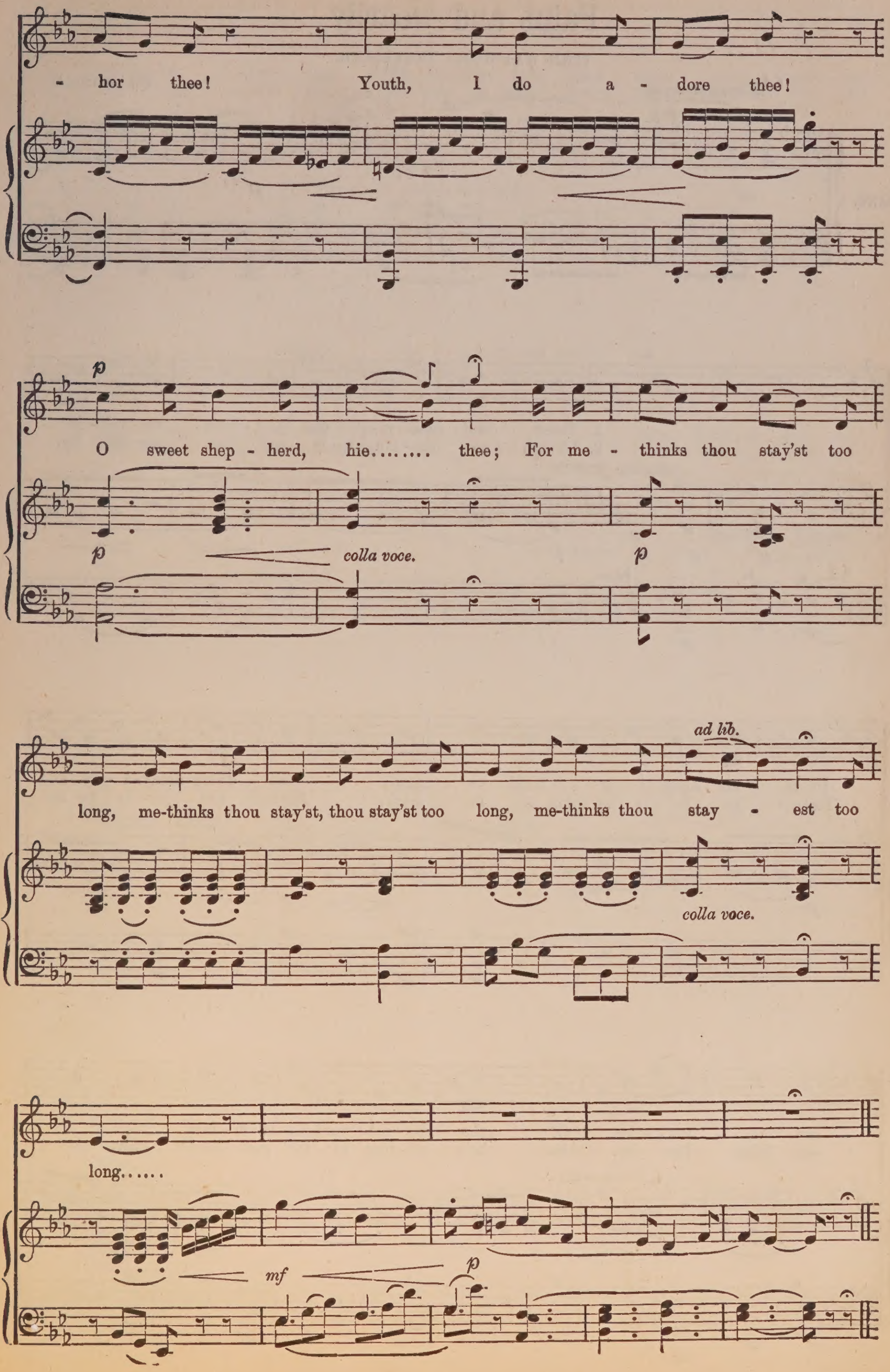

...... hope - less o'er th' ex-haust - ed soil. At length the wood - man
mf
p
clears a - round, Wher - e'er the nox - ious thick - ets spread; And high re - vi - ving
f
o'er the ground, The fo - rest's mo - narch lifts his head. At length the wood - man
p
clears a-round, Wher-e'er the nox - ious thick - ets spread; And high re - vi - ving
cresc.
f


o'er the ground, And high re - vi - ving o'er the ground,
ritard.
p
The fo - rest mo - narch lifts his head, And high re - vi - ving
cresc.
o'er the ground, The fo - rest mo - narch lifts his head, The fo - rest mo-narch
f
lifts his head....
sf
sf
ff

Crabbed age and youth.

Words from Shakespeare's "As You Like It." C. Horn.

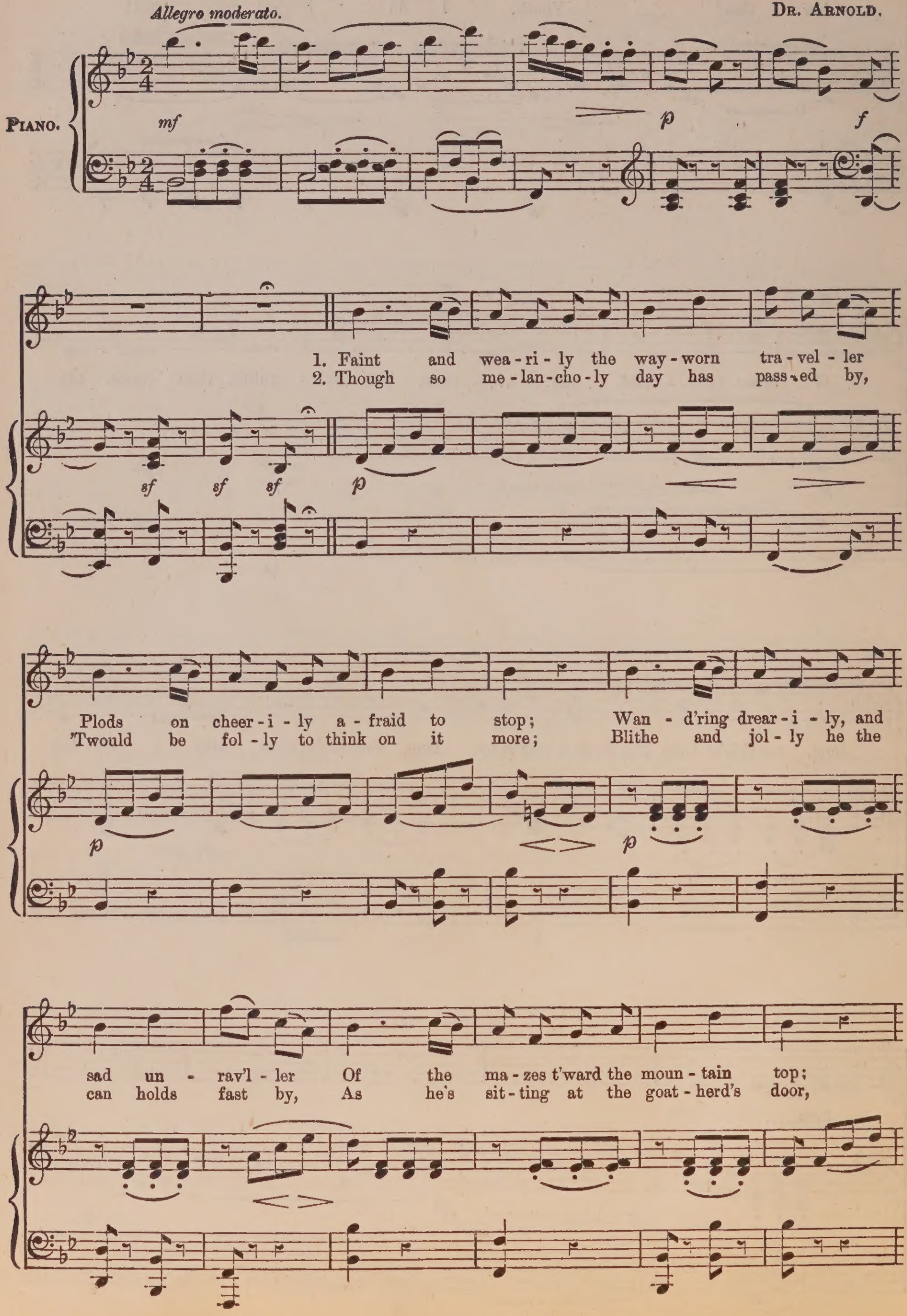

Moderato con espression.
Piano.
p
1. Crab-bed age and youth...... Can-not live to-ge-ther;... Youth like sum-mer morn,..... Age like win-ter wea-ther.....
2. Age is full of care;....... Youth is full of plea-sure;... Age like win-ter bare;..... Youth like sum-mer wea-ther.....
con energia.
Age, I do ab-

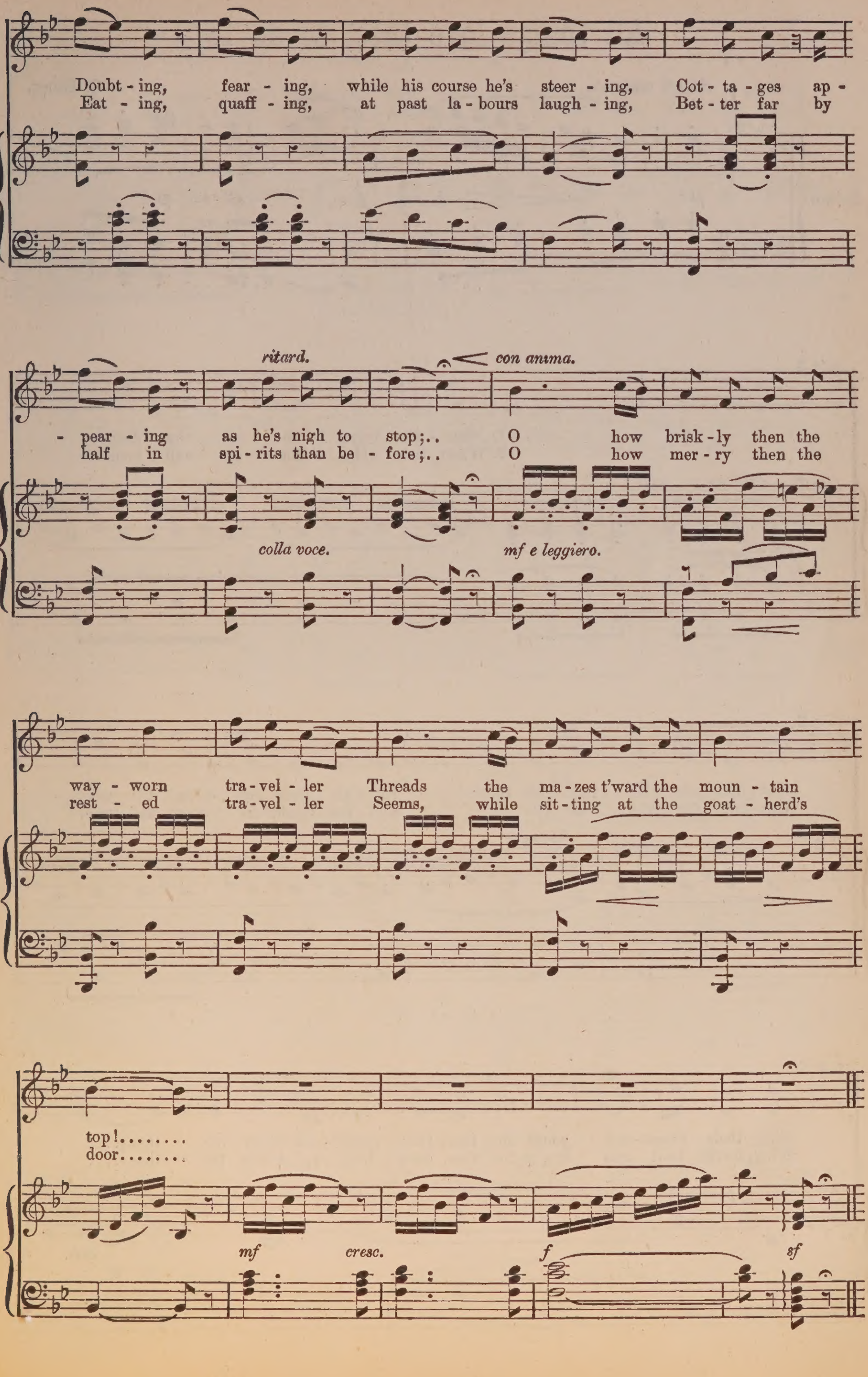

- hor thee! Youth, I do a - dore thee!
p
O sweet shep - herd, hie........ thee; For me - thinks thou stay'st too
p
colla voce.
p
long, me-thinks thou stay'st, thou stay'st too long, me-thinks thou stay - est too
ad lib.
colla voce.
long......
mf
p

Faint and wearily.

(THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.)

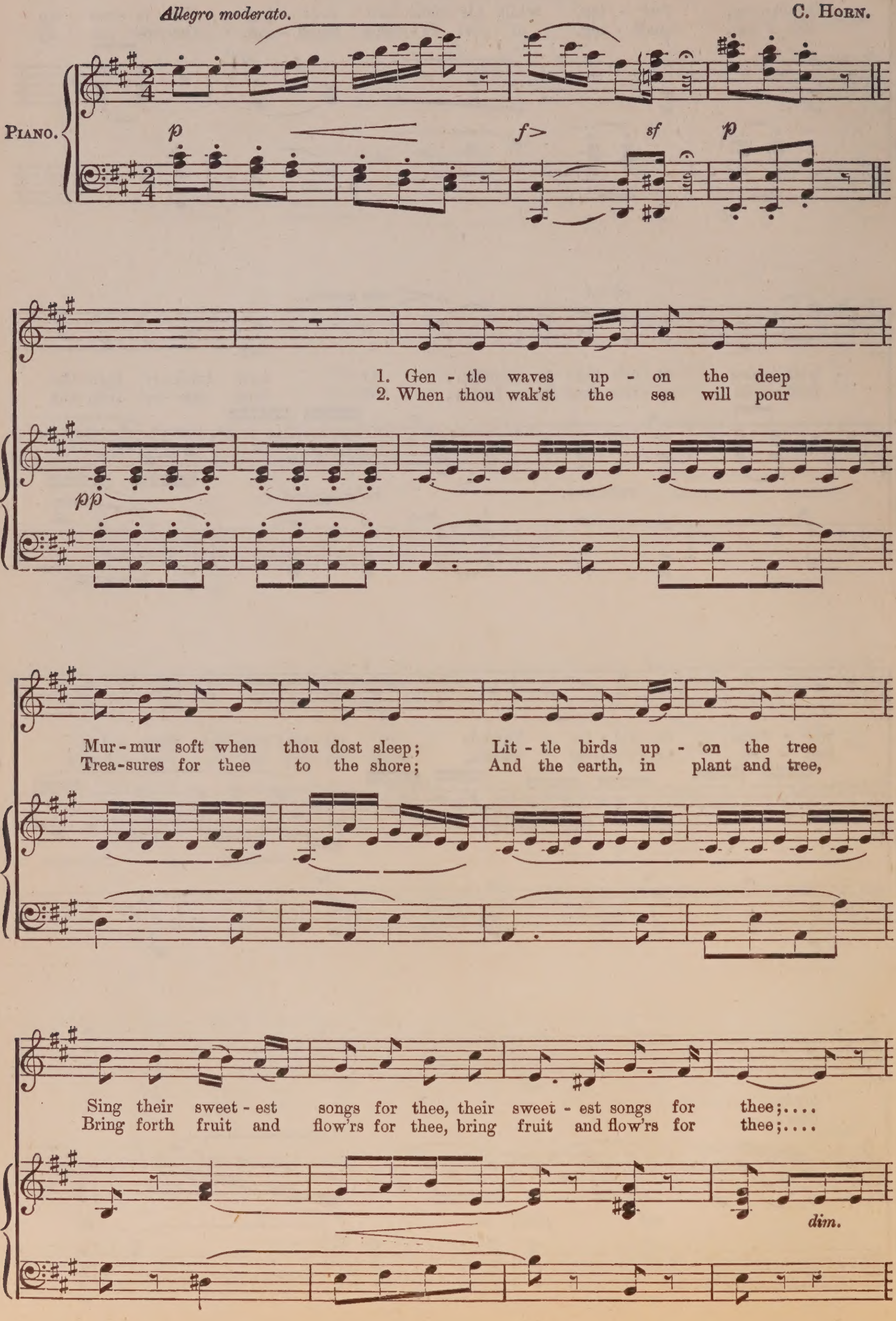
DR. ARNOLD.

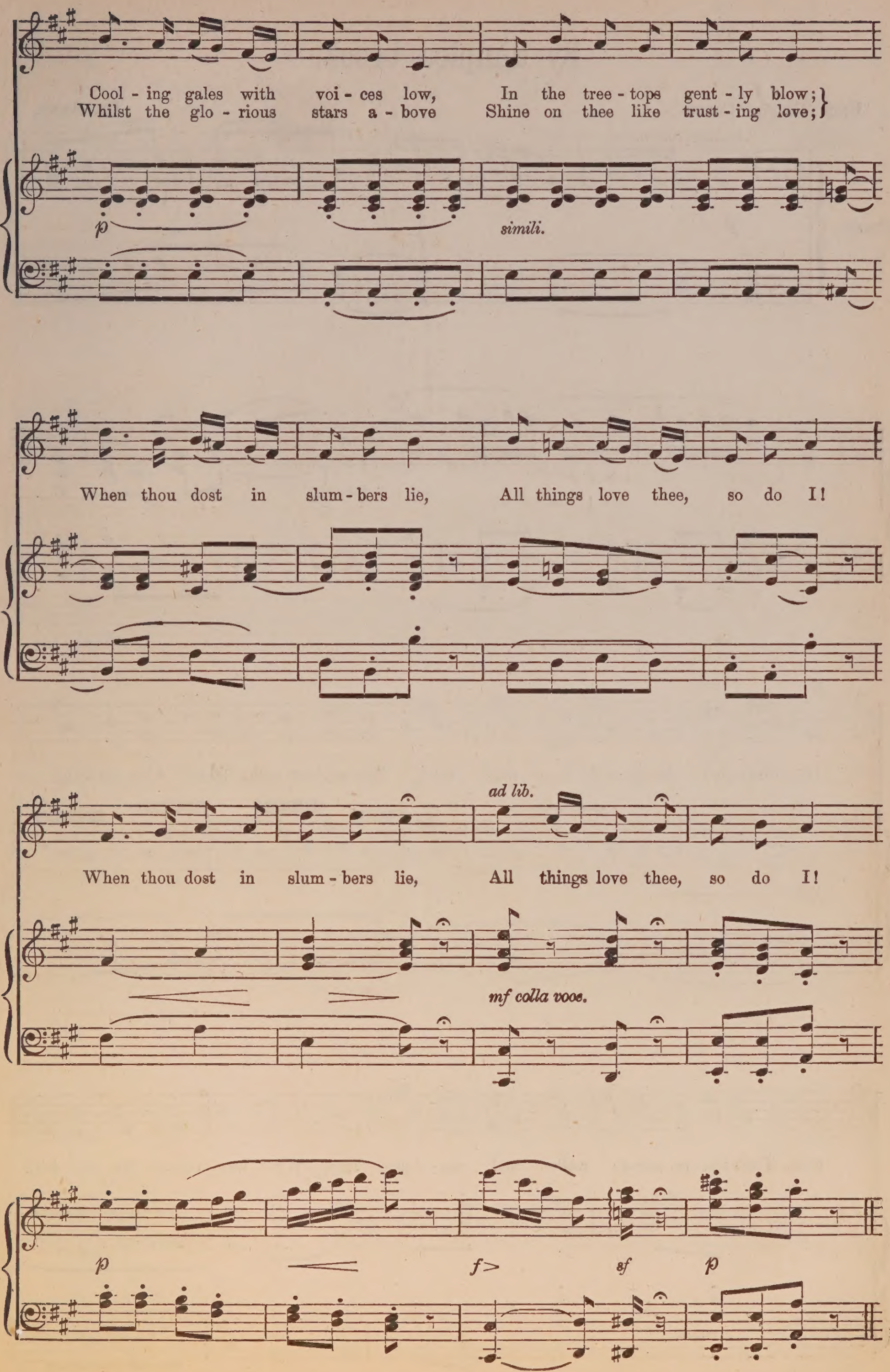

Allegro moderato.
Piano.
mf
p
f
sf
sf
sf
p
1. Faint and wea - ri - ly the way - worn tra - vel - ler
2. Though so me - lan - cho - ly day has pass - ed by,
Plods on cheer - i - ly a - fraid to stop; Wan - d'ring drear - i - ly, and
'Twould be fol - ly to think on it more; Blithe and jol - ly he the
p
p
sad un - rav'l - ler Of the ma - zes t'ward the moun - tain top;
can holds fast by, As he's sit - ting at the goat - herd's door,


Doubt - ing, fear - ing, while his course he's steer - ing, Cot - ta - ges ap -
Eat - ing, quaff - ing, at past la - bours laugh - ing, Bet - ter far by
ritard.
con anima.
- pear - ing as he's nigh to stop;.. O how brisk - ly then the
half in spi - rits than be - fore;.. O how mer - ry then the
colla voce.
mf e leggiero.
way - worn tra - vel - ler Threads the ma - zes t'ward the moun - tain
rest - ed tra - vel - ler Seems, while sit - ting at the goat - herd's
top!........
door........
mf
cresc.
f
sf

All things love thee, so do I.

C. HORN.


Allegro moderato.
PIANO.
p
f>
sf
p
pp
1. Gen - tle waves up - on the deep
2. When thou wak'st the sea will pour
Mur - mur soft when thou dost sleep; Lit - tle birds up - on the tree
Trea - sures for thee to the shore; And the earth, in plant and tree,
Sing their sweet - est songs for thee, their sweet - est songs for thee;....
Bring forth fruit and flow'rs for thee, bring fruit and flow'rs for thee;....
dim.

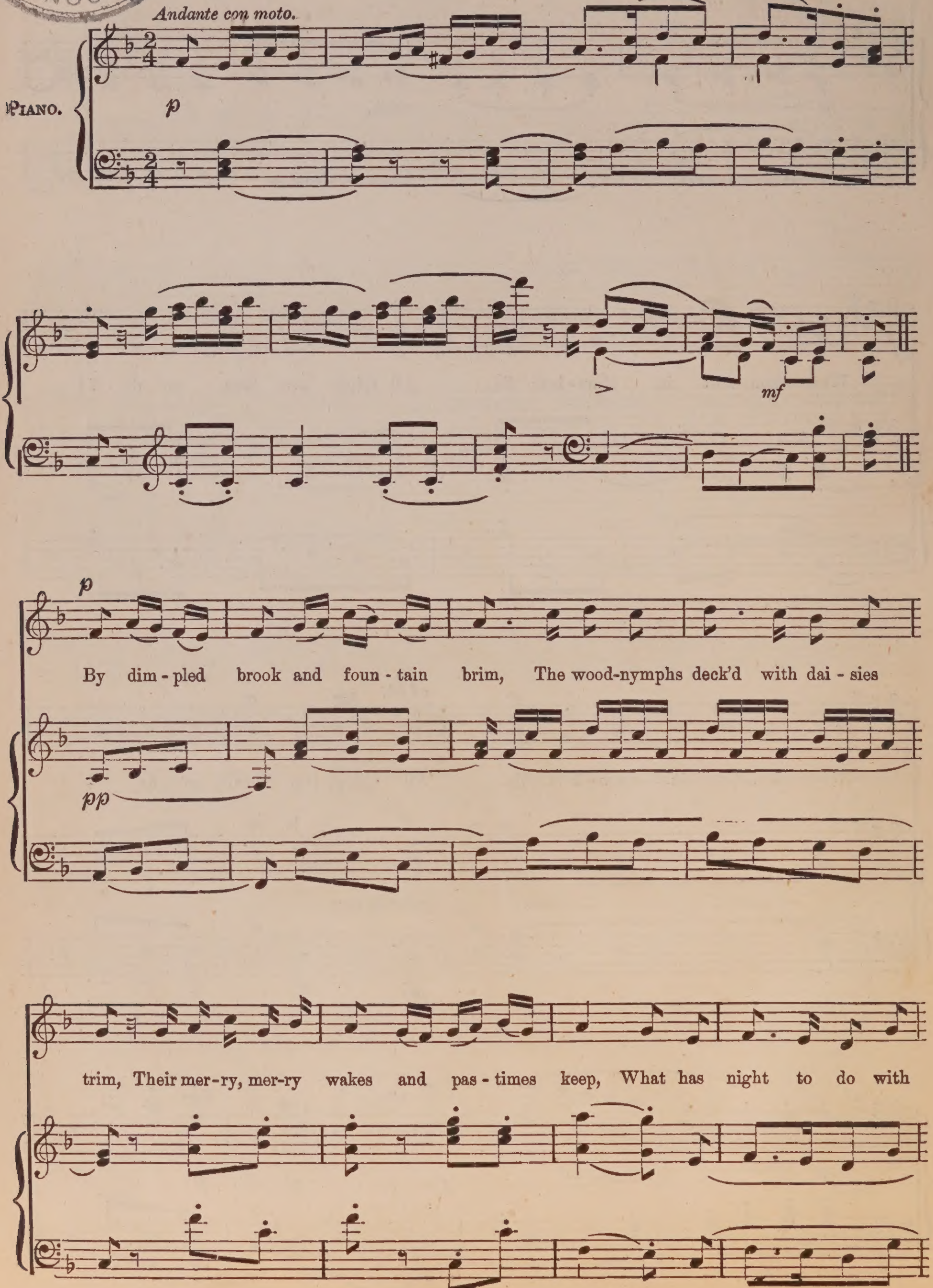

Cool - ing gales with voi - ces low, In the tree - tops gent - ly blow;
Whilst the glo - rious stars a - bove Shine on thee like trust - ing love;
p
simili.
When thou dost in slum - bers lie, All things love thee, so do I!
ad lib.
When thou dost in slum - bers lie, All things love thee, so do I!
mf colla voce.
p
f>
sf
p

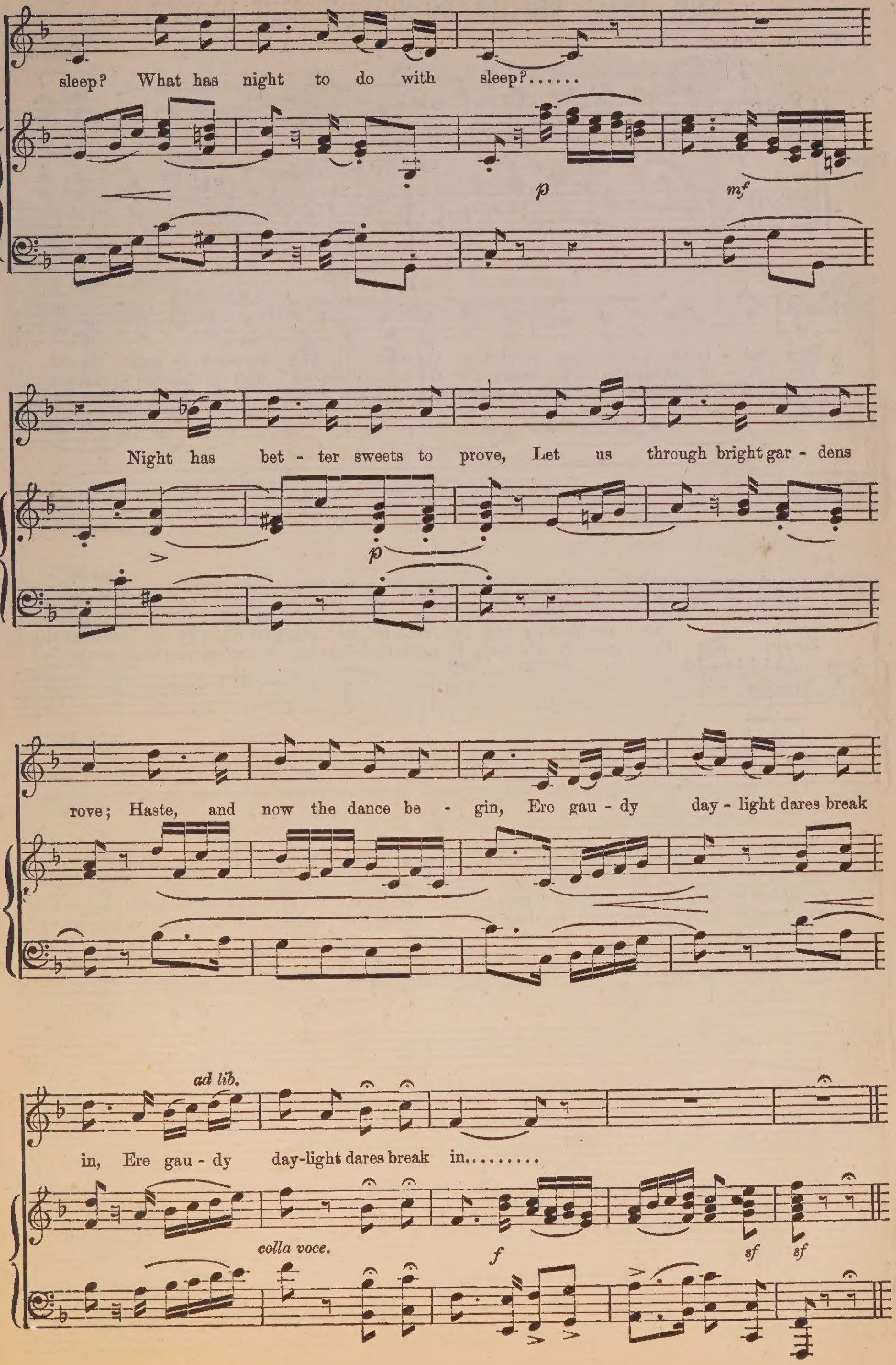
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, TORONTO
MUSICAL Library

By dimpled brook.

From Milton's "Comus."

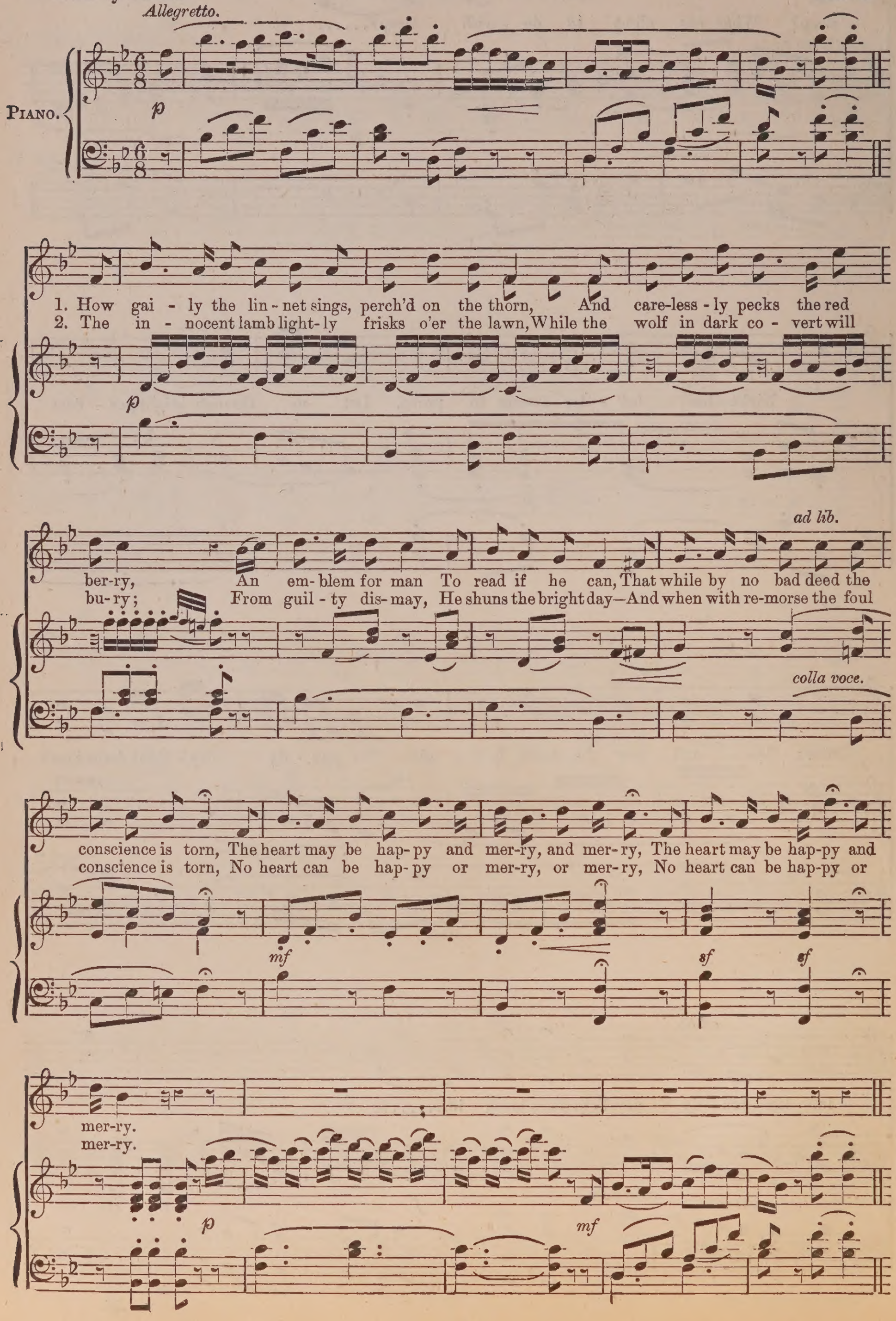
Dr. Arne.


Andante con moto.
Piano.
p
mf
p
pp
By dim - pled brook and foun - tain brim, The wood-nymphs deck'd with dai - sies
trim, Their mer-ry, mer-ry wakes and pas - times keep, What has night to do with


sleep? What has night to do with sleep?......
p
mf
Night has better sweets to prove, Let us through bright gar-dens
p
rove; Haste, and now the dance be-gin, Ere gau-dy day-light dares break
ad lib.
in, Ere gau-dy day-light dares break in.........
colla voce.
f
sf
sf

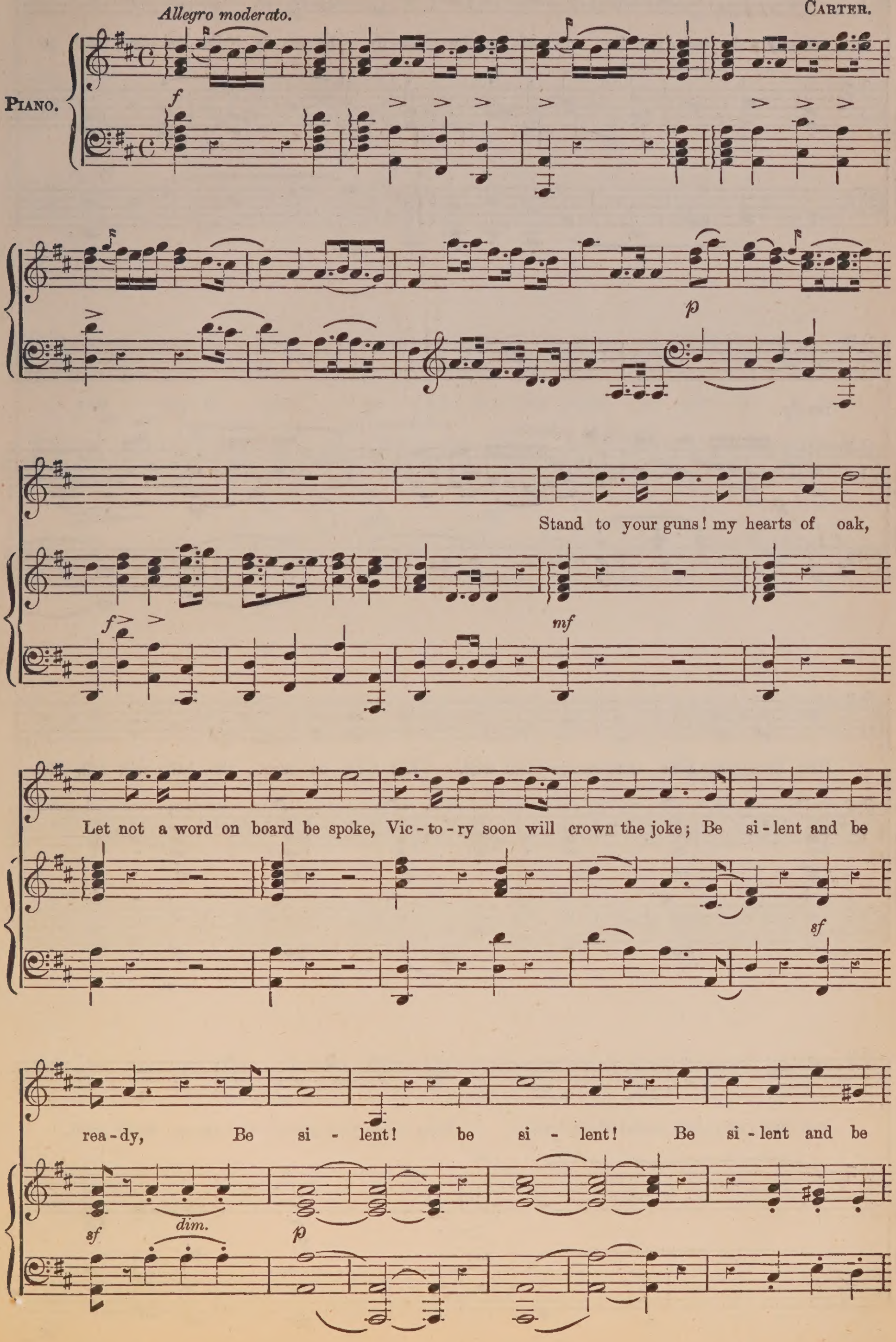
The heart should be happy and merry.

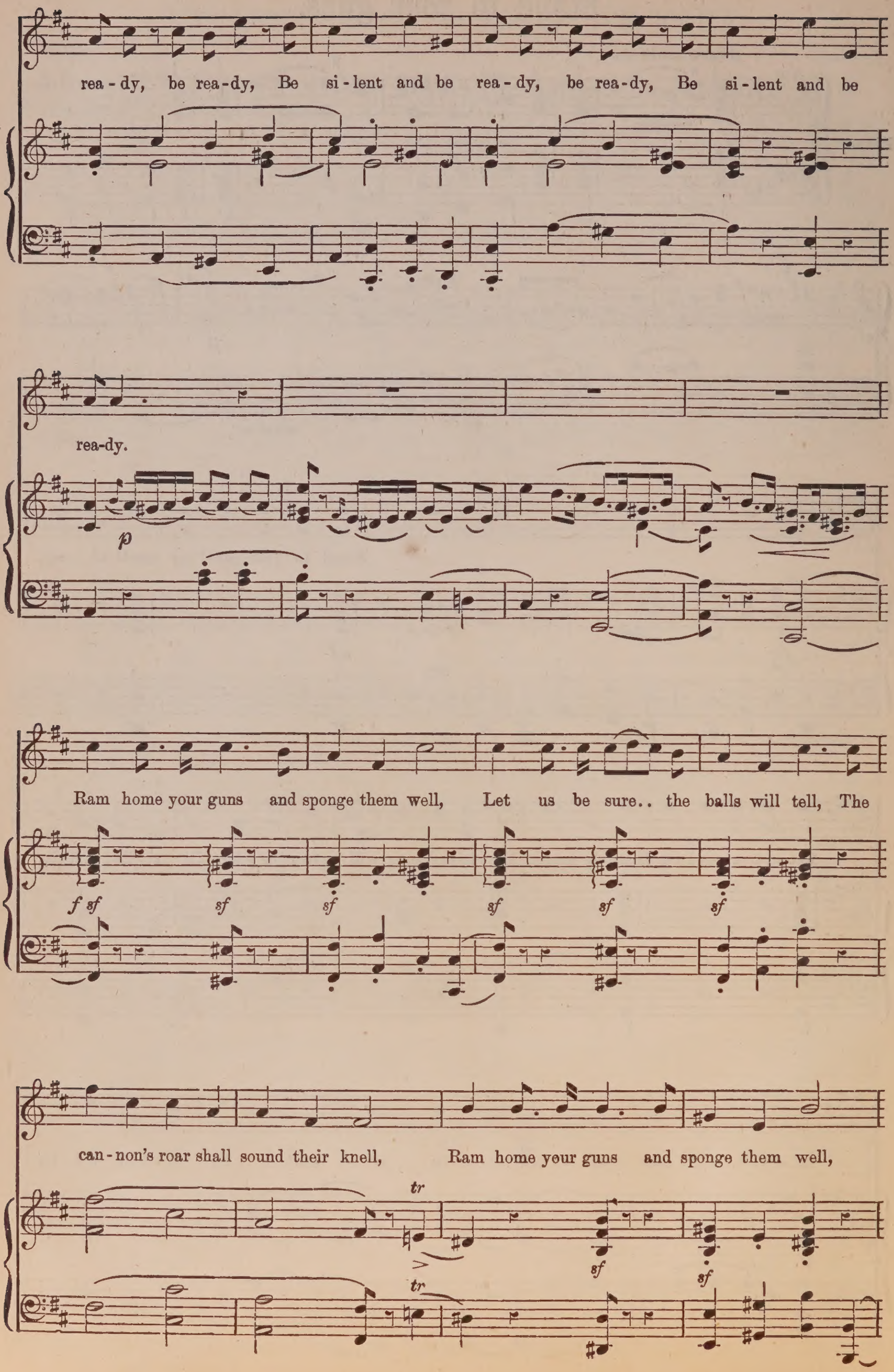
Words by DIBDIN. REEVE.

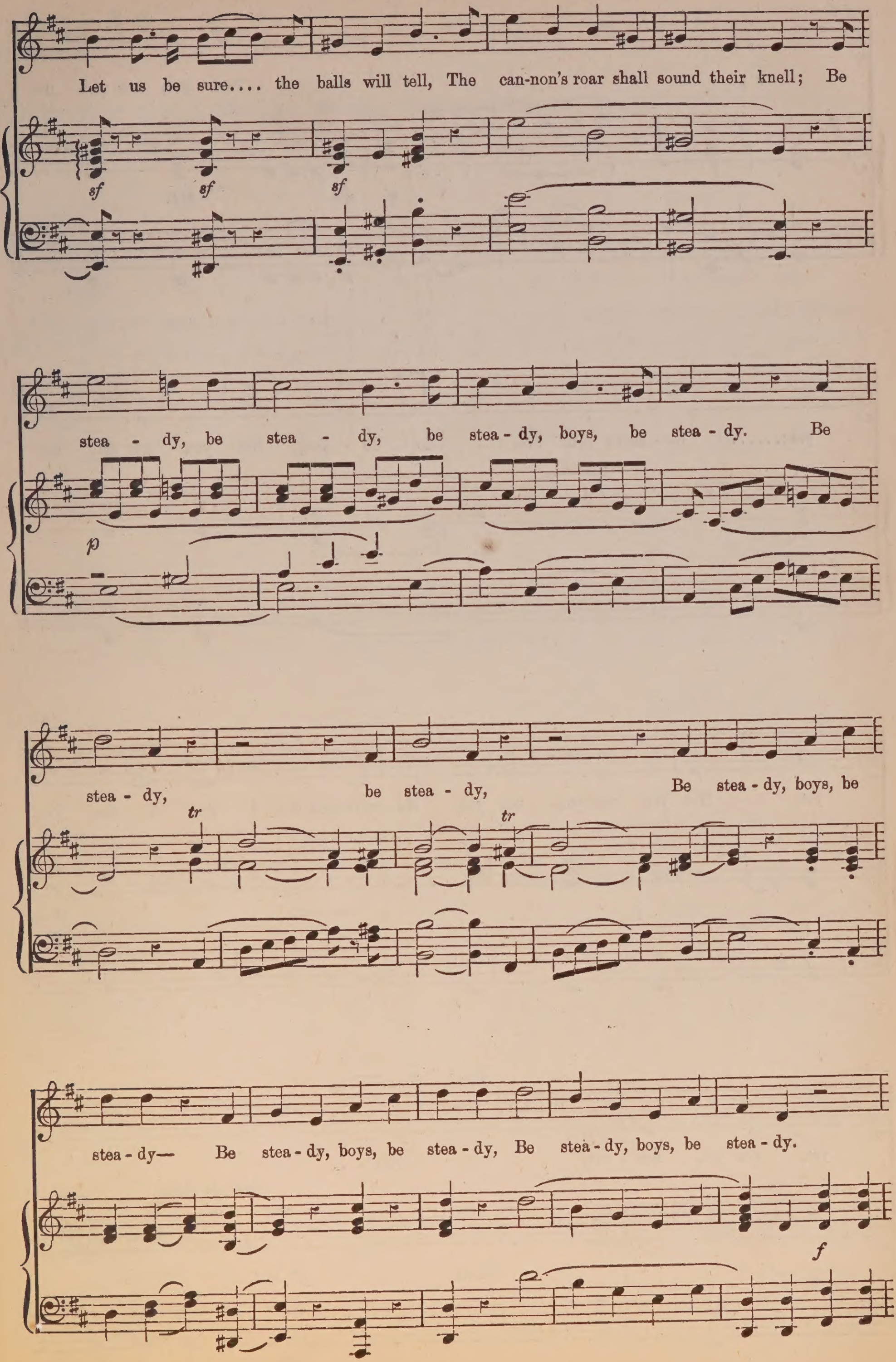

Allegretto.
PIANO.
p
1. How gai - ly the lin - net sings, perch'd on the thorn, And care-less - ly pecks the red
2. The in - nocent lamb light-ly frisks o'er the lawn, While the wolf in dark co - vert will
p
ad lib.
ber-ry, An em-blem for man To read if he can, That while by no bad deed the
bu-ry; From guil - ty dis-may, He shuns the bright day—And when with re-morse the foul
colla voce.
conscience is torn, The heart may be hap-py and mer-ry, and mer-ry, The heart may be hap-py and
conscience is torn, No heart can be hap-py or mer-ry, or mer-ry, No heart can be hap-py or
mf
sf
sf
mer-ry.
mer-ry.
p
mf

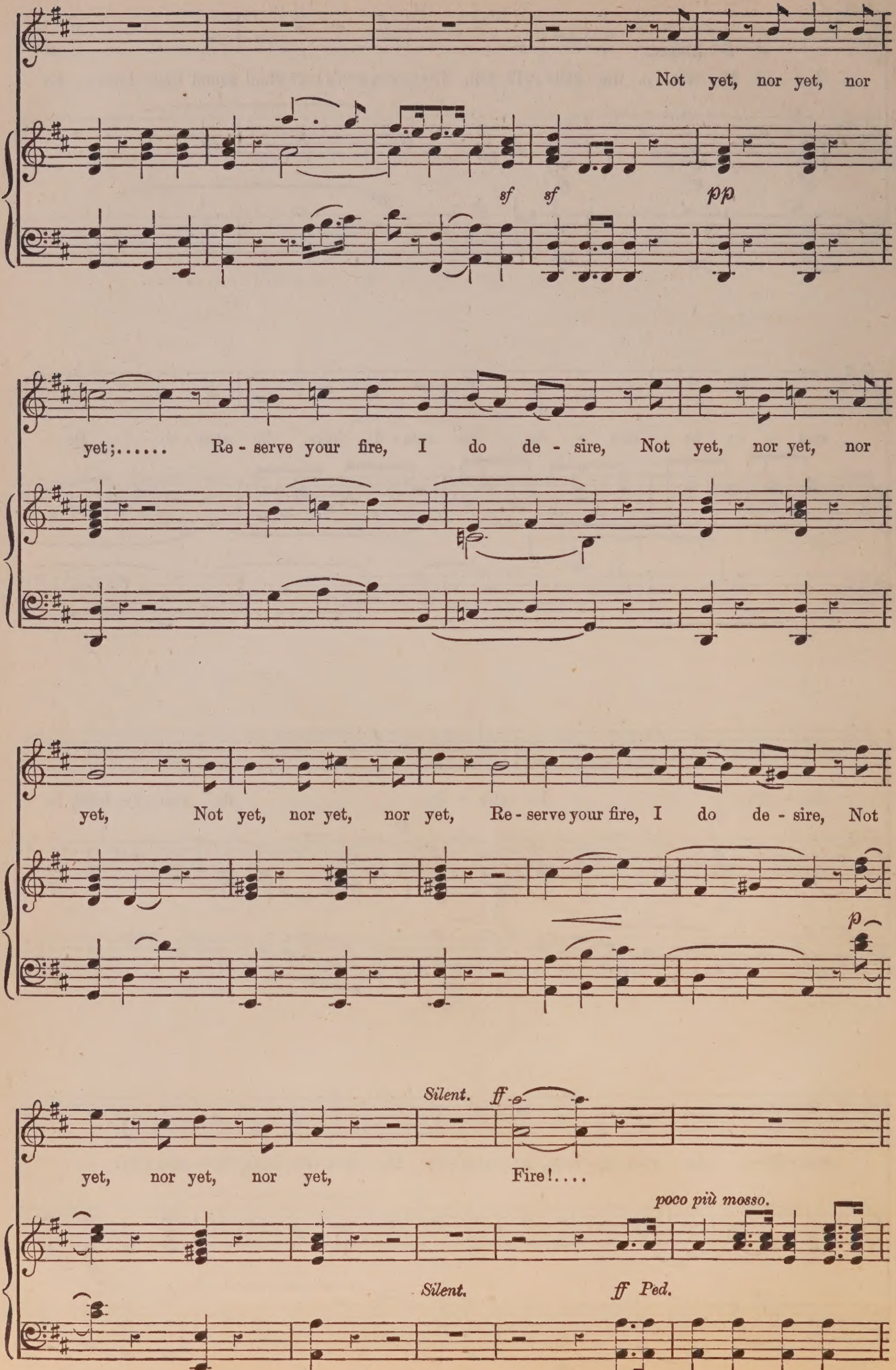
Stand to your guns.

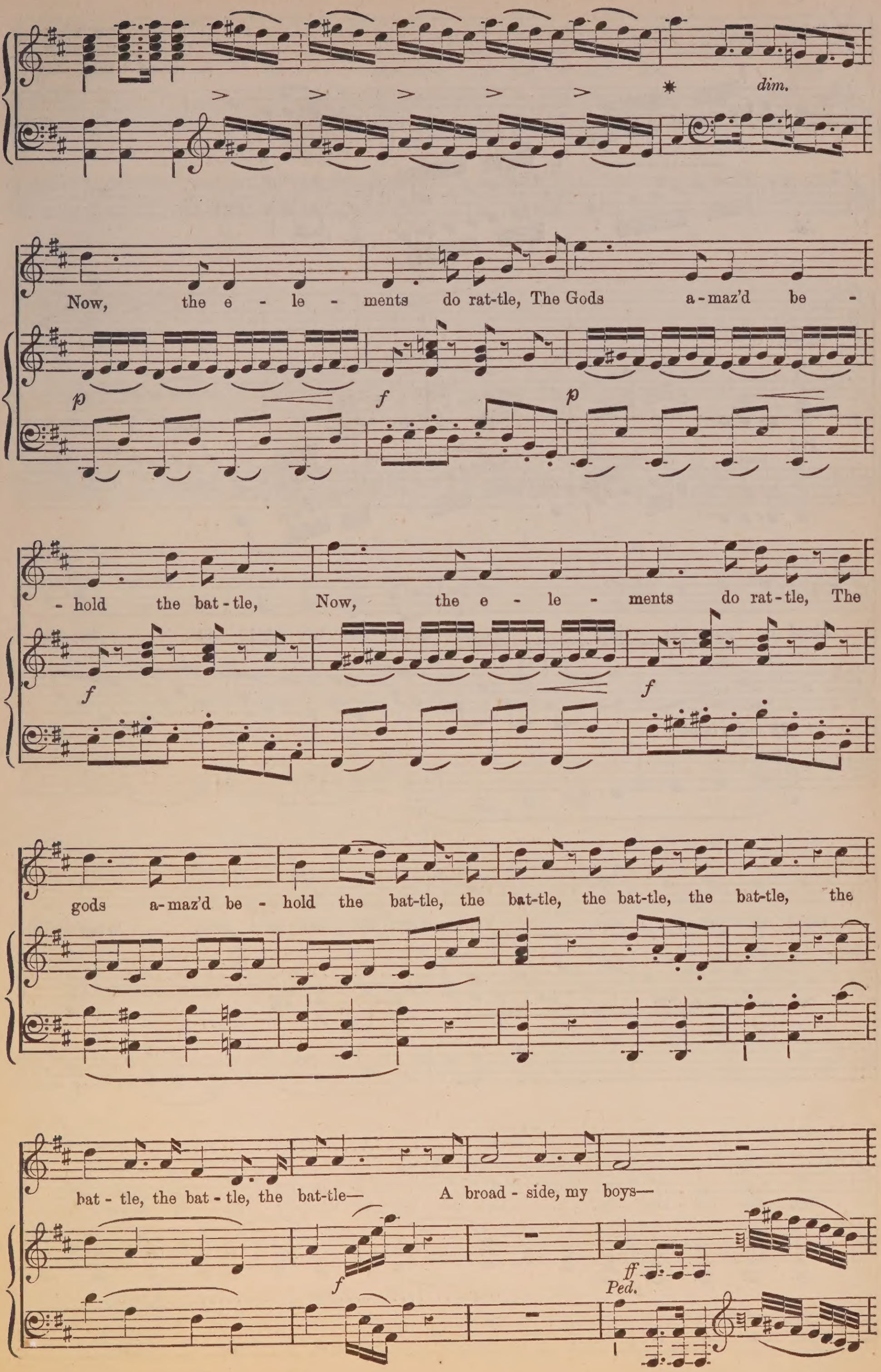
CARTER.

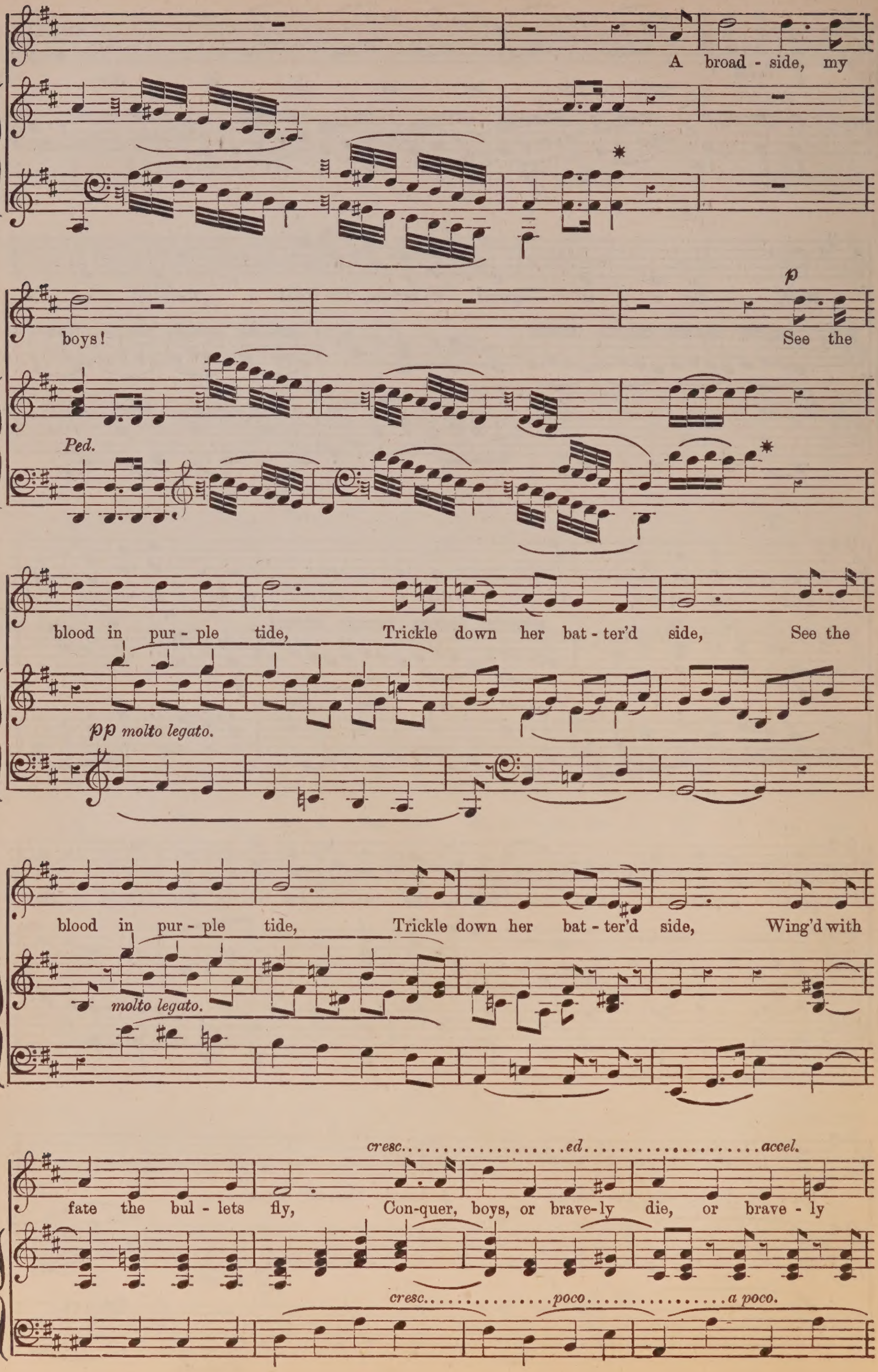

Allegro moderato.
PIANO.
f
p
f
mf
Stand to your guns! my hearts of oak,
Let not a word on board be spoke, Vic-to-ry soon will crown the joke; Be si-lent and be
sf
rea-dy, Be si-lent! be si-lent! Be si-lent and be
sf
dim.
p

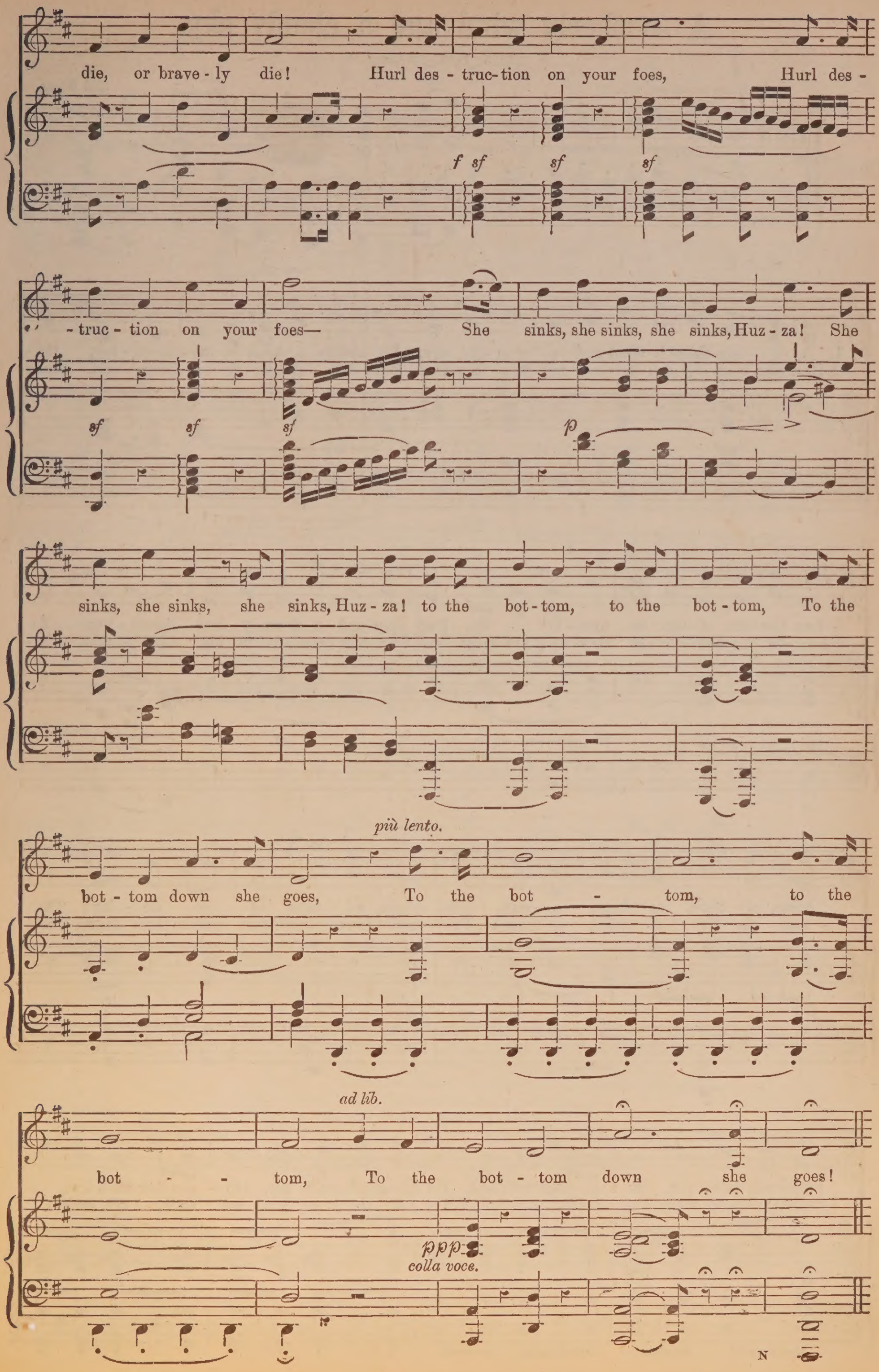

rea - dy, be rea - dy, Be si - lent and be rea - dy, be rea - dy, Be si - lent and be
rea-dy.
p
Ram home your guns and sponge them well, Let us be sure.. the balls will tell, The
f sf sf sf sf sf sf
can - non's roar shall sound their knell, Ram home your guns and sponge them well,
tr
tr
sf sf


Let us be sure.... the balls will tell, The can-non's roar shall sound their knell; Be
sf
sf
sf
stea - dy, be stea - dy, be stea - dy, boys, be stea - dy. Be
p
stea - dy, be stea - dy, Be stea - dy, boys, be
tr
tr
stea - dy— Be stea - dy, boys, be stea - dy, Be stea - dy, boys, be stea - dy.
f


Not yet, nor yet, nor
sf sf
pp
yet;...... Re - serve your fire, I do de - sire, Not yet, nor yet, nor
yet, Not yet, nor yet, nor yet, Re - serve your fire, I do de - sire, Not
p
Silent. ff
yet, nor yet, nor yet, Fire!....
poco più mosso.
Silent.
ff Ped.


dim.
Now, the e - le - ments do rat-tle, The Gods a-maz'd be -
p
f
p
- hold the bat - tle, Now, the e - le - ments do rat - tle, The
f
f
gods a-maz'd be - hold the bat-tle, the bat-tle, the bat-tle, the bat-tle, the
bat - tle, the bat - tle, the bat-tle— A broad - side, my boys—
f
ff
Ped.


A broad - side, my
boys!
Ped.
p
See the
blood in pur - ple tide, Trickle down her bat - ter'd side, See the
pp molto legato.
blood in pur - ple tide, Trickle down her bat - ter'd side, Wing'd with
molto legato.
cresc. ed accel.
fate the bul - lets fly, Con-quer, boys, or brave-ly die, or brave - ly
cresc. poco a poco.

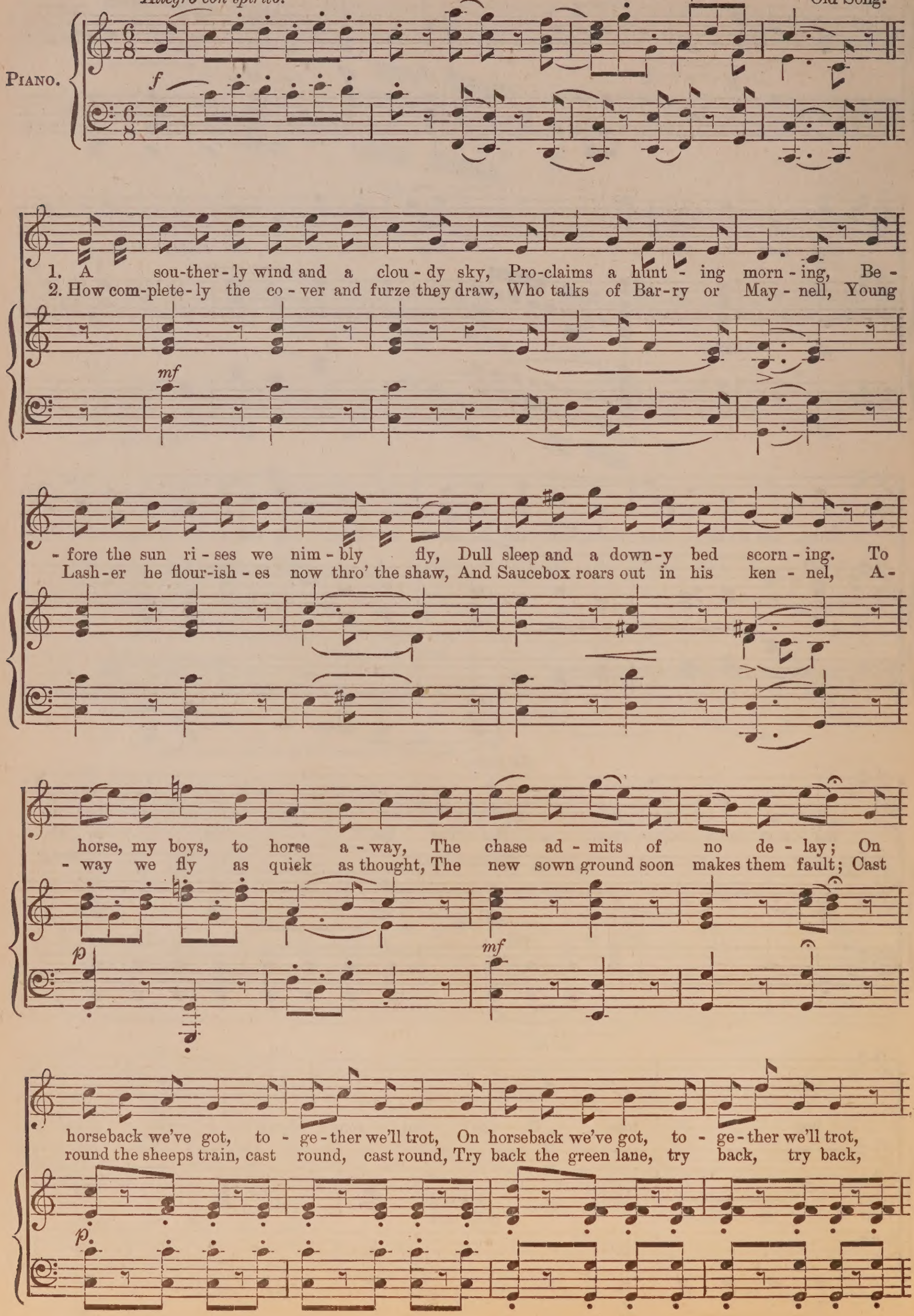

die, or brave - ly die! Hurl des - truc - tion on your foes, Hurl des -
f sf sf sf
- truc - tion on your foes— She sinks, she sinks, she sinks, Huz - za! She
sf sf sf p
sinks, she sinks, she sinks, Huz - za! to the bot - tom, to the bot - tom, To the
più lento.
bot - tom down she goes, To the bot - tom, to the
ad lib.
bot - tom, To the bot - tom down she goes!
ppp
colla voce.

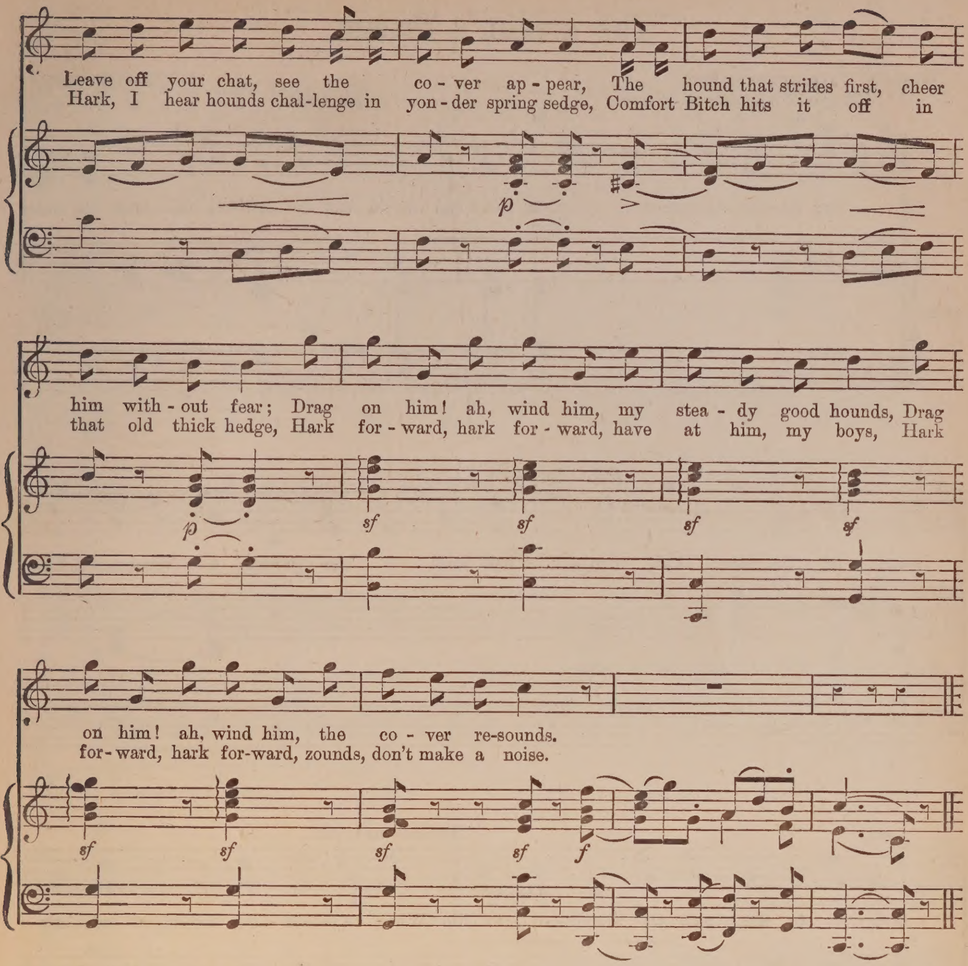
A southerly wind and a cloudy sky.

(THE FOX-CHASE.)

Allegro con spirito.

Old Song.


PIANO.
f
1. A sou-ther-ly wind and a clou-dy sky, Pro-claims a hunt-ing morn-ing, Be-
2. How com-plete-ly the co-ver and furze they draw, Who talks of Bar-ry or May-nell, Young
mf
-fore the sun ri-ses we nim-bly fly, Dull sleep and a down-y bed scorn-ing. To
Lash-er he flour-ish-es now thro' the shaw, And Saucebox roars out in his ken-nel, A-
horse, my boys, to horse a-way, The chase ad-mits of no de-lay; On
-way we fly as quick as thought, The new sown ground soon makes them fault; Cast
p
mf
horseback we've got, to-ge-ther we'll trot, On horseback we've got, to-ge-ther we'll trot,
round the sheeps train, cast round, cast round, Try back the green lane, try back, try back,
p.


Leave off your chat, see the co-ver ap-pear, The hound that strikes first, cheer him with-out fear; Drag on him! ah, wind him, my stea-dy good hounds, Drag on him! ah, wind him, the co-ver re-sounds.
Hark, I hear hounds chal-lenge in yon-der spring sedge, Comfort Bitch hits it off in that old thick hedge, Hark for-ward, hark for-ward, have at him, my boys, Hark for-ward, hark for-ward, zounds, don't make a noise.
p
sf
f

3.

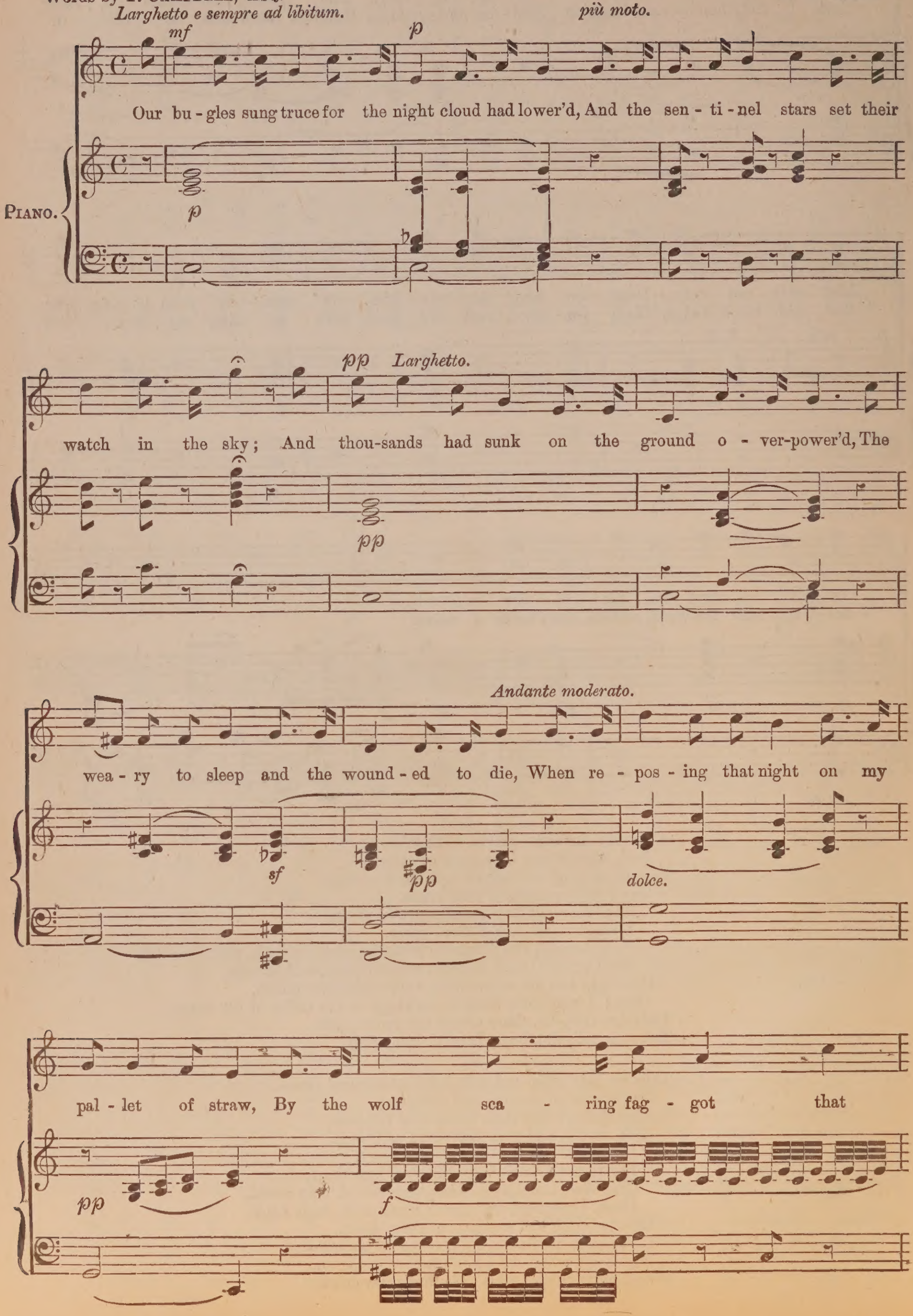
A stormy sky overcharged with rain,
  Both hounds and huntsmen opposes,
In vain on your mettle you try, boys, in vain,
  But down ye must to your noses,
    Each moment now the sky grows worse
    Enough to make a Parson curse.
    Pick through the ploughed grounds, pick through, pick through,
    Well hunted, good hounds, well hunted, well hunted,
  If we can but get on we shall soon make him quake,
  Hark! I hear some hounds challenge in the midst of the brake;
Tally-ho, tally-ho, there across the green plain,
Tally-ha, tally-ho, boys, have at him again.

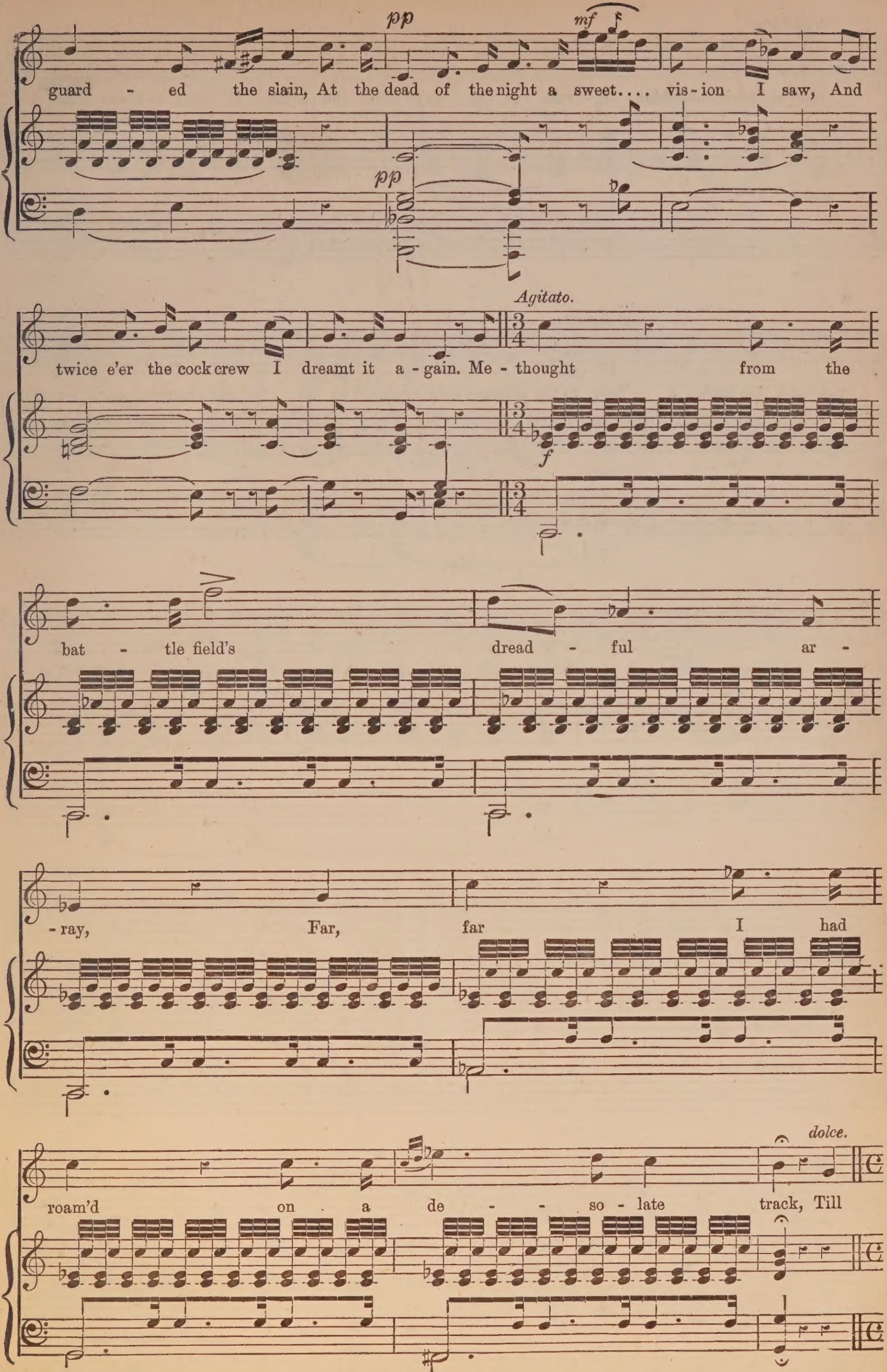
4.

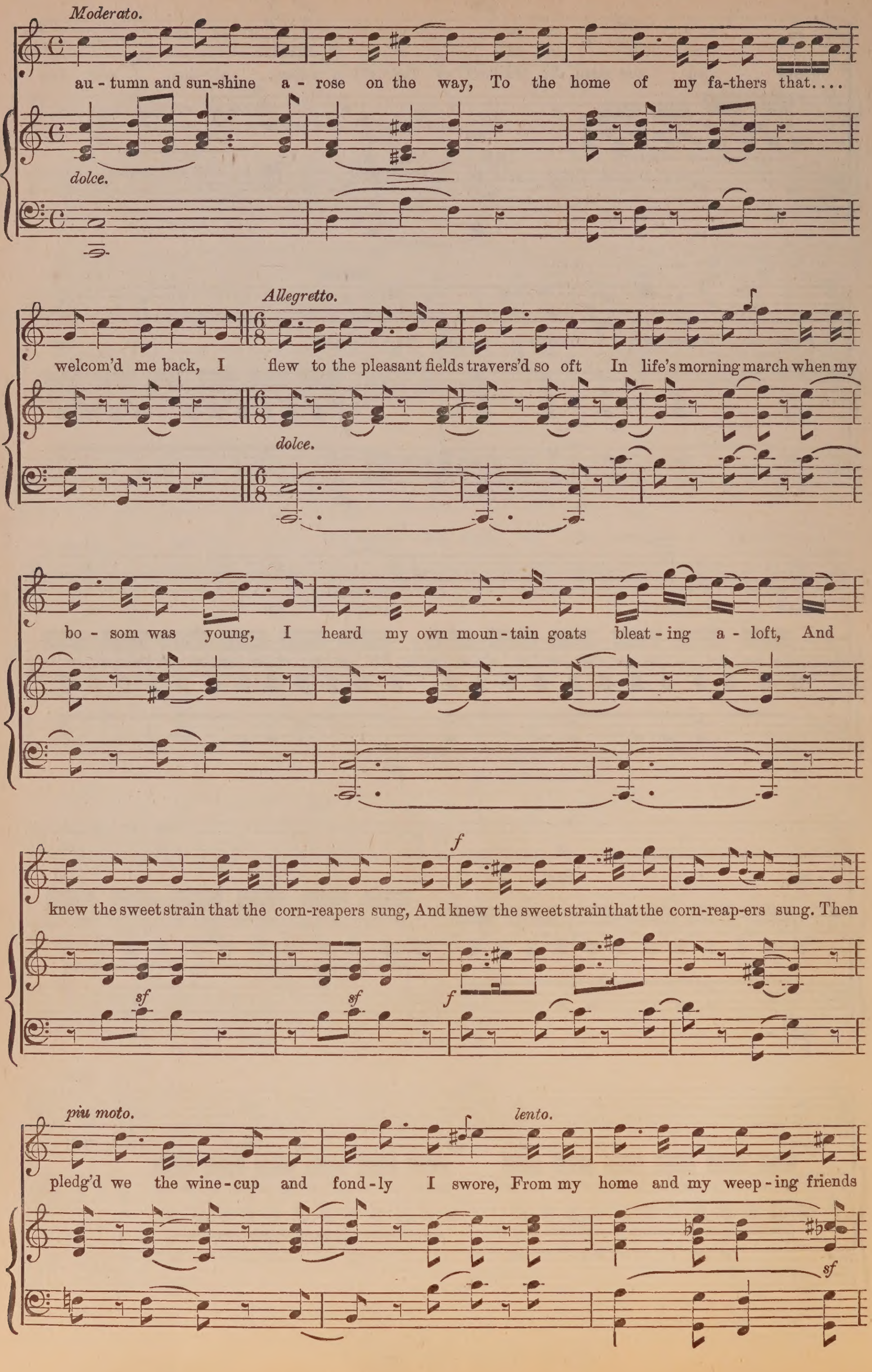
Thus we ride whip and spur for a two hours' chase,
  Our horses go panting and sobbing;
Young Madcap and Riot begin now the race,
  Ride on, sir, and give him some mobbing.
    But hold, alas, you'll spoil our sport,
    For thro' the hounds you'll head him short,
    Clap round him, dear Jack, clap round, clap round,
    Hark, Drummer, hark back, hark back, hark back,
  He's jumping and dodging in every bush,
  Little Riot has fasten'd her teeth in his brush;
Whoo' hoop, whoo' hoop, he's fairly run down,
Whoo' hoop, whoo' hoop, he's fairly run down.

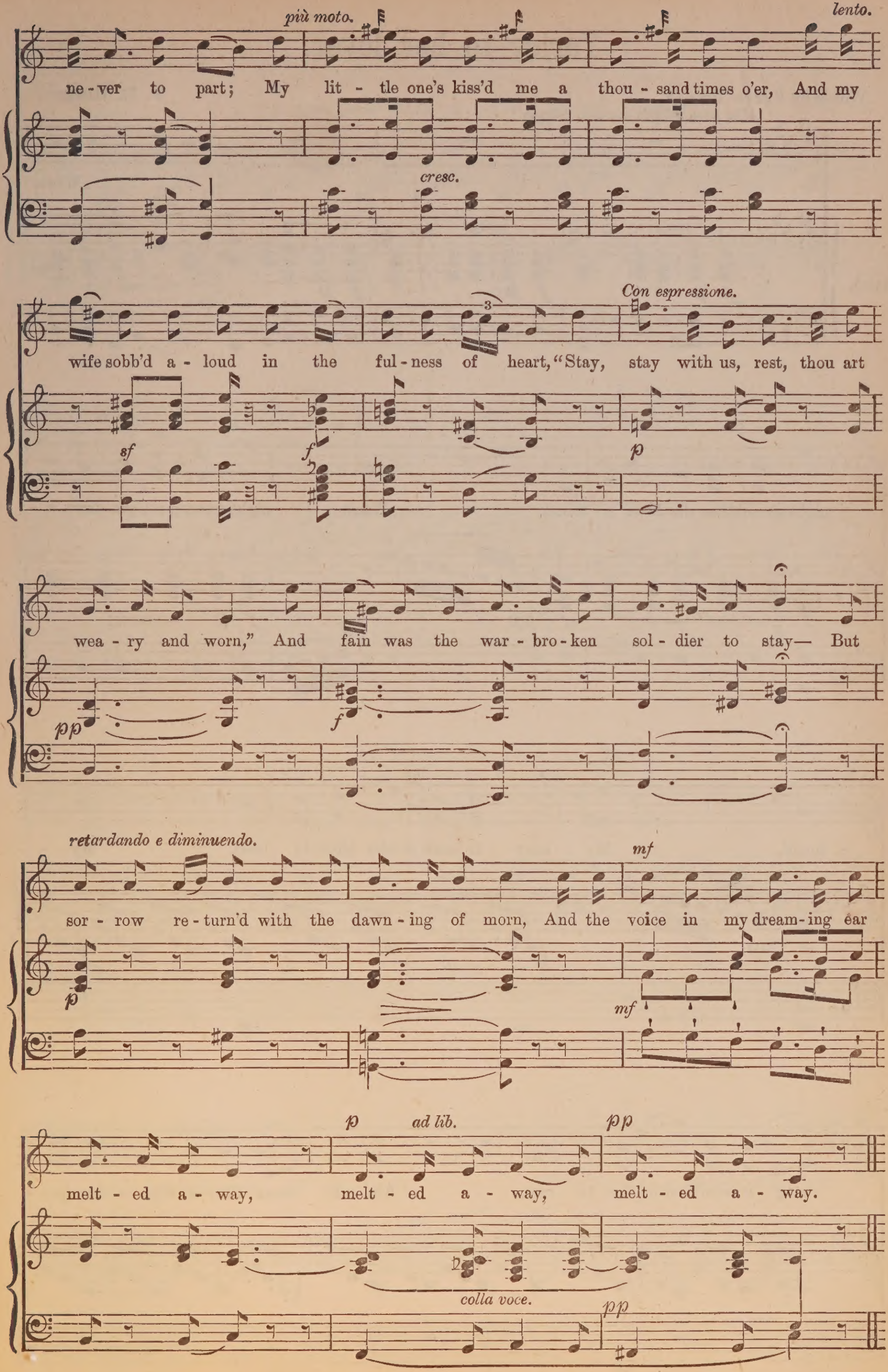
The soldier's dream.

Words by T. CAMPBELL, ESQ. T. ATTWOOD.


Larghetto e sempre ad libitum.
più moto.
mf
p
Our bu-gles sung truce for the night cloud had lower'd, And the sen-ti-nel stars set their
PIANO.
p
pp Larghetto.
watch in the sky; And thou-sands had sunk on the ground o-ver-power'd, The
pp
Andante moderato.
wea-ry to sleep and the wound-ed to die, When re-pos-ing that night on my
sf
pp
dolce.
pal-let of straw, By the wolf sca-ring fag-got that
pp
f


pp
mf
guard - ed the slain, At the dead of the night a sweet.... vis - ion I saw, And
pp
Agitato.
twice e'er the cock crew I dreamt it a - gain. Me - thought from the
f
bat - tle field's dread - ful ar -
- ray, Far, far I had
dolce.
roam'd on a de - - - so - late track, Till

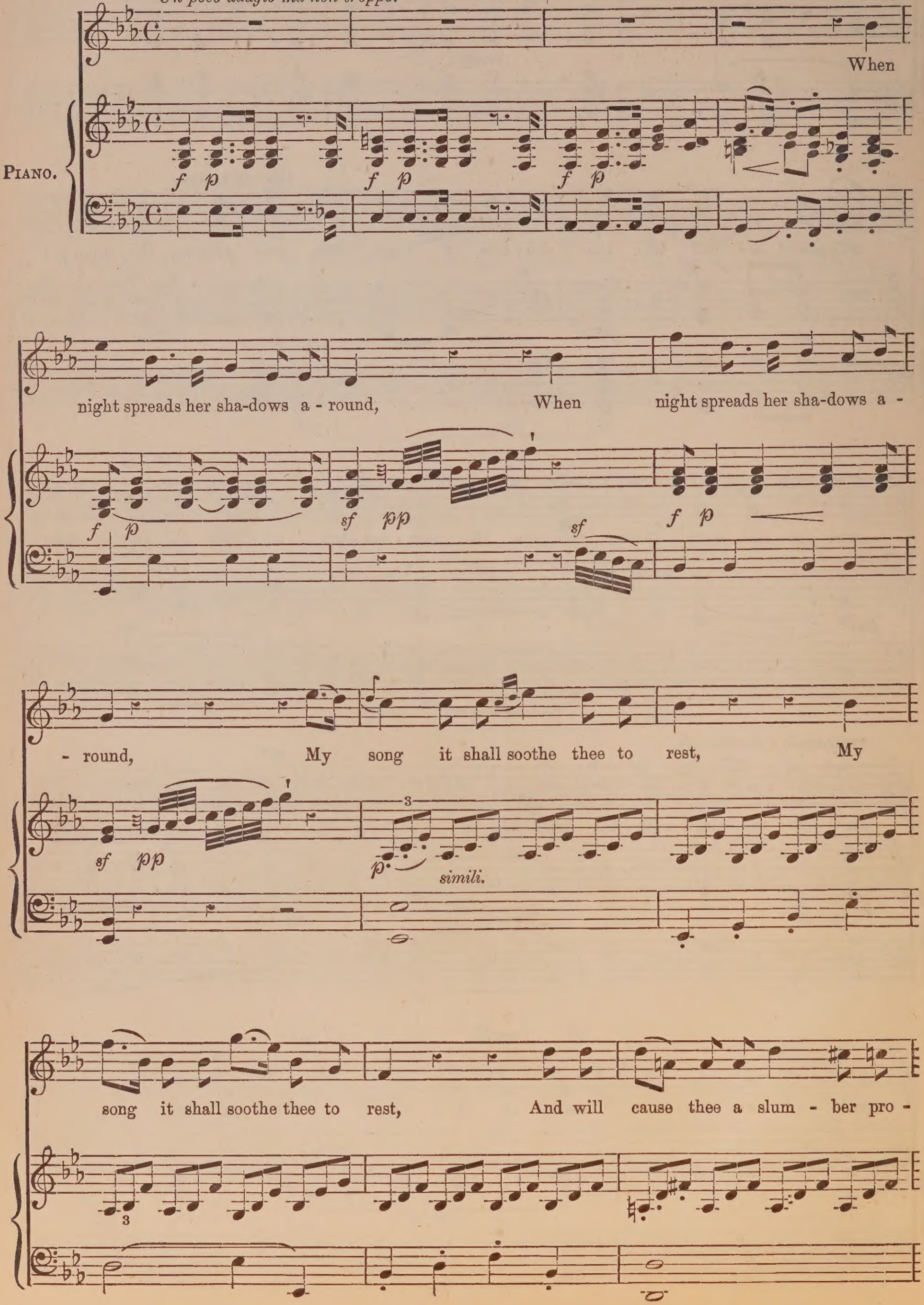

Moderato.
au - tumn and sun-shine a - rose on the way, To the home of my fa-thers that....
dolce.
welcom'd me back, I
Allegretto.
flew to the pleasant fields travers'd so oft In life's morning march when my
dolce.
bo - som was young, I heard my own moun - tain goats bleat - ing a - loft, And
f
knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung, And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reap-ers sung. Then
sf
sf
f
piu moto.
lento.
pledg'd we the wine - cup and fond - ly I swore, From my home and my weep - ing friends
sf

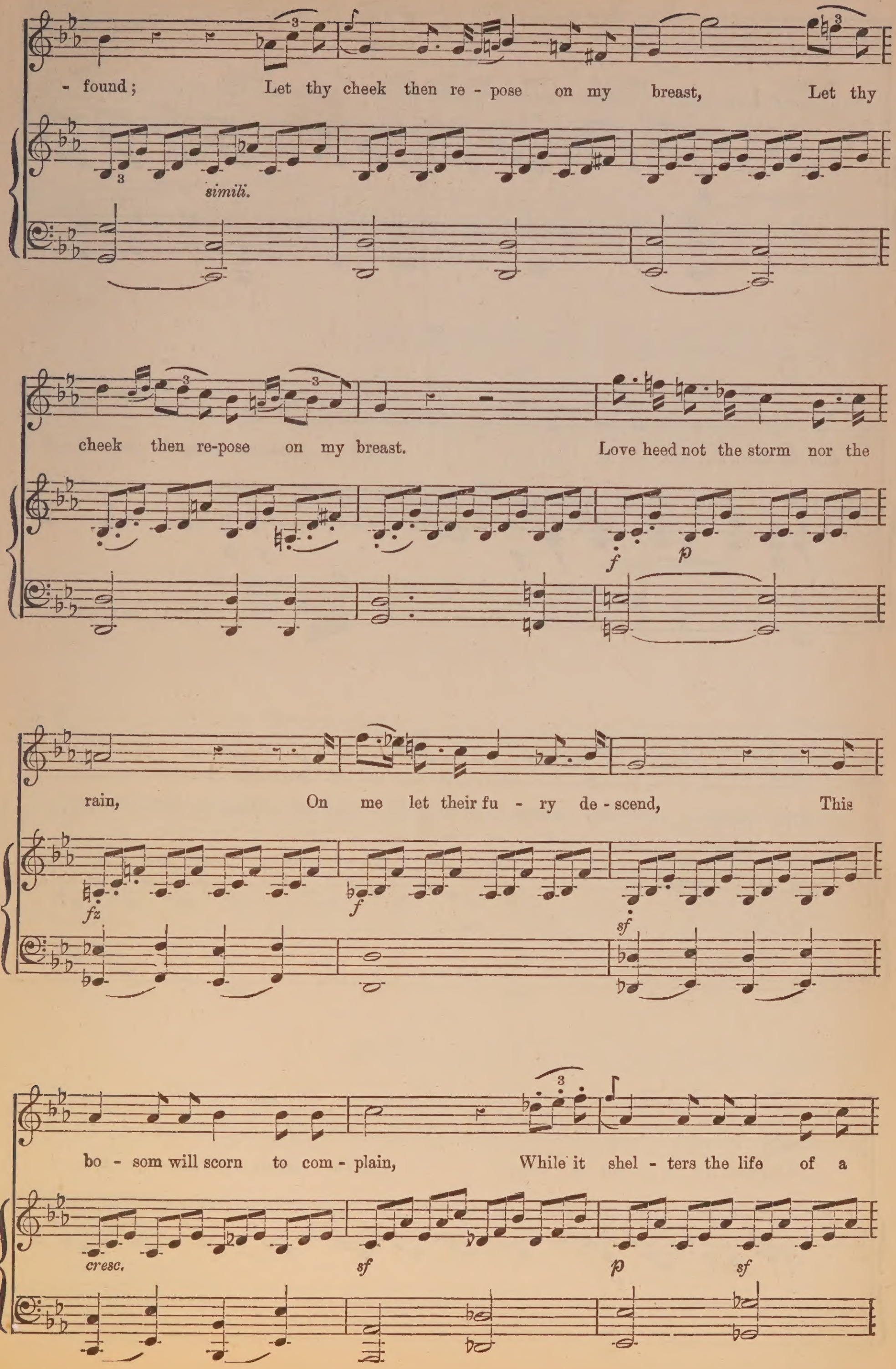

più moto.
lento.
ne - ver to part; My lit - tle one's kiss'd me a thou - sand times o'er, And my
cresc.
wife sobb'd a - loud in the ful - ness of heart, "Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art
Con espressione.
sf
f
p
wea - ry and worn," And fain was the war - bro - ken sol - dier to stay— But
pp
f
retardando e diminuendo.
sor - row re - turn'd with the dawn - ing of morn, And the voice in my dream - ing ear
mf
p
melt - ed a - way, melt - ed a - way, melt - ed a - way.
ad lib.
pp
colla voce.

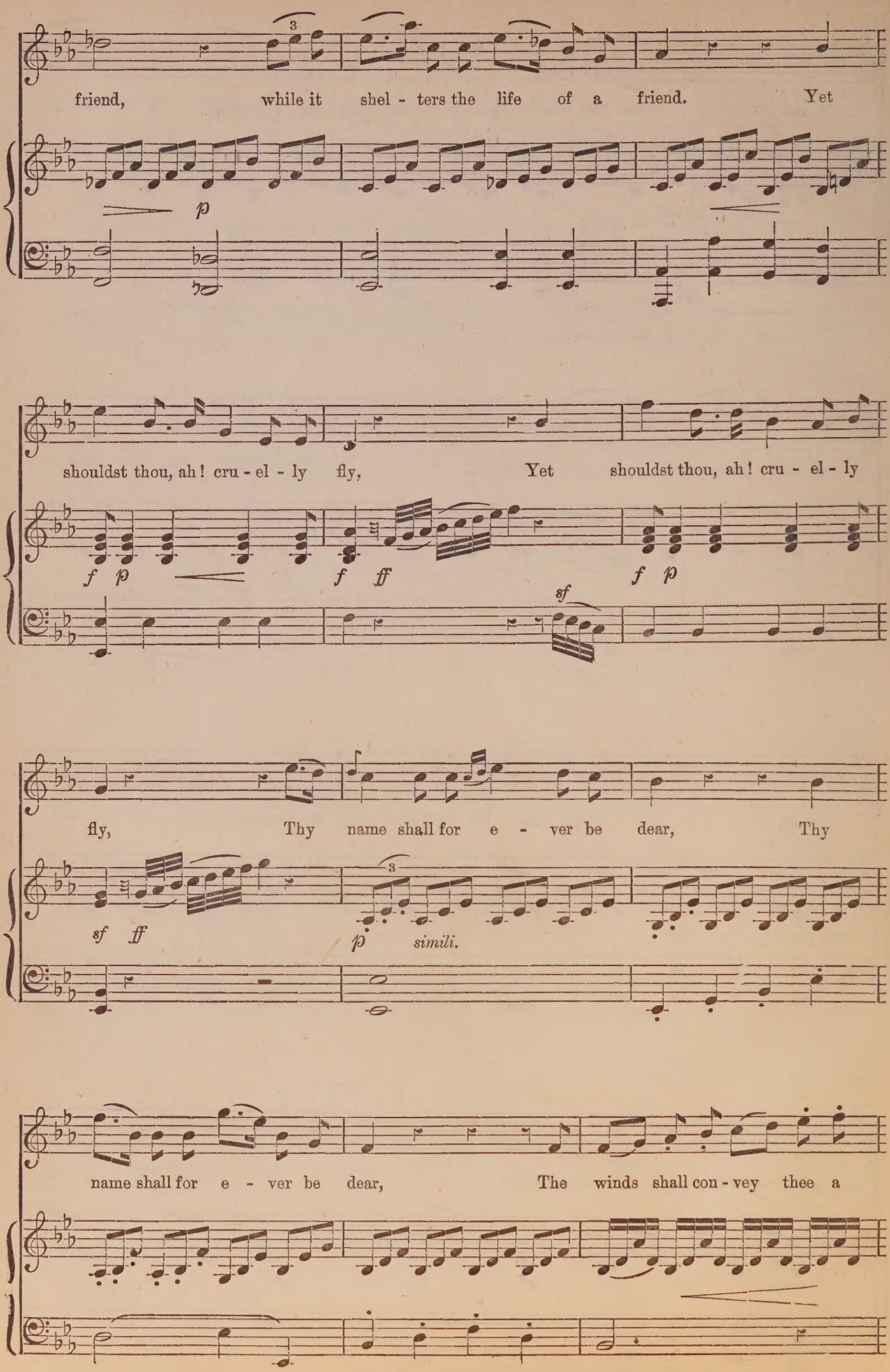
Yarico to her lover.

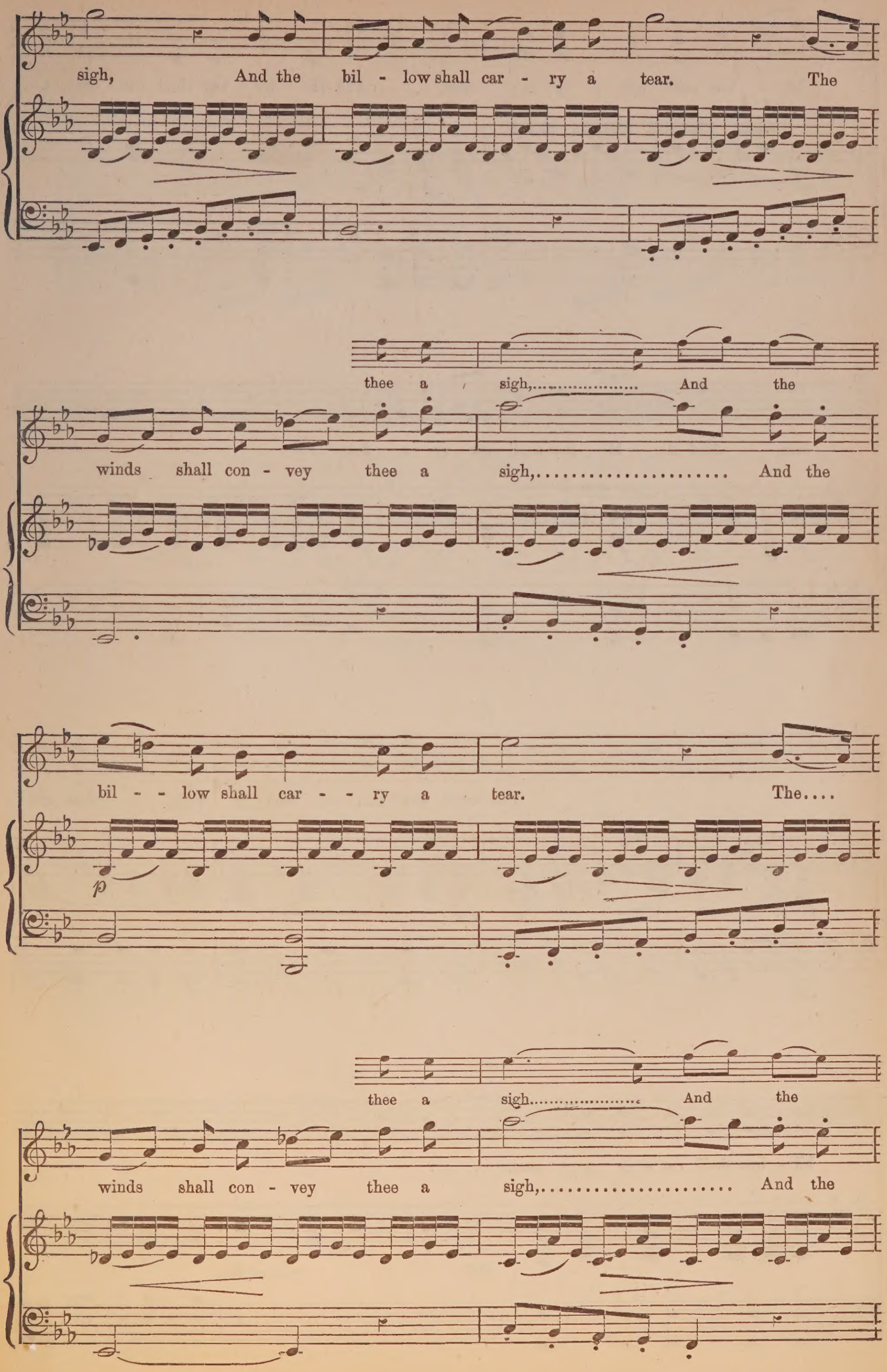
Words by Peter Pindar. **F. H. Himmel.**

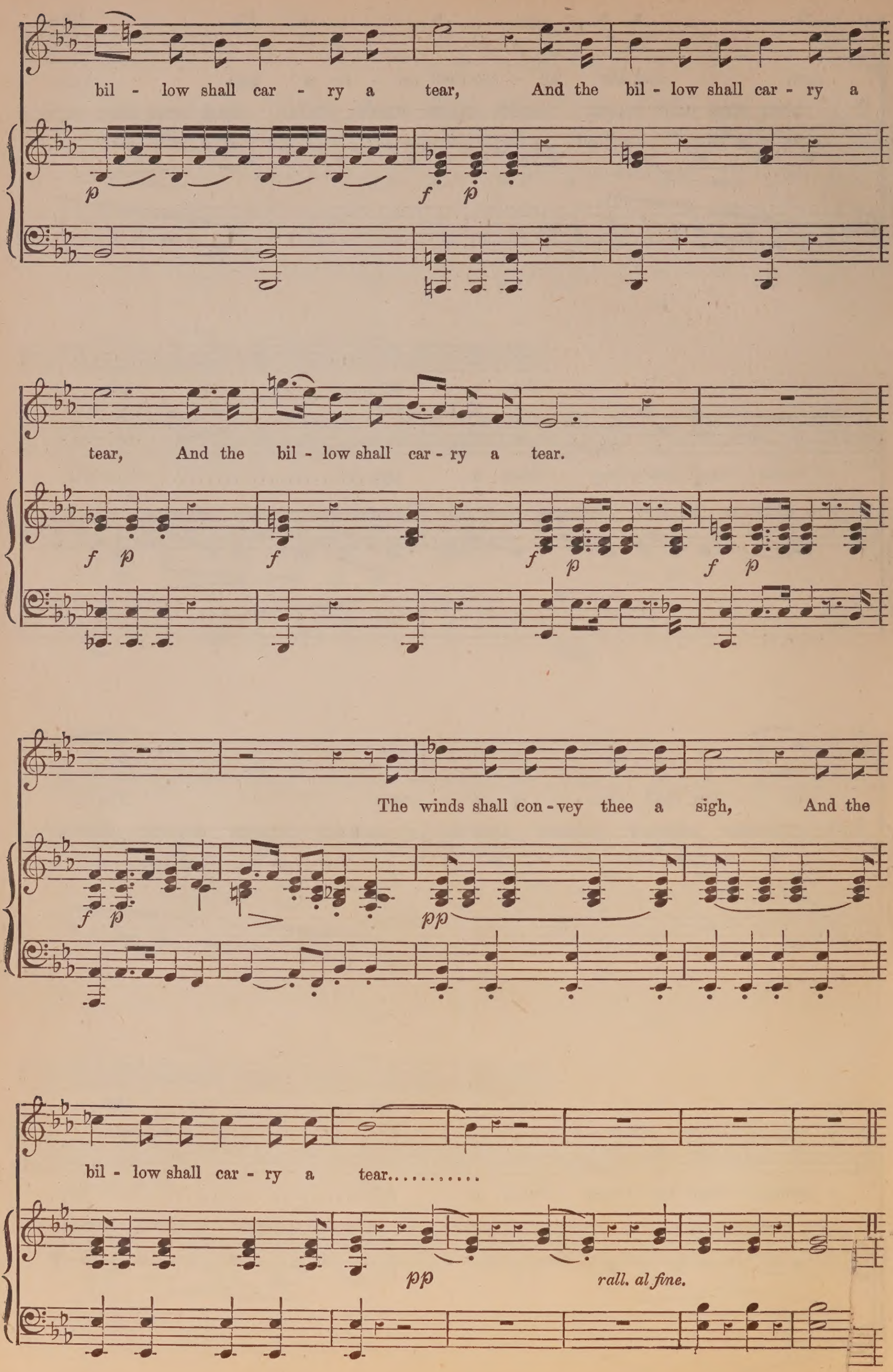
Un poco adagio ma non troppo.


When
Piano.
f p f p f p
night spreads her sha-dows a - round, When night spreads her sha-dows a -
f p sf pp sf f p
- round, My song it shall soothe thee to rest, My
sf pp p simili.
song it shall soothe thee to rest, And will cause thee a slum - ber pro -


- found; Let thy cheek then re - pose on my breast, Let thy
simili.
cheek then re-pose on my breast. Love heed not the storm nor the
f
p
rain, On me let their fu - ry de - scend, This
fz
f
sf
bo - som will scorn to com - plain, While it shel - ters the life of a
cresc.
sf
p
sf


3
friend, while it shel - ters the life of a friend. Yet
p
shouldst thou, ah! cru - el - ly fly, Yet shouldst thou, ah! cru - el - ly
f p
f ff
sf
f p
fly, Thy name shall for e - ver be dear, Thy
sf ff
3
p simili.
name shall for e - ver be dear, The winds shall con - vey thee a

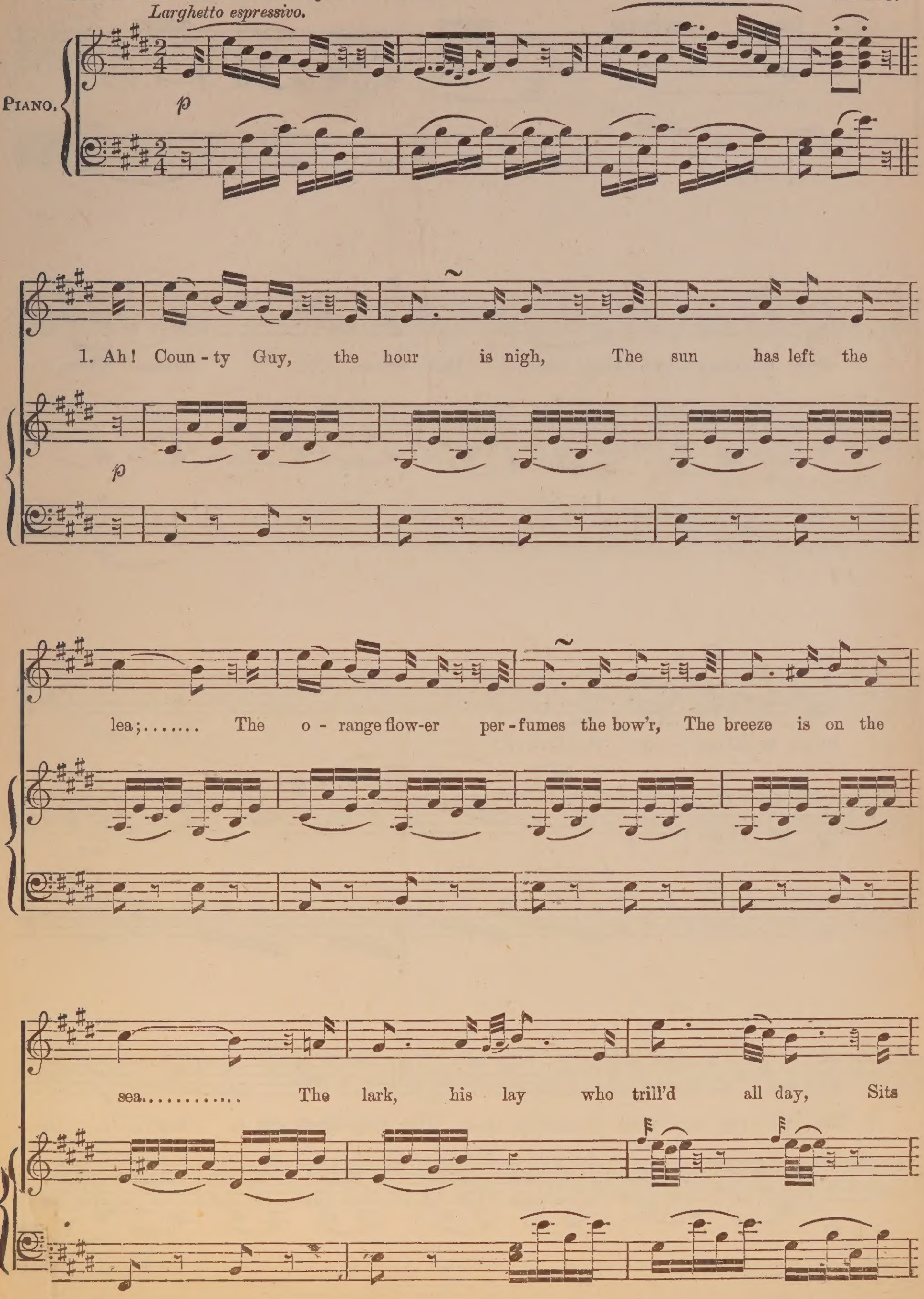

sigh, And the bil - low shall car - ry a tear. The
thee a sigh,..................... And the
winds shall con - vey thee a sigh,..................... And the
bil - - low shall car - - ry a tear. The....
p
thee a sigh,..................... And the
winds shall con - vey thee a sigh,..................... And the

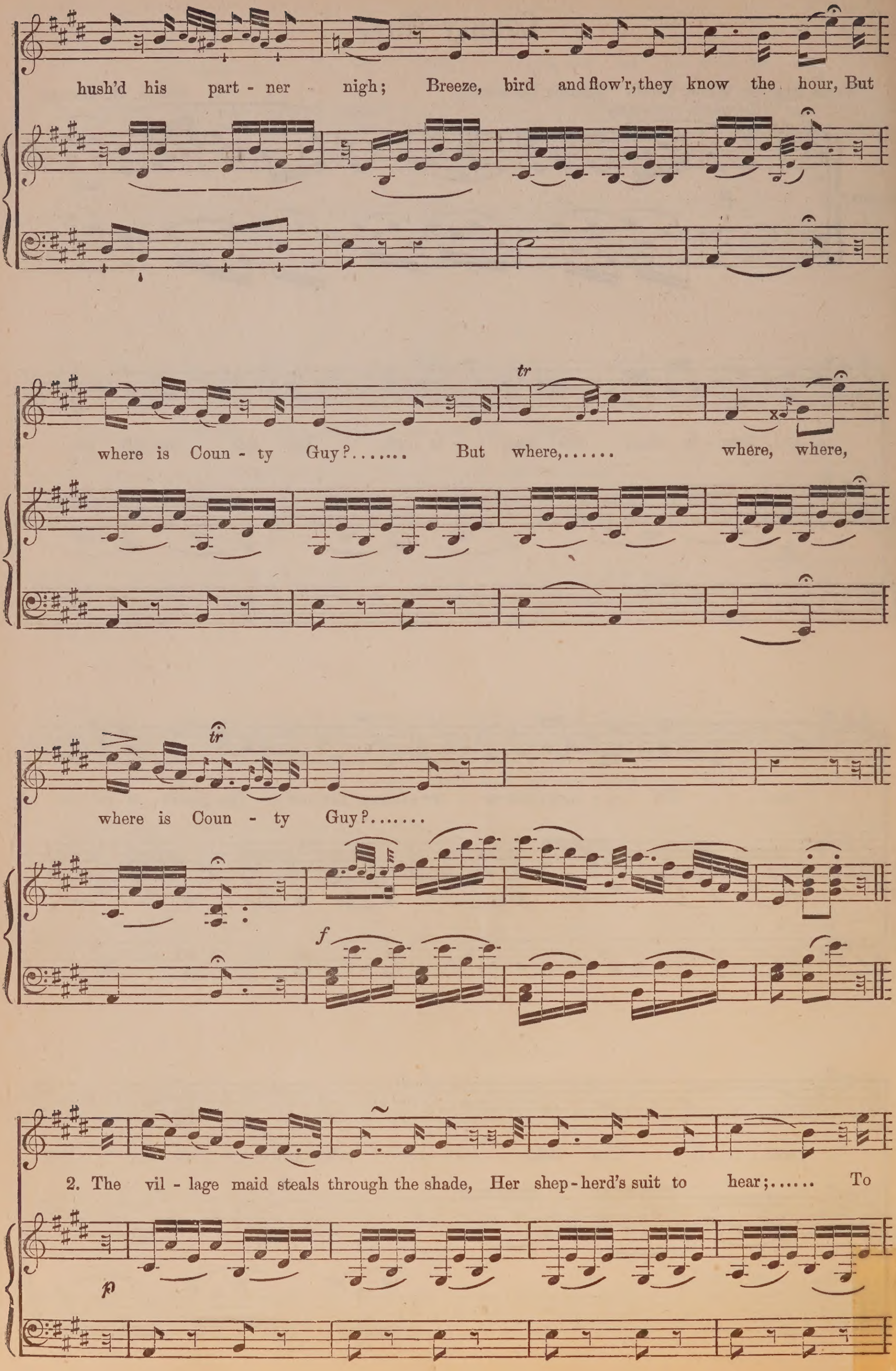

bil - low shall car - ry a tear, And the bil - low shall car - ry a
p
f p
tear, And the bil - low shall car - ry a tear.
f p
f
f p
f p
The winds shall con - vey thee a sigh, And the
f p
pp
bil - low shall car - ry a tear...........
pp
rall. al fine.

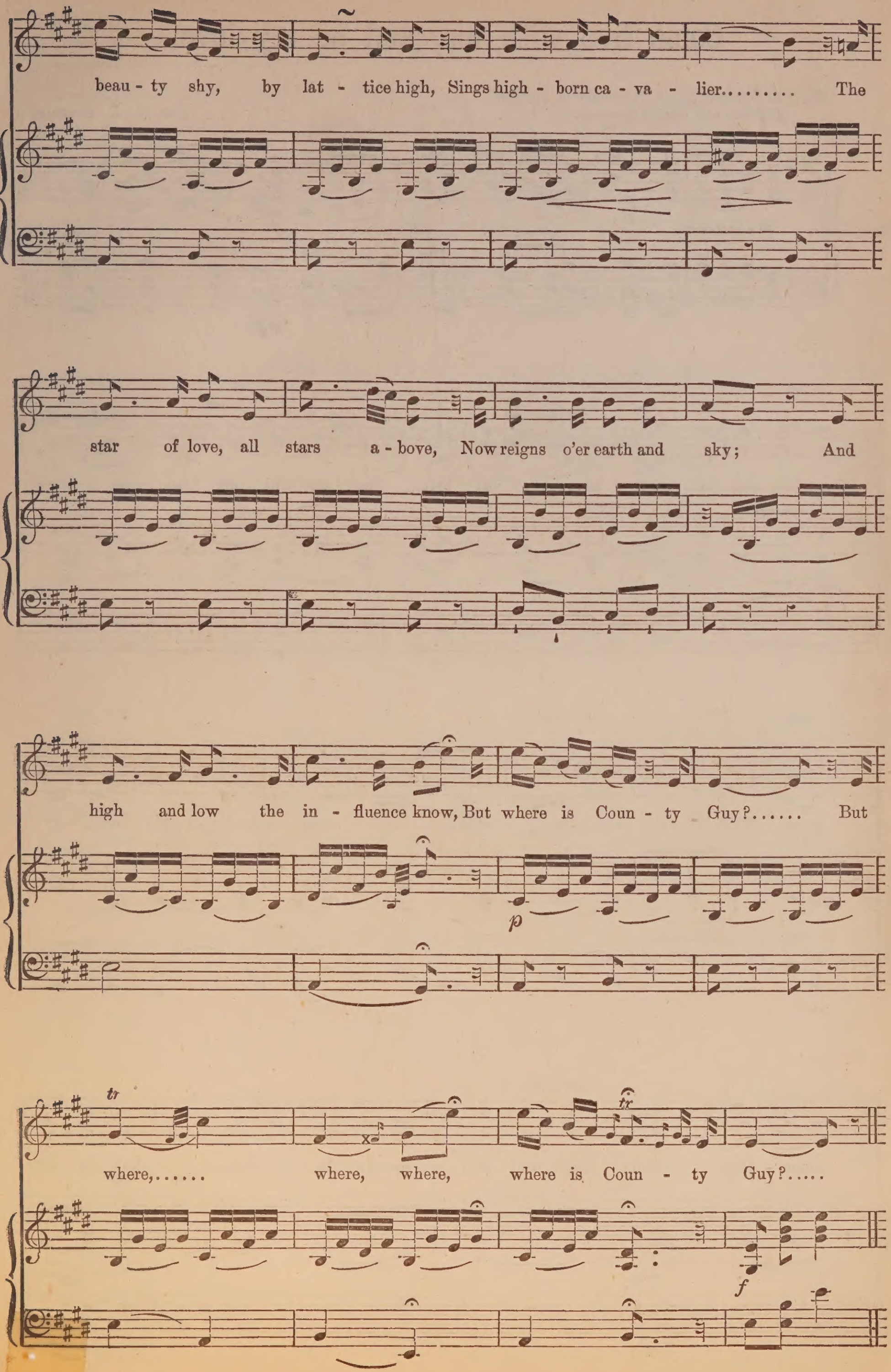
County Guy.

Words from Sir Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward."

SIR H. R. BISHOP.


Larghetto espressivo.
PIANO.
p
1. Ah! Coun - ty Guy, the hour is nigh, The sun has left the
p
lea;....... The o - range flow-er per - fumes the bow'r, The breeze is on the
sea............ The lark, his lay who trill'd all day, Sits

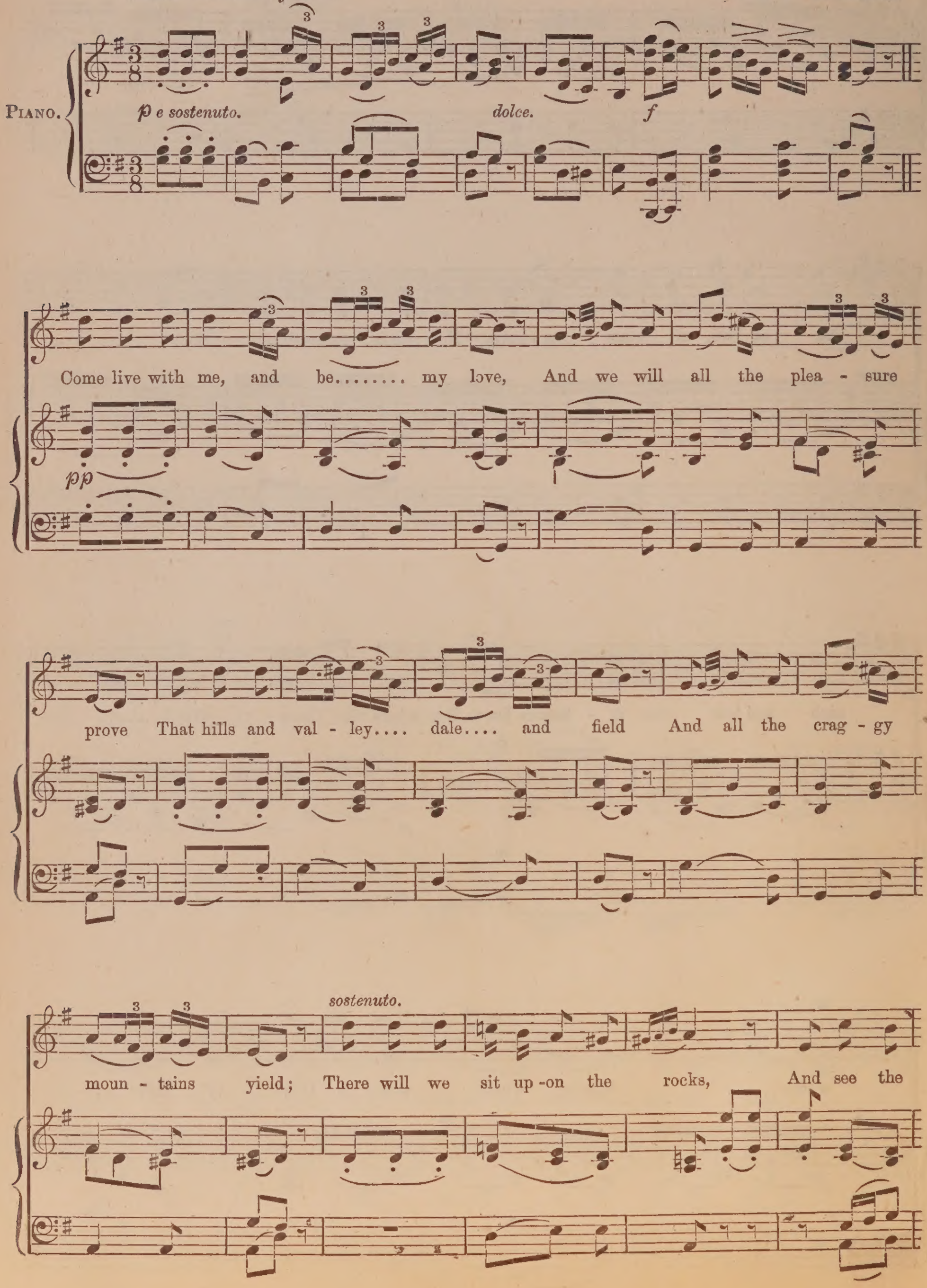

hush'd his part - ner nigh; Breeze, bird and flow'r, they know the hour, But
where is Coun - ty Guy?....... But where,...... where, where,
tr
where is Coun - ty Guy?.......
tr
f
2. The vil - lage maid steals through the shade, Her shep - herd's suit to hear;...... To
p

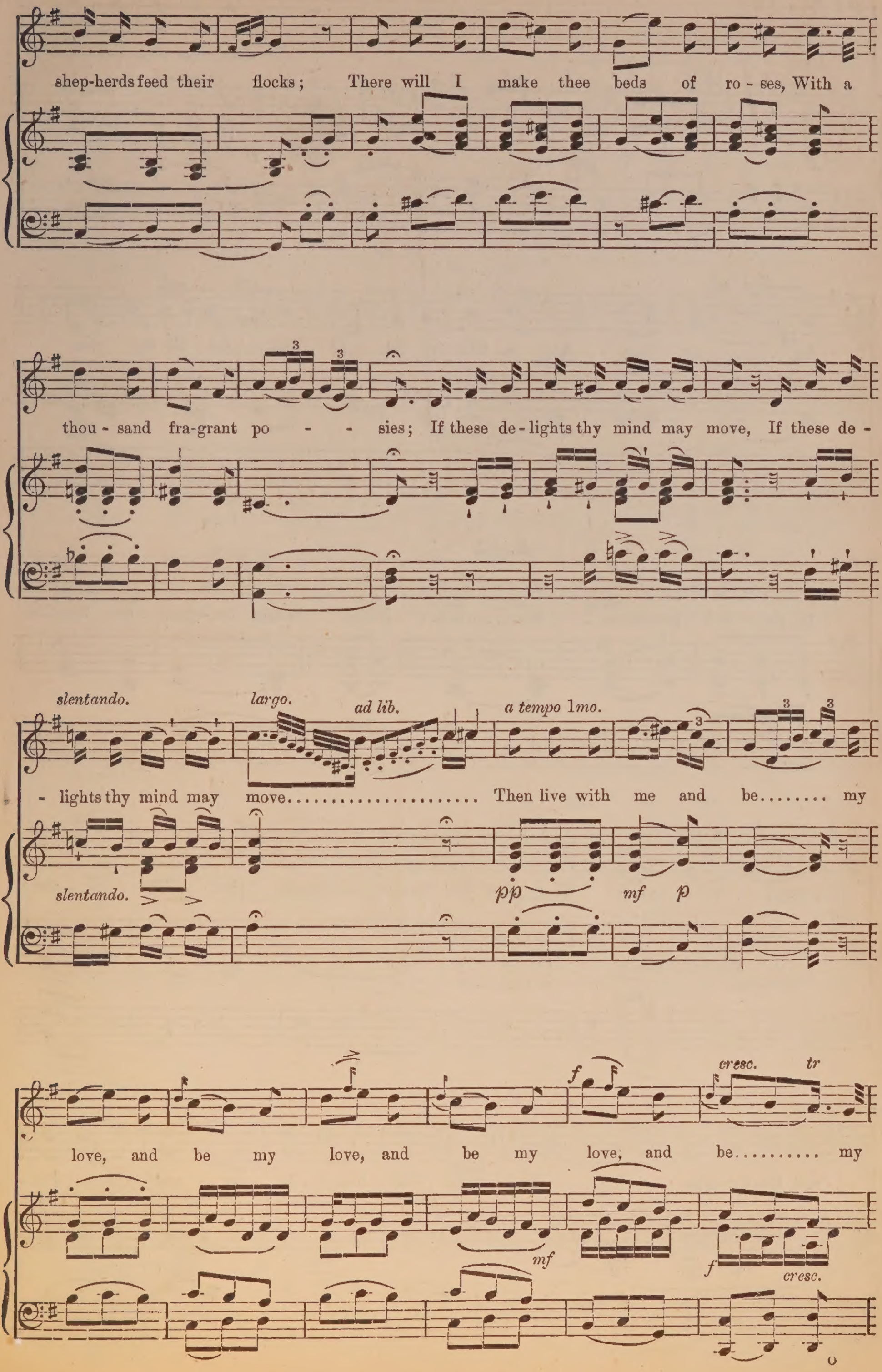

beau - ty shy, by lat - tice high, Sings high - born ca - va - lier......... The
star of love, all stars a - bove, Now reigns o'er earth and sky; And
high and low the in - fluence know, But where is Coun - ty Guy?...... But
where,...... where, where, where is Coun - ty Guy?.....
tr
p
f
tr

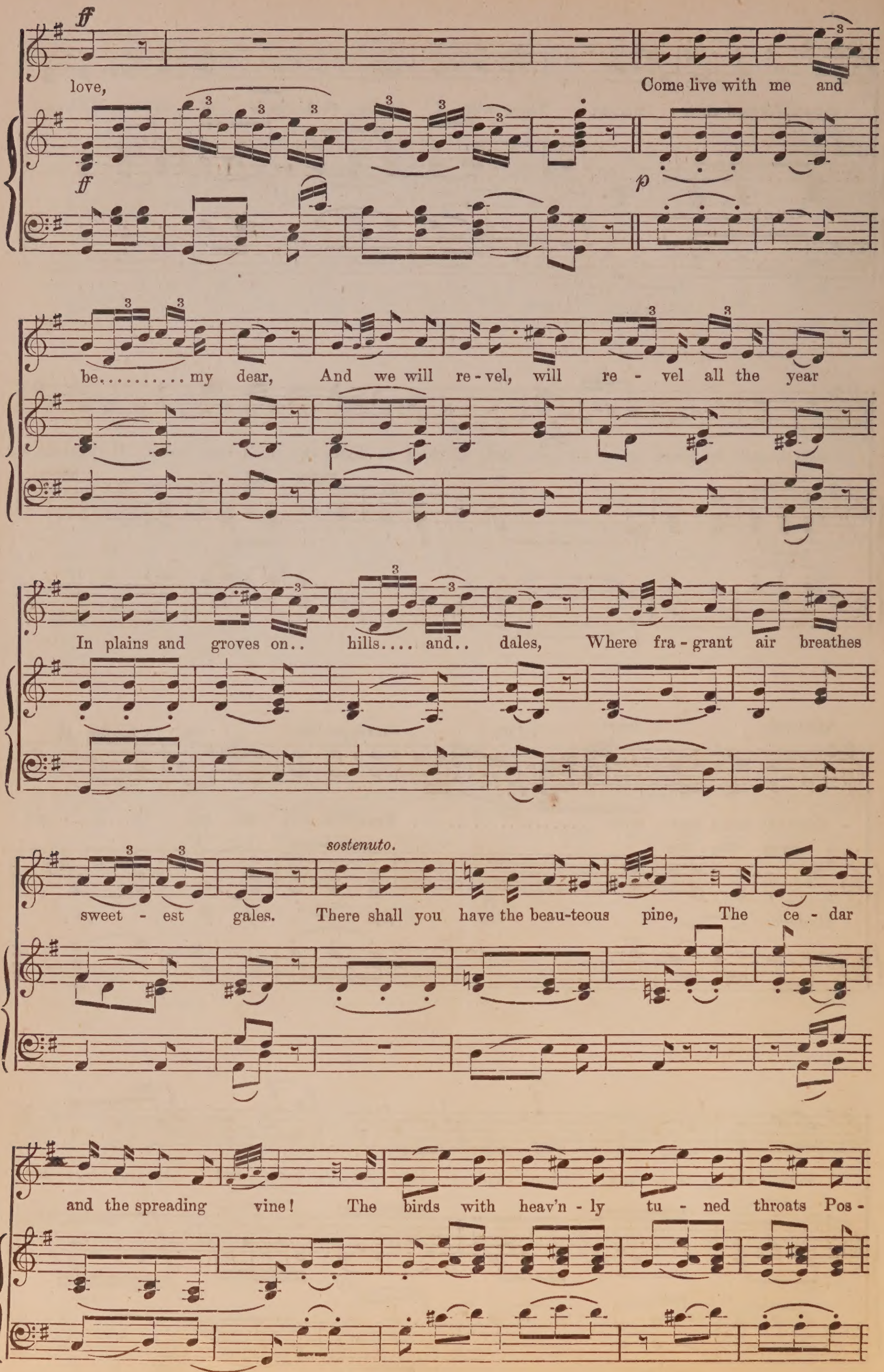
Come live with me, and be my love.

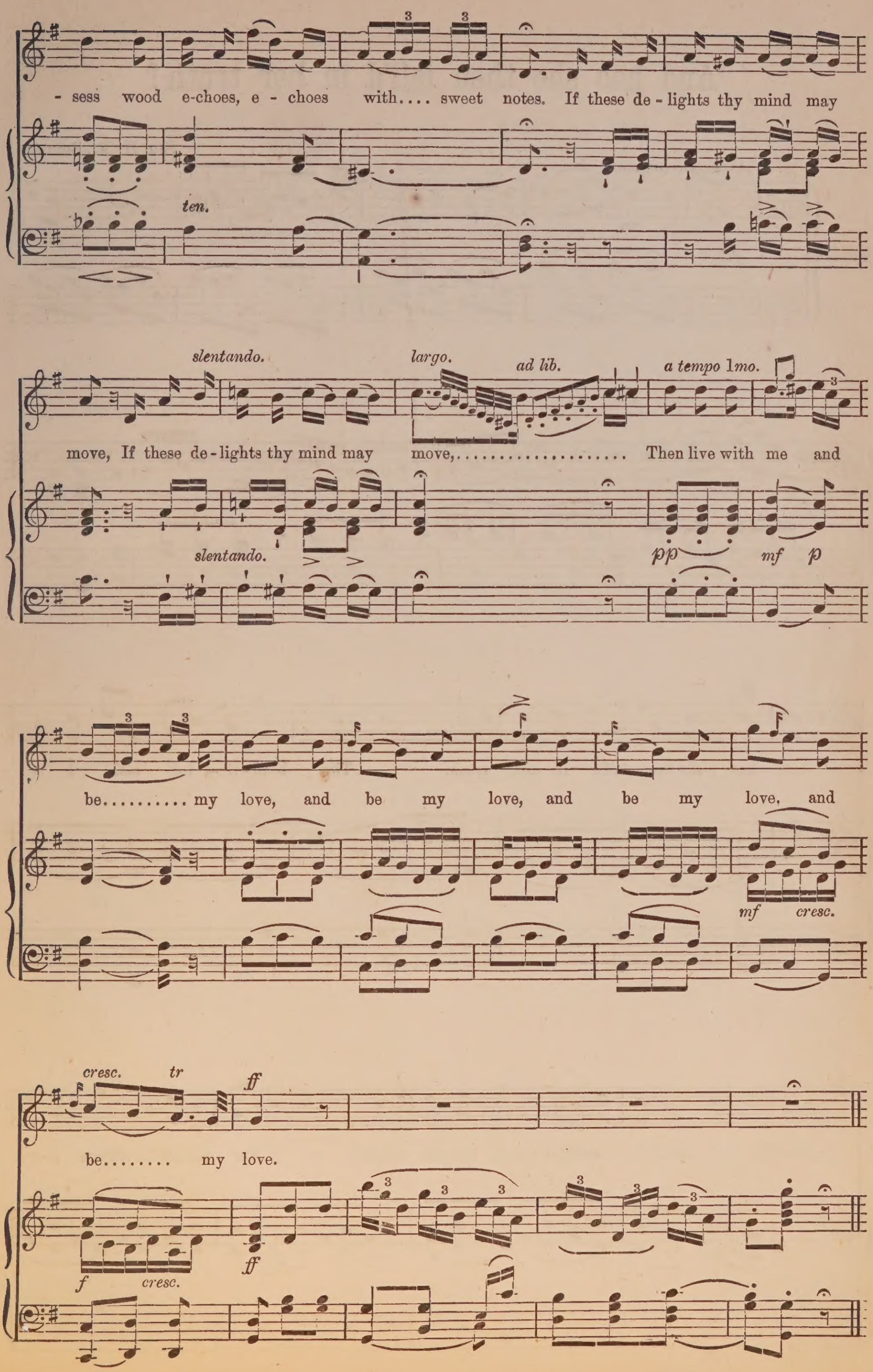
Sung in Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors."
Andante con moto e grazioso.

Sir H. R. Bishop.


PIANO.
p e sostenuto.
dolce.
f
pp
Come live with me, and be........ my love, And we will all the plea - sure
prove That hills and val - ley.... dale.... and field And all the crag - gy
sostenuto.
moun - tains yield; There will we sit up-on the rocks, And see the

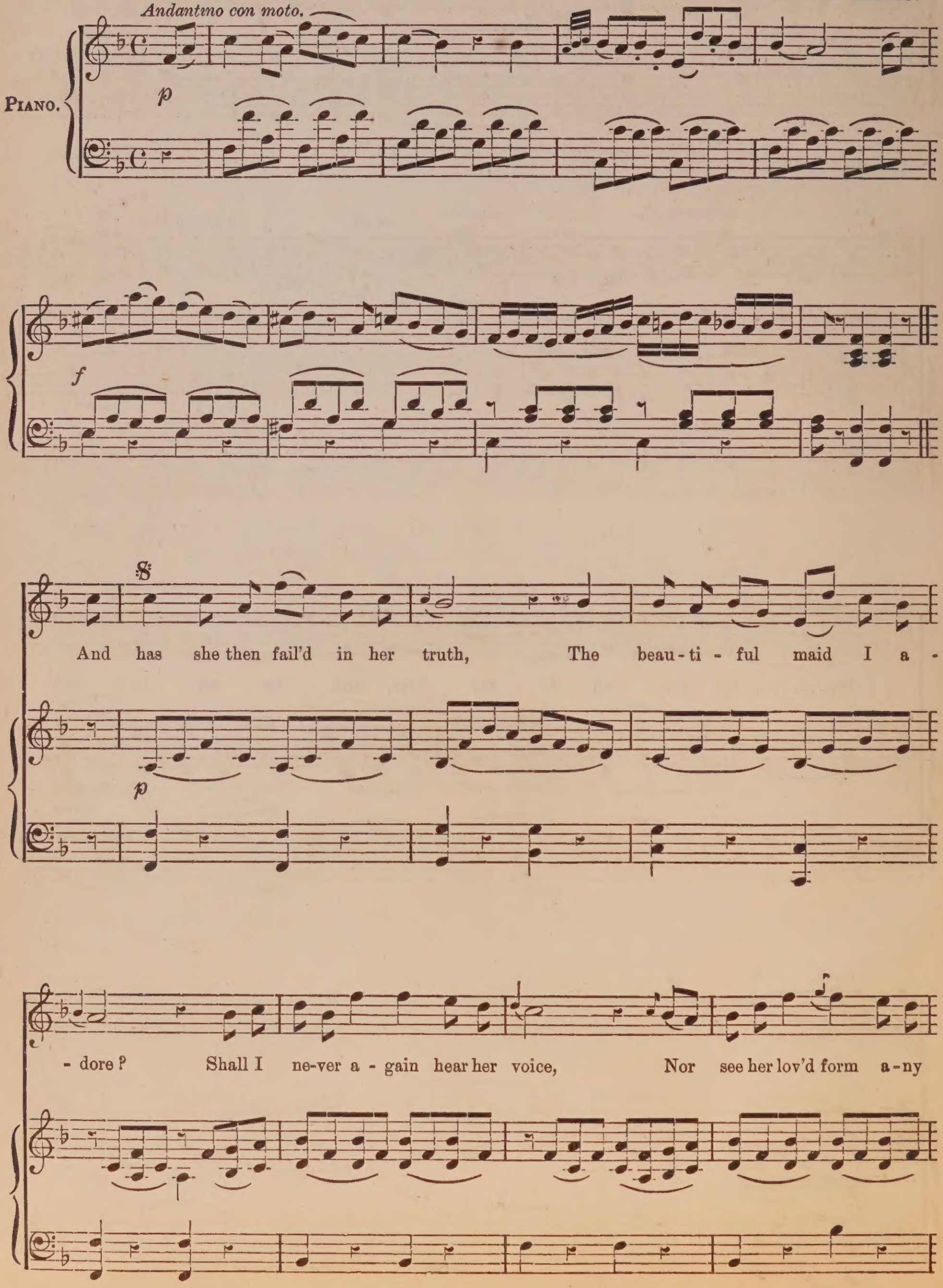

shep-herds feed their flocks; There will I make thee beds of ro - ses, With a
thou - sand fra-grant po - - sies; If these de - lights thy mind may move, If these de -
slentando.
largo.
ad lib.
a tempo 1mo.
- lights thy mind may move...................... Then live with me and be........ my
slentando.
pp
mf
p
love, and be my love, and be my love, and be.......... my
f
cresc.
tr
mf
f
cresc.

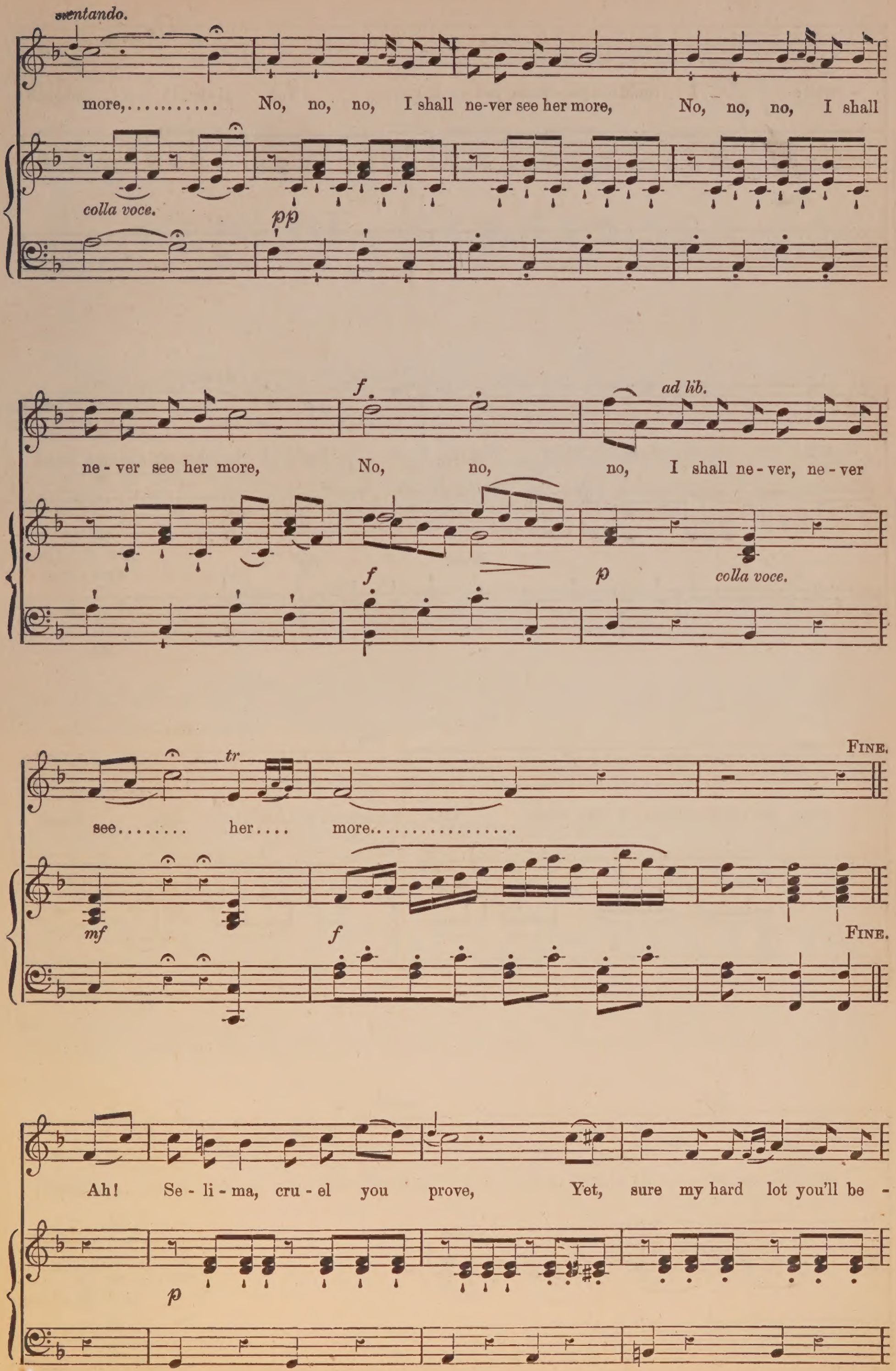

ff
love,
Come live with me and
ff
p
be. . . . . my dear, And we will re - vel, will re - vel all the year
In plains and groves on. . hills. . . . and. . dales, Where fra - grant air breathes
sostenuto.
sweet - est gales. There shall you have the beau-teous pine, The ce - dar
and the spreading vine! The birds with heav'n - ly tu - ned throats Pos -

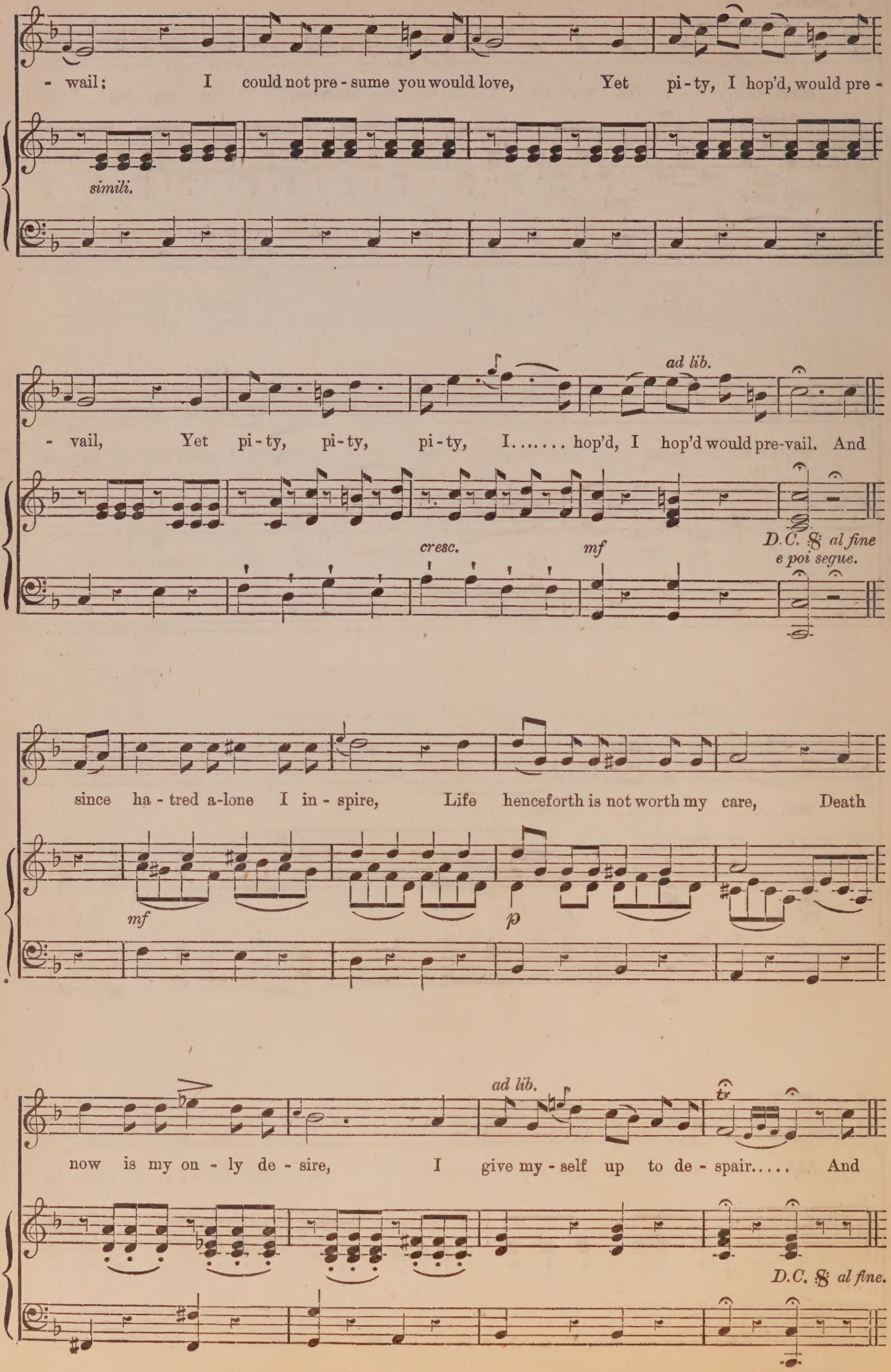

- sess wood e-choes, e - choes with.... sweet notes. If these de - lights thy mind may
ten.
slentando.
largo.
ad lib.
a tempo 1mo.
move, If these de - lights thy mind may move,.................... Then live with me and
slentando.
pp
mf
p
be.......... my love, and be my love, and be my love, and be my love, and
mf
cresc.
cresc.
tr
ff
be........ my love.
f
cresc.
ff

And has she then fail'd in her truth?

Sir H. R. Bishop.

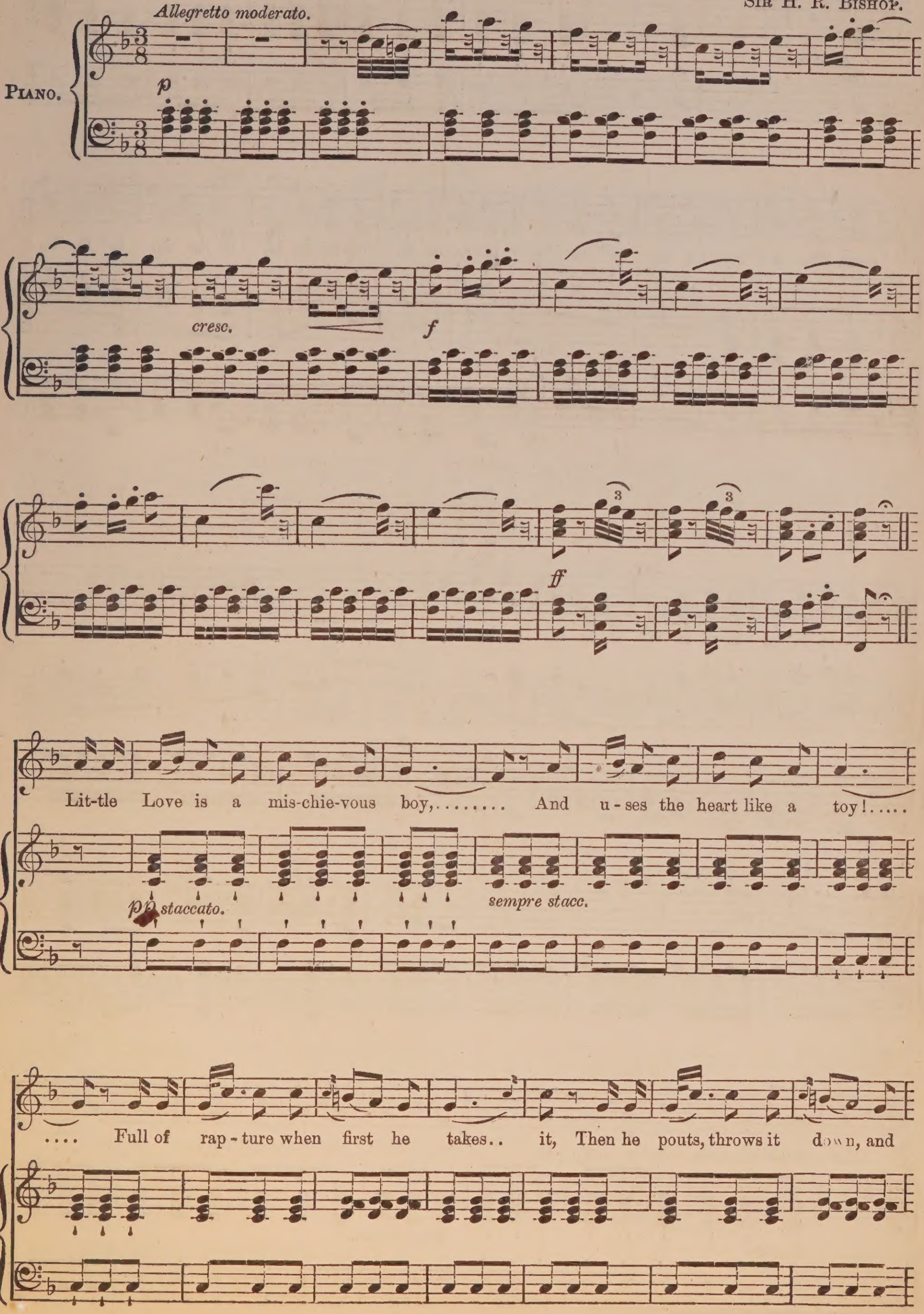

Andantino con moto.
Piano.
p
f
p
And has she then fail'd in her truth, The beau-ti-ful maid I a-
-dore? Shall I ne-ver a-gain hear her voice, Nor see her lov'd form a-ny

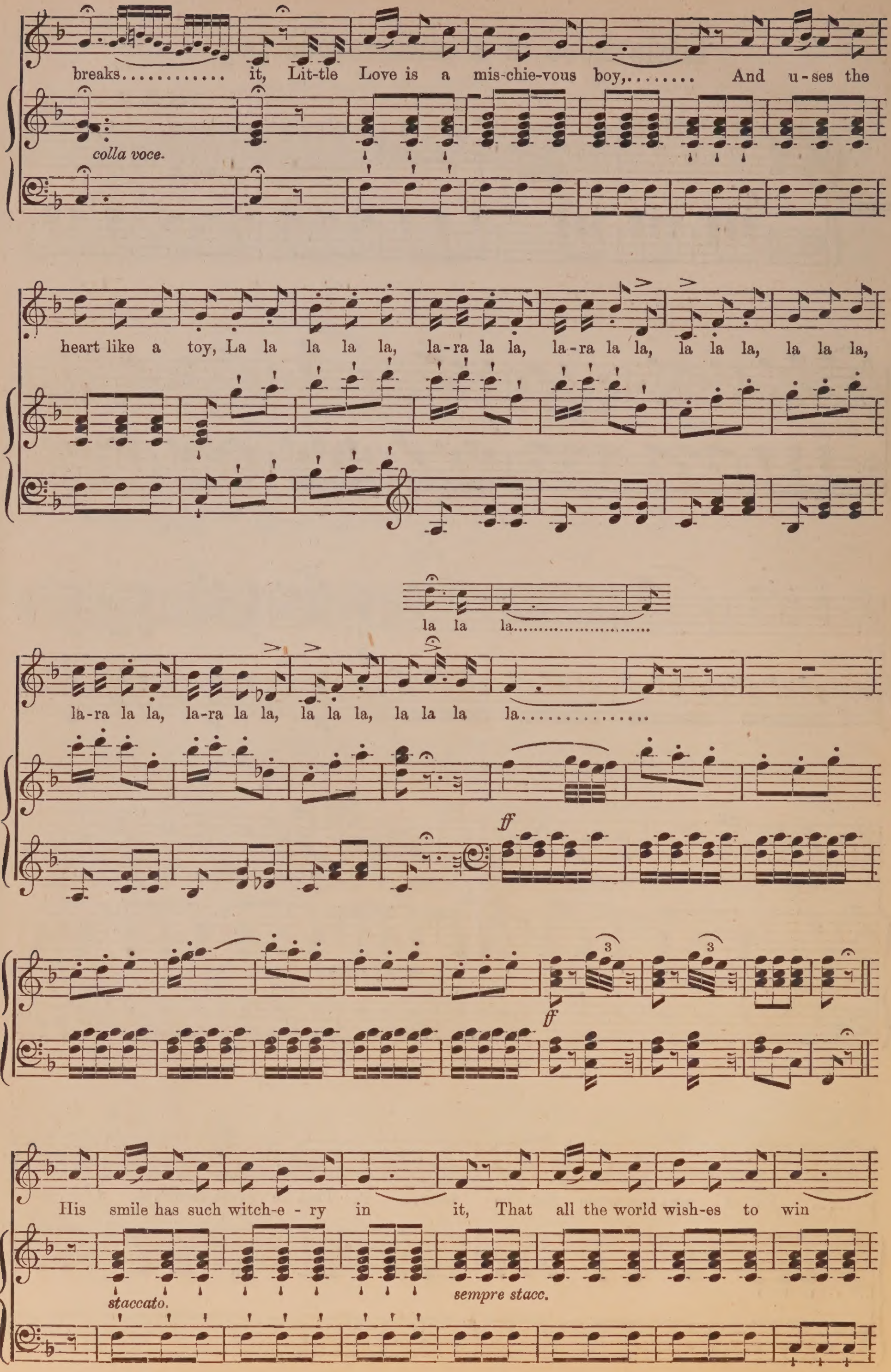

slentando.
more,………… No, no, no, I shall ne-ver see her more, No, no, no, I shall
colla voce.
pp
ne-ver see her more, No, no, no, I shall ne-ver, ne-ver
f
ad lib.
f
p
colla voce.
see……… her…. more……………….
tr
Fine.
mf
f
Fine.
Ah! Se-li-ma, cru-el you prove, Yet, sure my hard lot you'll be-
p

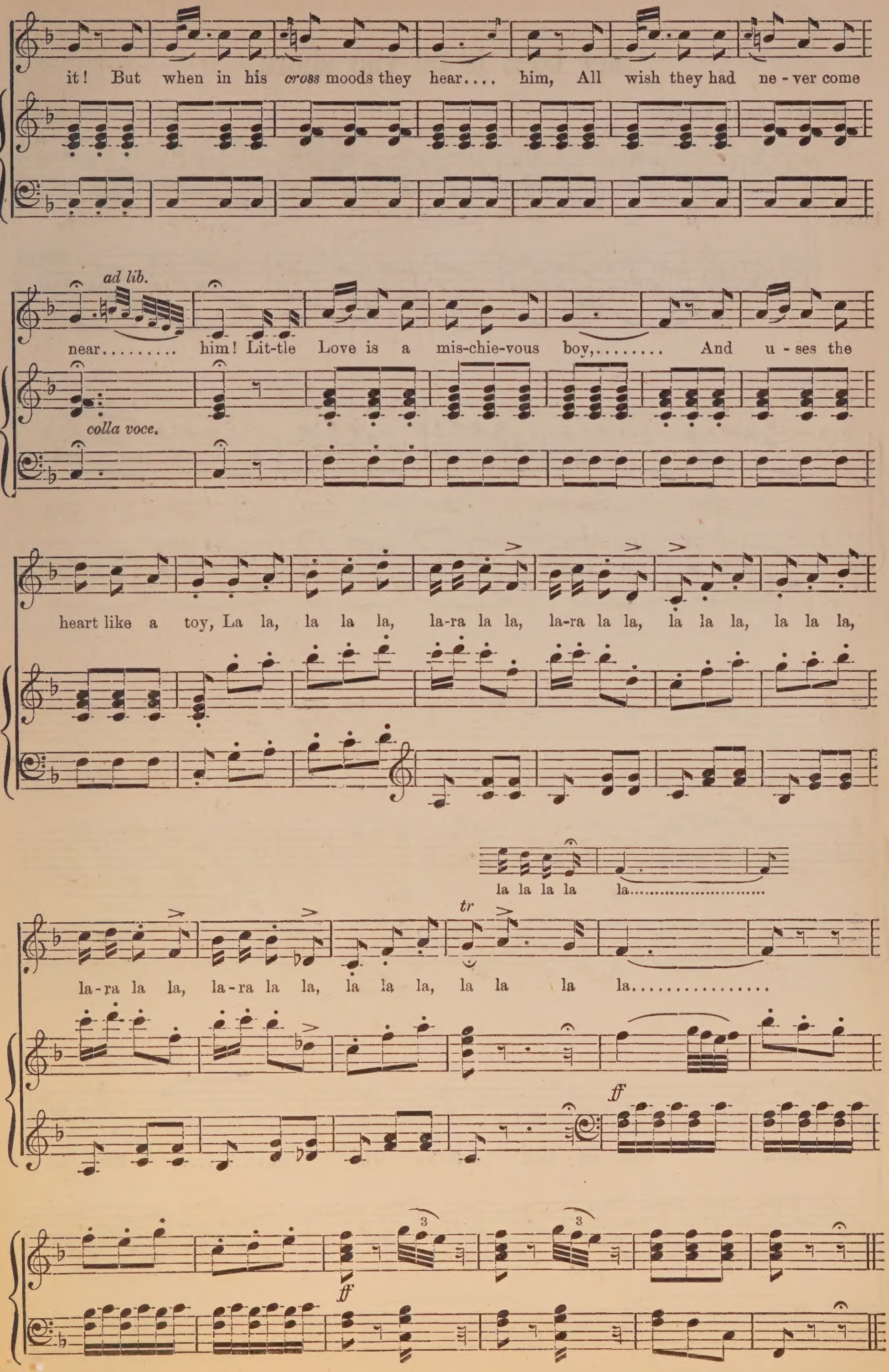

- wail; I could not pre - sume you would love, Yet pi - ty, I hop'd, would pre -
simili.
- vail, Yet pi - ty, pi - ty, pi - ty, I....... hop'd, I hop'd would pre - vail. And
ad lib.
cresc.
mf
D.C. 𝄋 al fine
e poi segue.
since ha - tred a - lone I in - spire, Life henceforth is not worth my care, Death
mf
p
now is my on - ly de - sire, I give my - self up to de - spair..... And
ad lib.
tr
D.C. 𝄋 al fine.

Little Love is a mischievous Boy.

Sir H. R. Bishop.


Allegretto moderato.
Piano.
p
cresc.
f
3
3
ff
Lit-tle Love is a mis-chie-vous boy,........ And u-ses the heart like a toy!.....
pp staccato.
sempre stacc.
.... Full of rap-ture when first he takes.. it, Then he pouts, throws it down, and

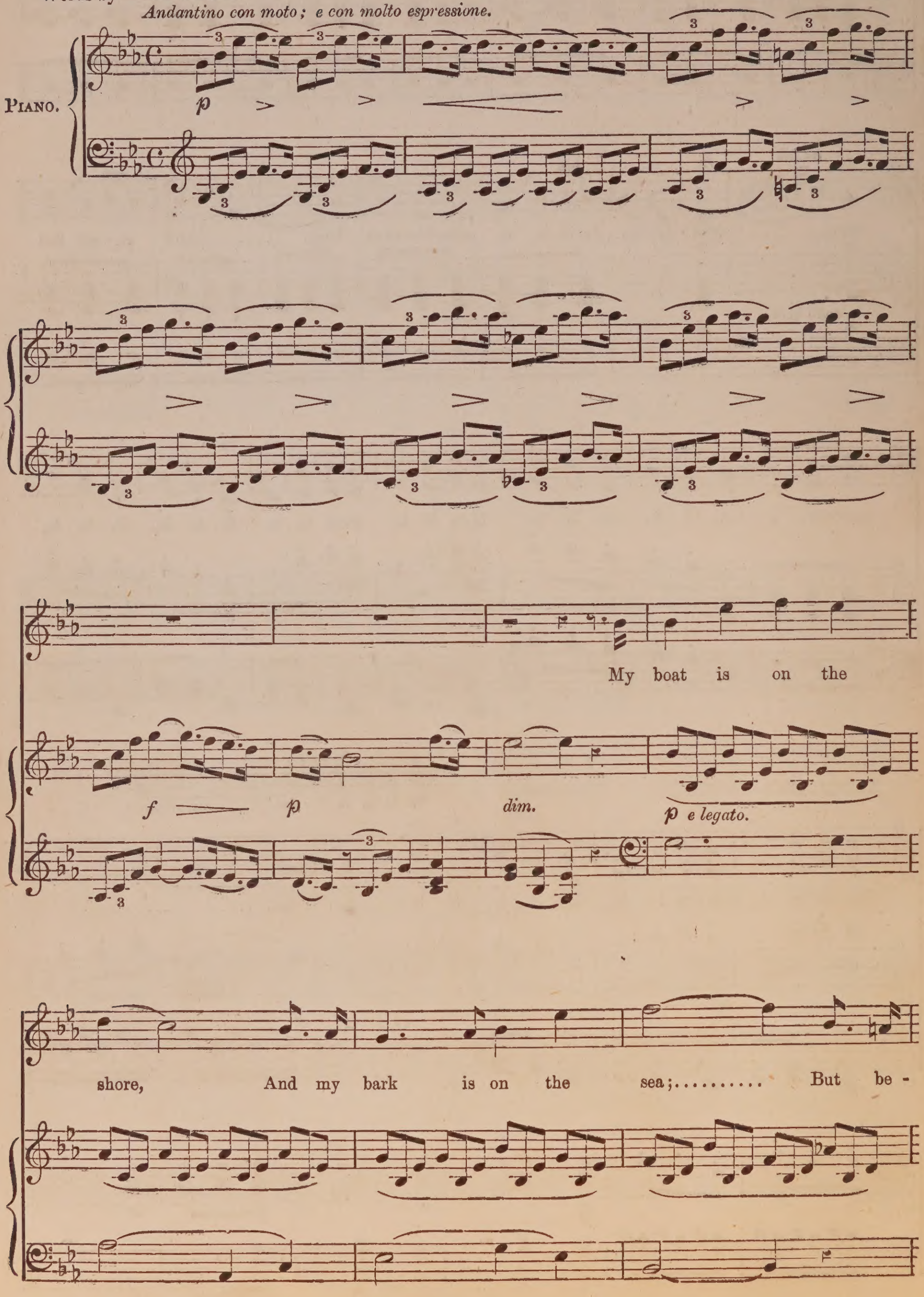

breaks........... it, Lit-tle Love is a mis-chie-vous boy,........ And u-ses the
colla voce.
heart like a toy, La la la la la, la-ra la la, la-ra la la, la la la, la la la,
la la la..........................
la-ra la la, la-ra la la, la la la, la la la la..............
ff
3
ff
His smile has such witch-e - ry in it, That all the world wish-es to win
staccato.
sempre stacc.

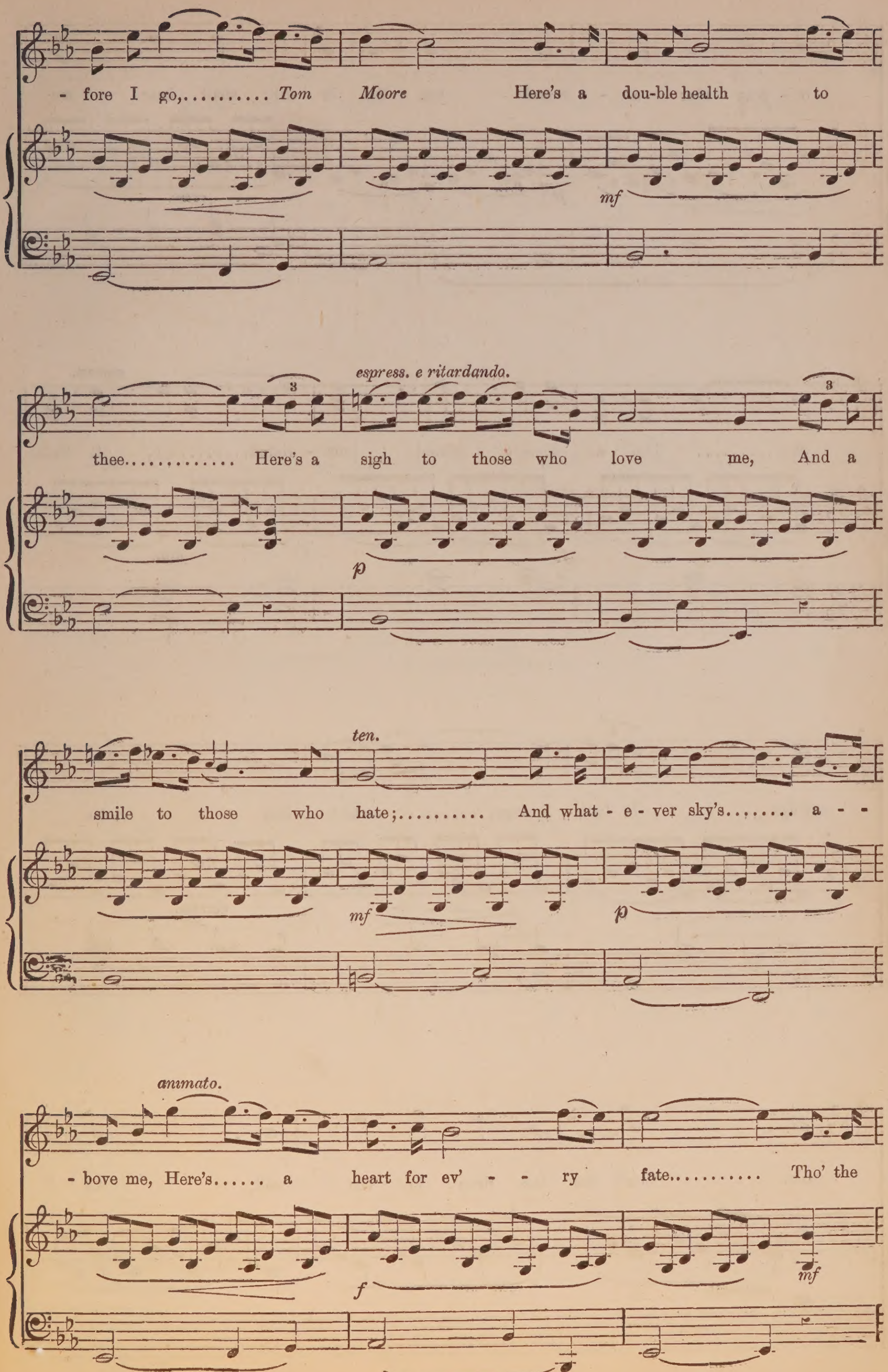

it! But when in his *cross* moods they hear.... him, All wish they had ne - ver come
ad lib.
near......... him! Lit-tle Love is a mis-chie-vous boy,........ And u - ses the
colla voce.
heart like a toy, La la, la la la, la-ra la la, la-ra la la, la la la, la la la,
la la la la la.........................
tr
la-ra la la, la-ra la la, la la la, la la la la.................
ff
3
3
ff

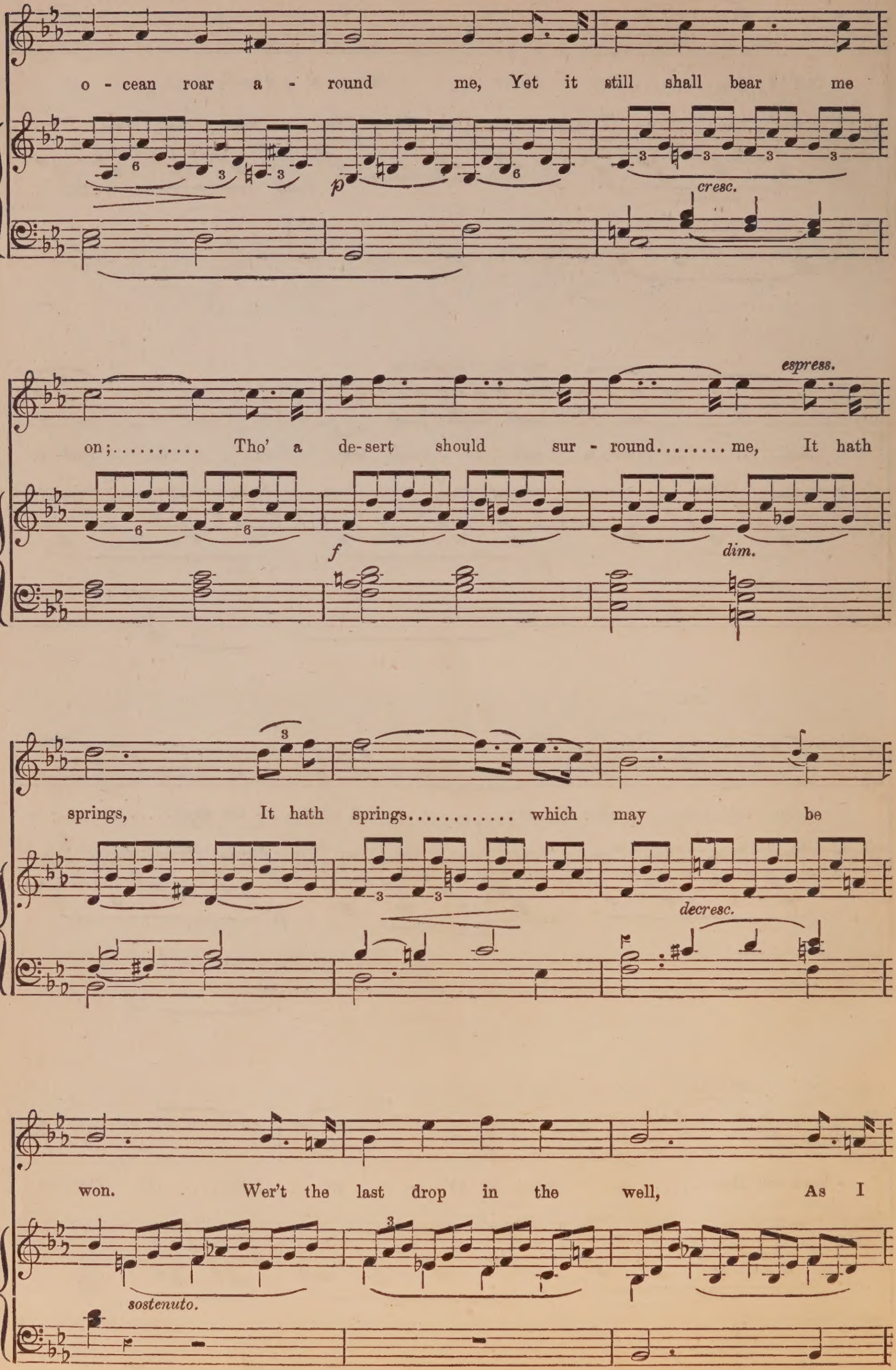
My boat is on the shore.

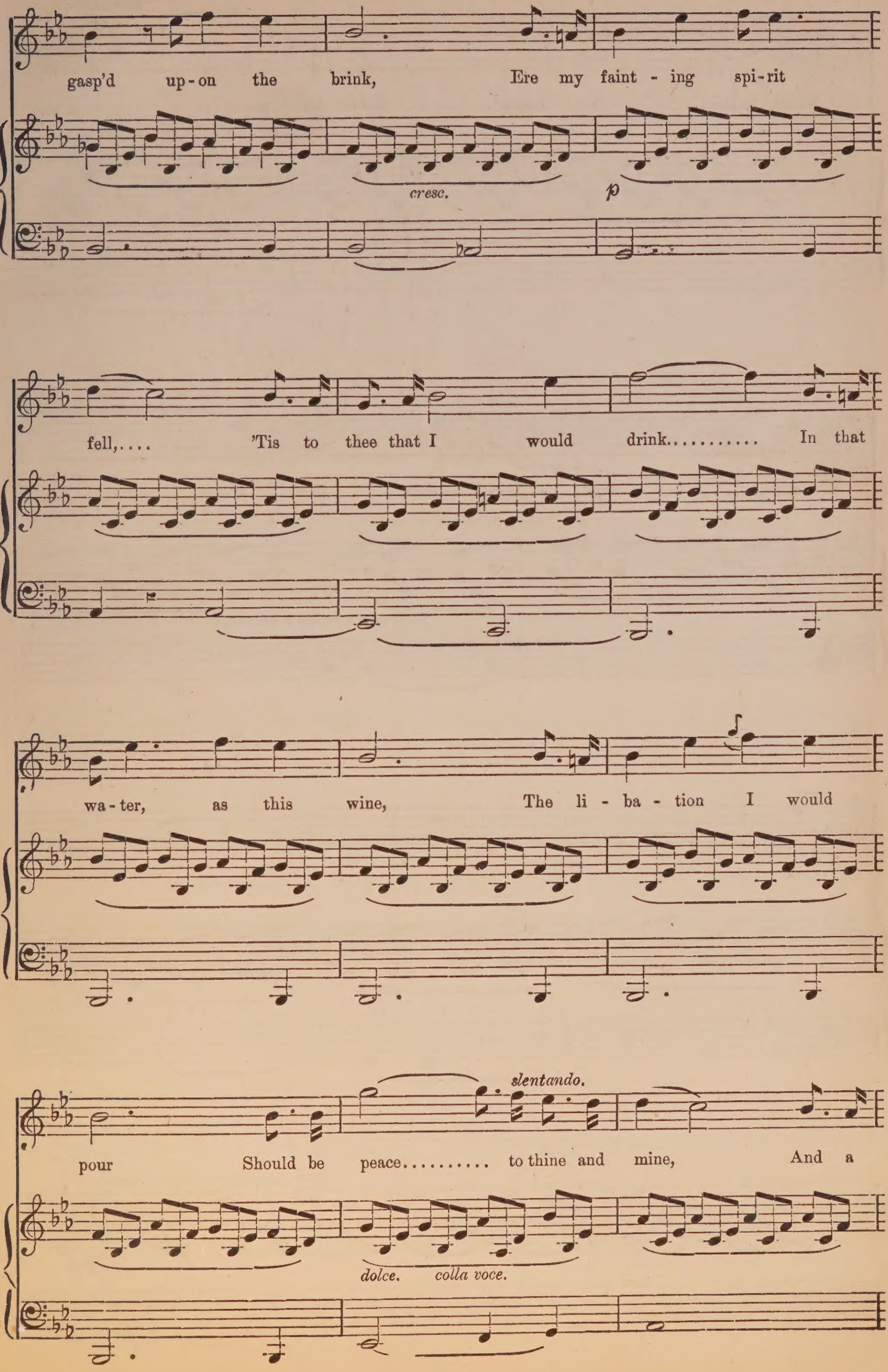
Words by Lord Byron.

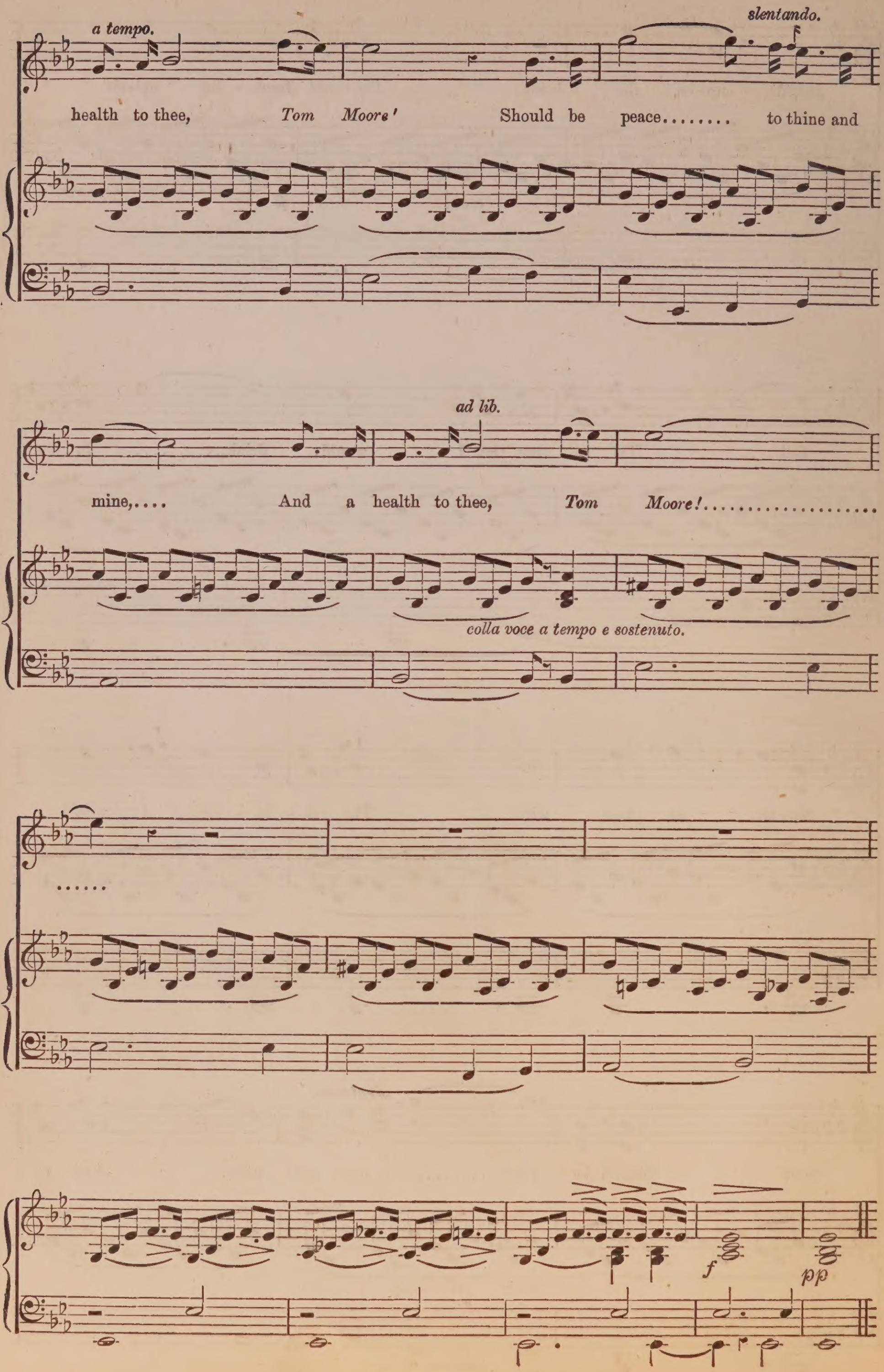
Sir H. R. Bishop.


Andantino con moto; e con molto espressione.
Piano.
p
f
p
dim.
p e legato.
My boat is on the
shore, And my bark is on the sea;.......... But be -


- fore I go,.......... Tom Moore Here's a dou-ble health to
mf
thee............ Here's a sigh to those who love me, And a
espress. e ritardando.
3
p
smile to those who hate;.......... And what - e - ver sky's........ a - -
ten.
mf
p
animato.
- bove me, Here's...... a heart for ev' - - ry fate.......... Tho' the
f
mf

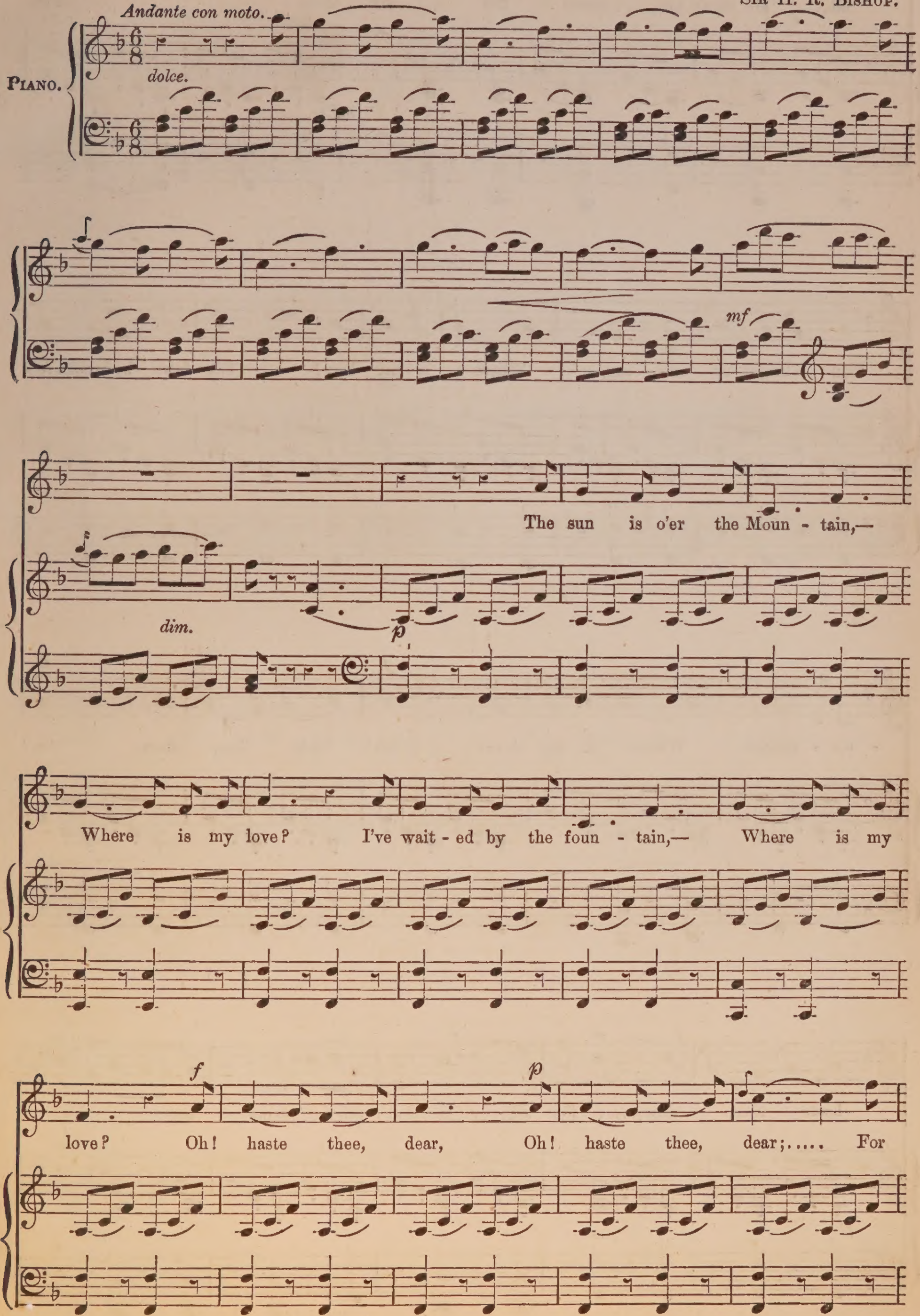

o - cean roar a - round me, Yet it still shall bear me
p
cresc.
on;.......... Tho' a de-sert should sur - round........ me, It hath
espress.
f
dim.
springs, It hath springs........... which may be
decresc.
won. Wer't the last drop in the well, As I
sostenuto.

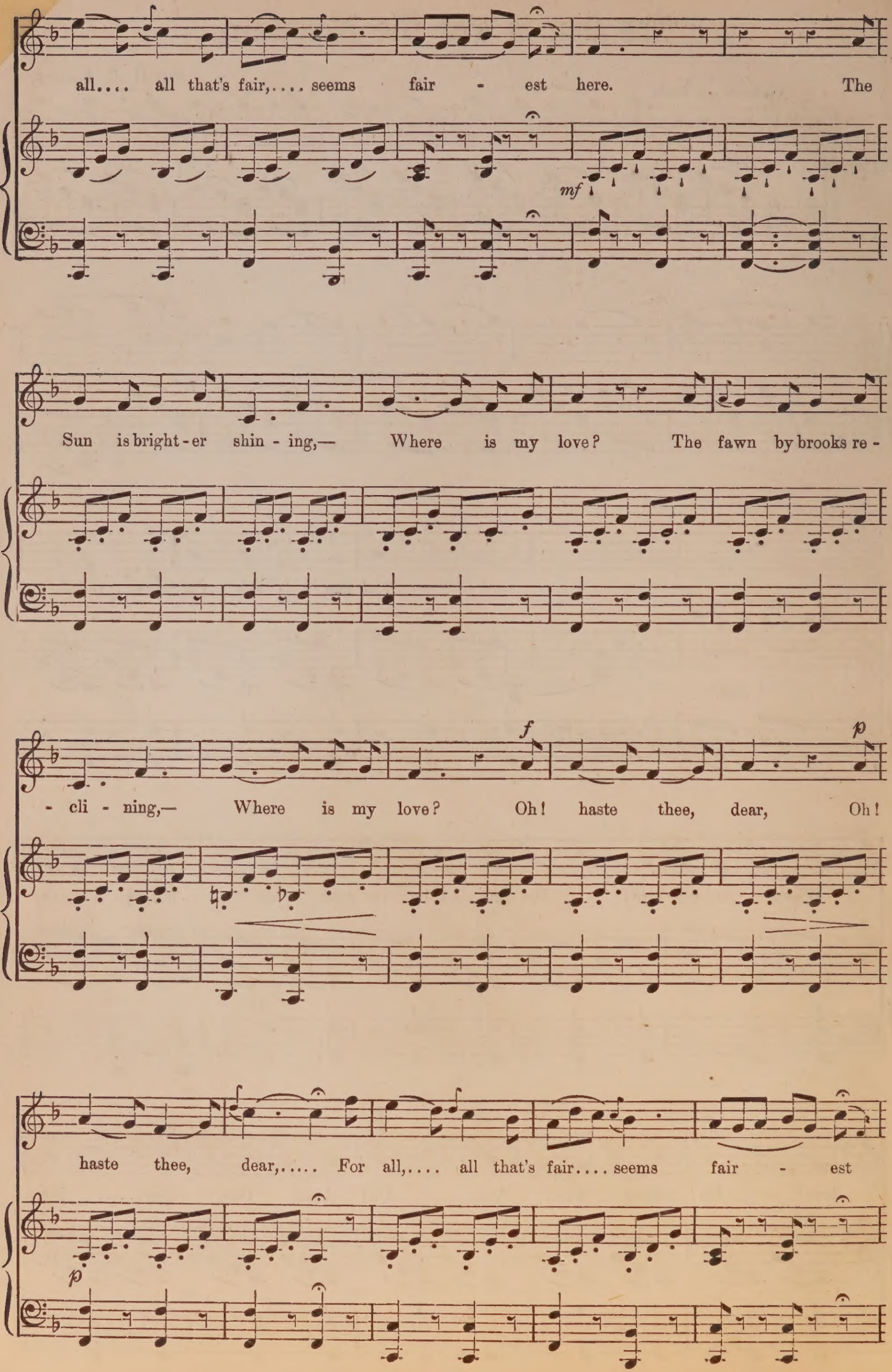

gasp'd upon the brink, Ere my fainting spirit
cresc.
p
fell,.... 'Tis to thee that I would drink.......... In that
water, as this wine, The libation I would
pour Should be peace......... to thine and mine, And a
slentando.
dolce. colla voce.

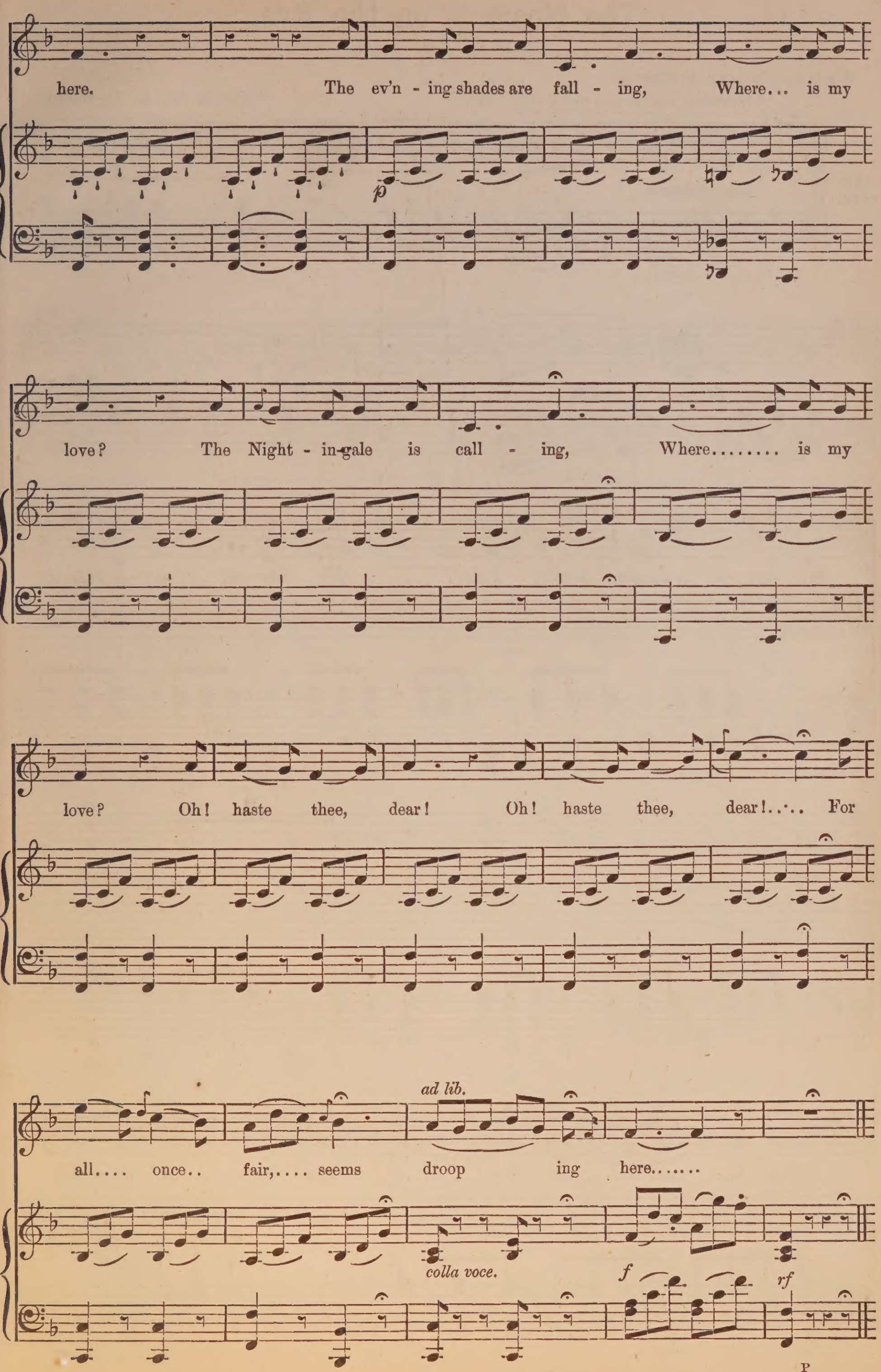

a tempo.
slentando.
health to thee, Tom Moore! Should be peace........ to thine and
ad lib.
mine,.... And a health to thee, Tom Moore!...................
colla voce a tempo e sostenuto.
......
f
pp

The Sun is o'er the Mountain.

Sir H. R. Bishop.


Andante con moto.
dolce.
Piano.
mf
dim.
p
The sun is o'er the Moun - tain,—
Where is my love? I've wait - ed by the foun - tain,— Where is my
f
p
love? Oh! haste thee, dear, Oh! haste thee, dear;..... For


all.... all that's fair,.... seems fair - est here. The
mf
Sun is bright - er shin - ing,— Where is my love? The fawn by brooks re -
- cli - ning,— Where is my love? Oh! haste thee, dear, Oh!
f
p
haste thee, dear,..... For all,.... all that's fair.... seems fair - est
p


here. The ev'n - ing shades are fall - ing, Where... is my
p
love? The Night - in-gale is call - ing, Where........ is my
love? Oh! haste thee, dear! Oh! haste thee, dear!...... For
all.... once.. fair,.... seems droop ing here.......
ad lib.
colla voce.
f
rf

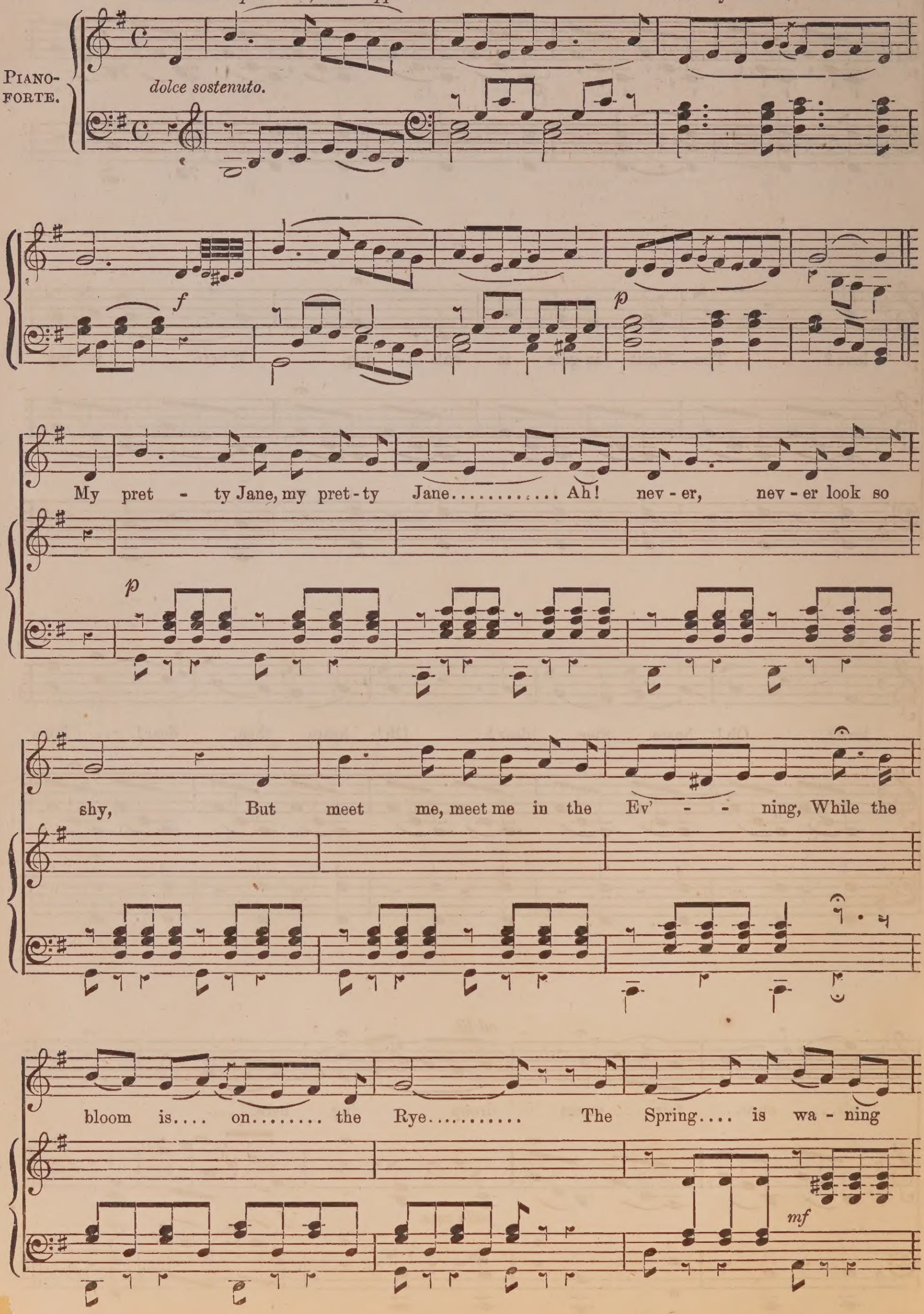
The bloom is on the Rye.

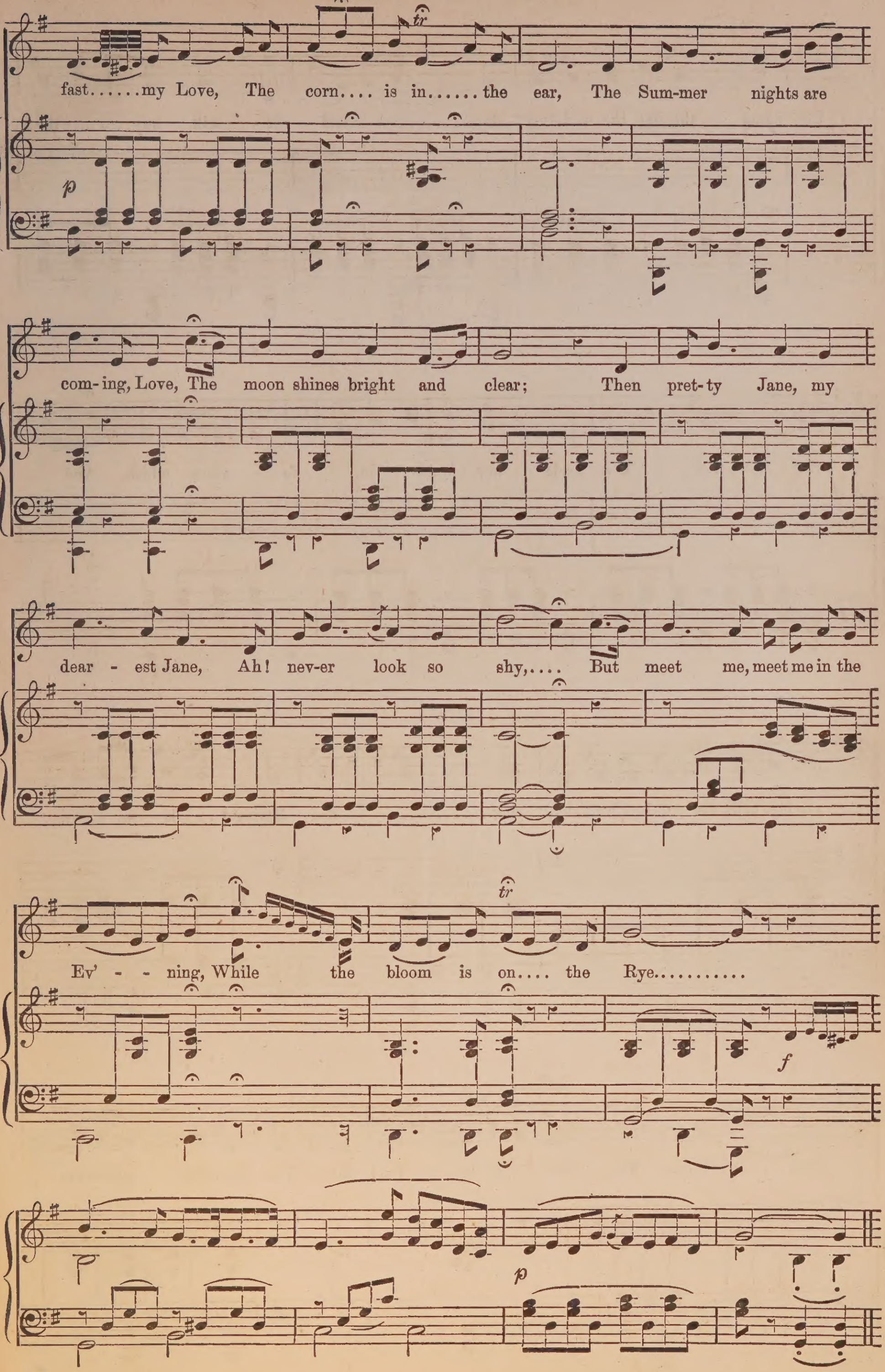
(MY PRETTY JANE.)

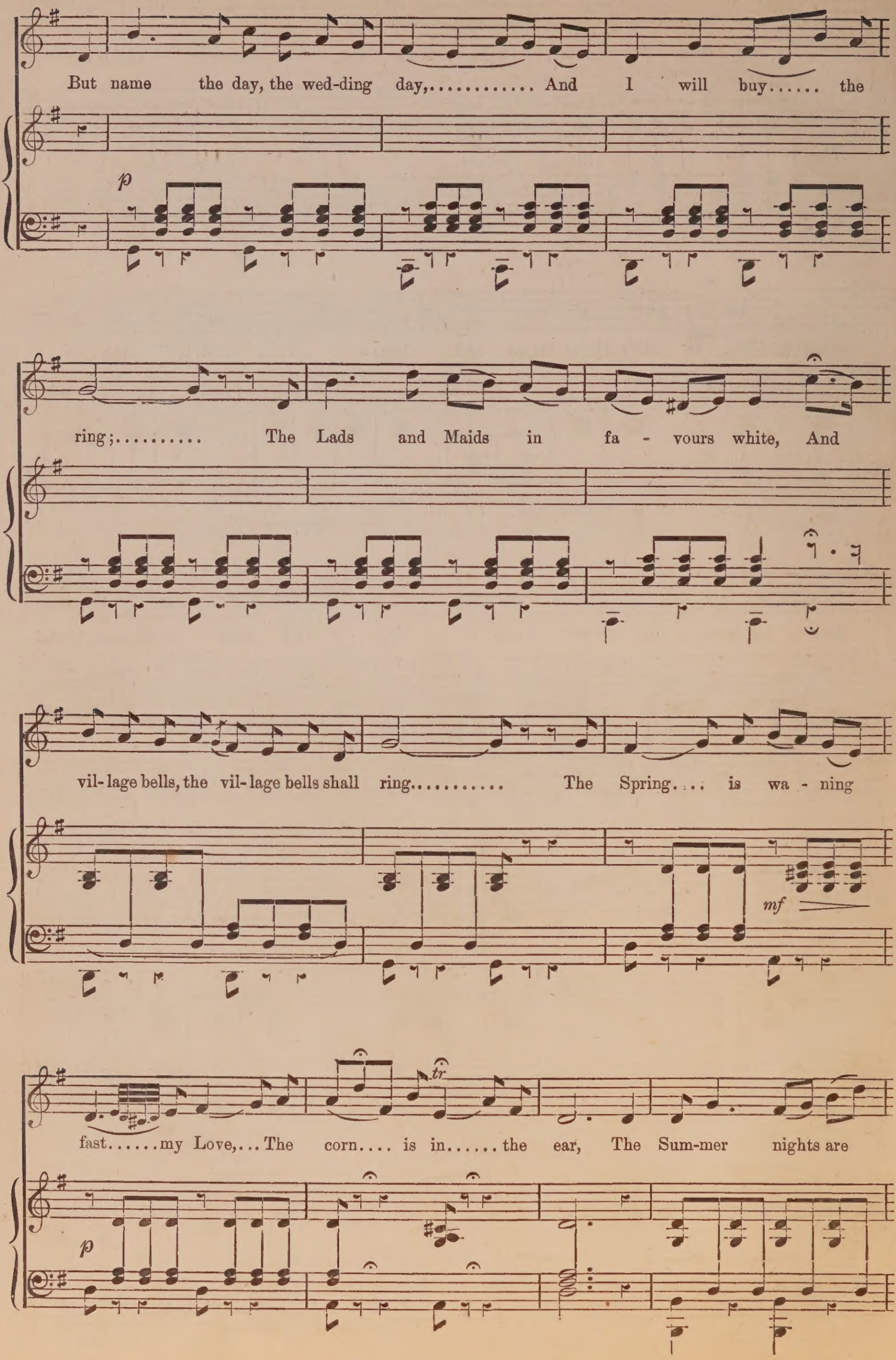
Words by EDWARD FITZBALL.

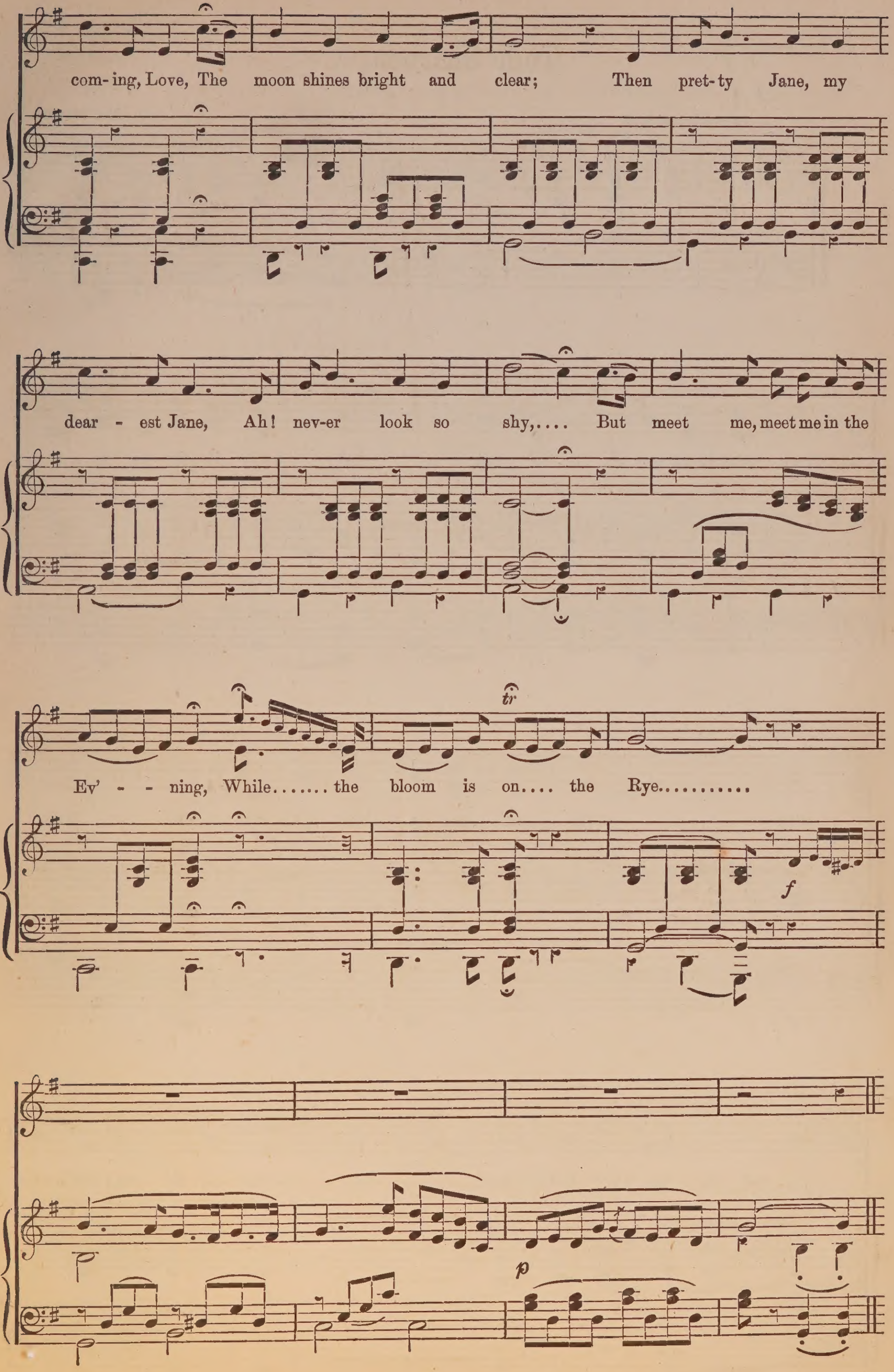
Andantino espressione, non troppo lento.

Music by SIR H. R. BISHOP.


PIANO-FORTE.
dolce sostenuto.
f
p
p
My pret - ty Jane, my pret - ty Jane............ Ah! nev - er, nev - er look so
shy, But meet me, meet me in the Ev' - - ning, While the
bloom is.... on........ the Rye.......... The Spring.... is wa - ning
mf


fast......my Love, The corn.... is in......the ear, The Sum-mer nights are
p
com-ing, Love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pret-ty Jane, my
dear - est Jane, Ah! nev-er look so shy,.... But meet me, meet me in the
Ev' - - ning, While the bloom is on.... the Rye..........
tr
f
p

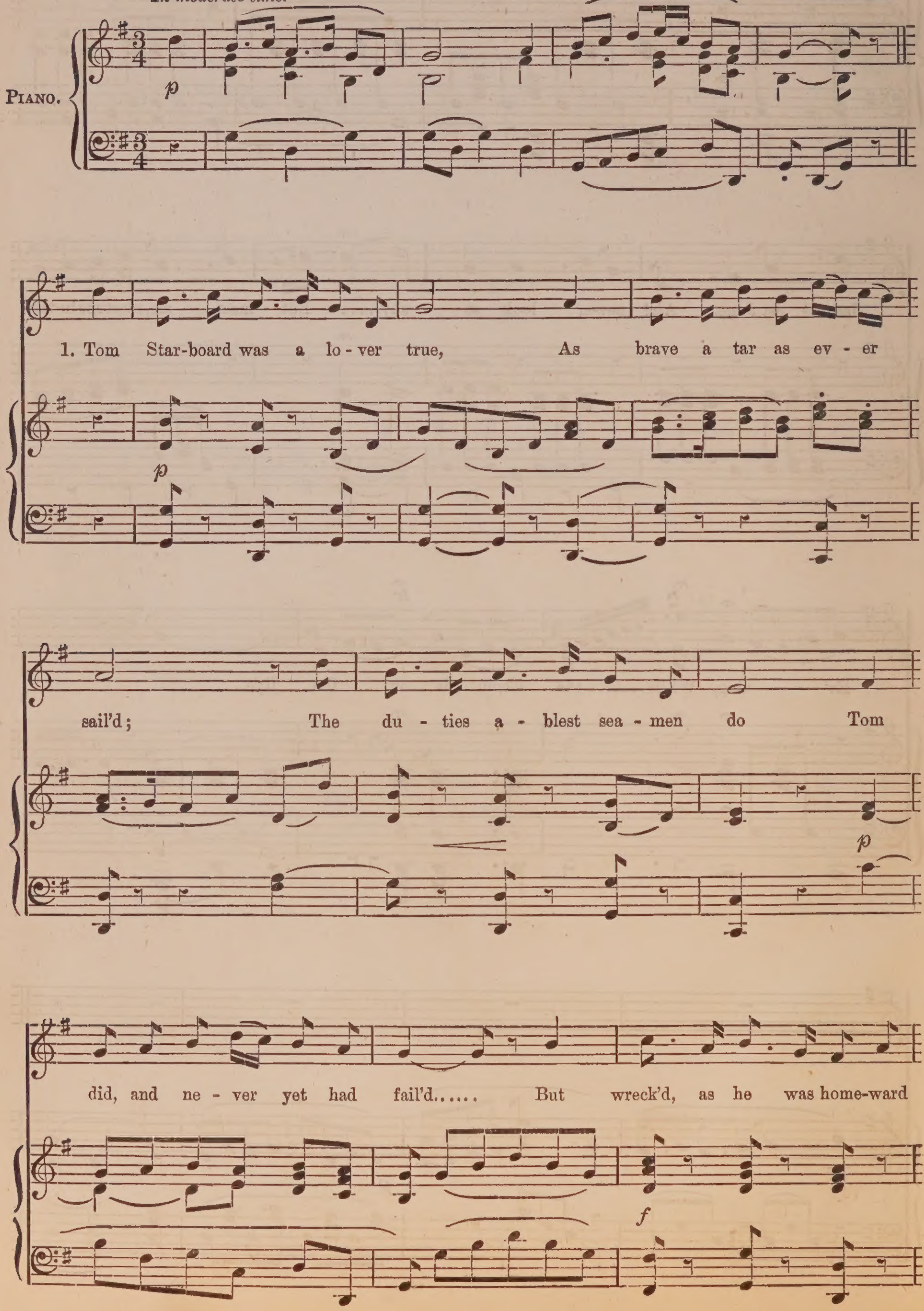

But name the day, the wed-ding day,............ And I will buy...... the
p
ring;.......... The Lads and Maids in fa - vours white, And
vil-lage bells, the vil-lage bells shall ring........... The Spring.... is wa - ning
mf
fast......my Love,... The corn.... is in...... the ear, The Sum-mer nights are
tr
p

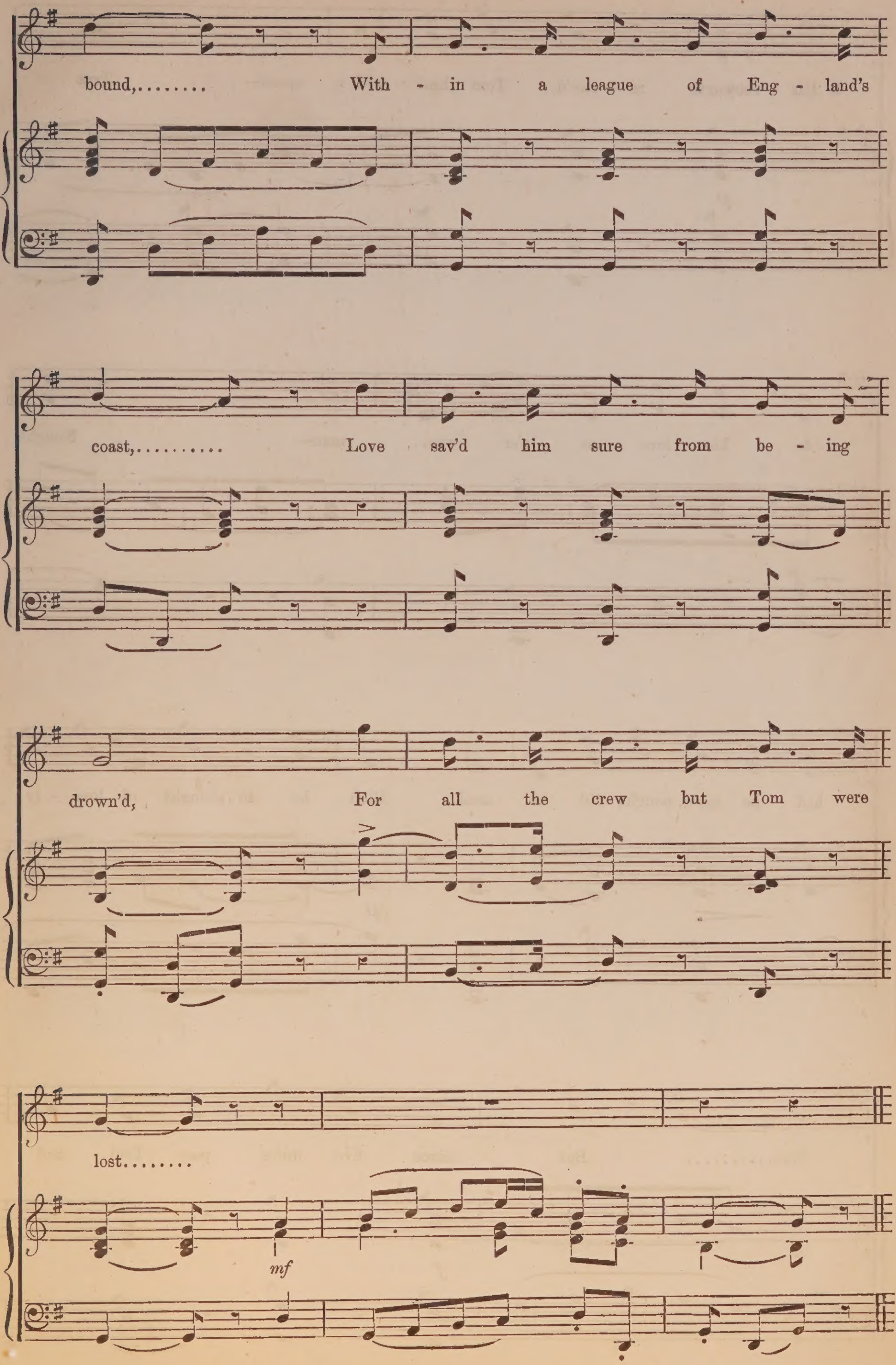

com- ing, Love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pret- ty Jane, my
dear - est Jane, Ah! nev-er look so shy,.... But meet me, meet me in the
Ev' - - ning, While....... the bloom is on.... the Rye...........
tr
f
p

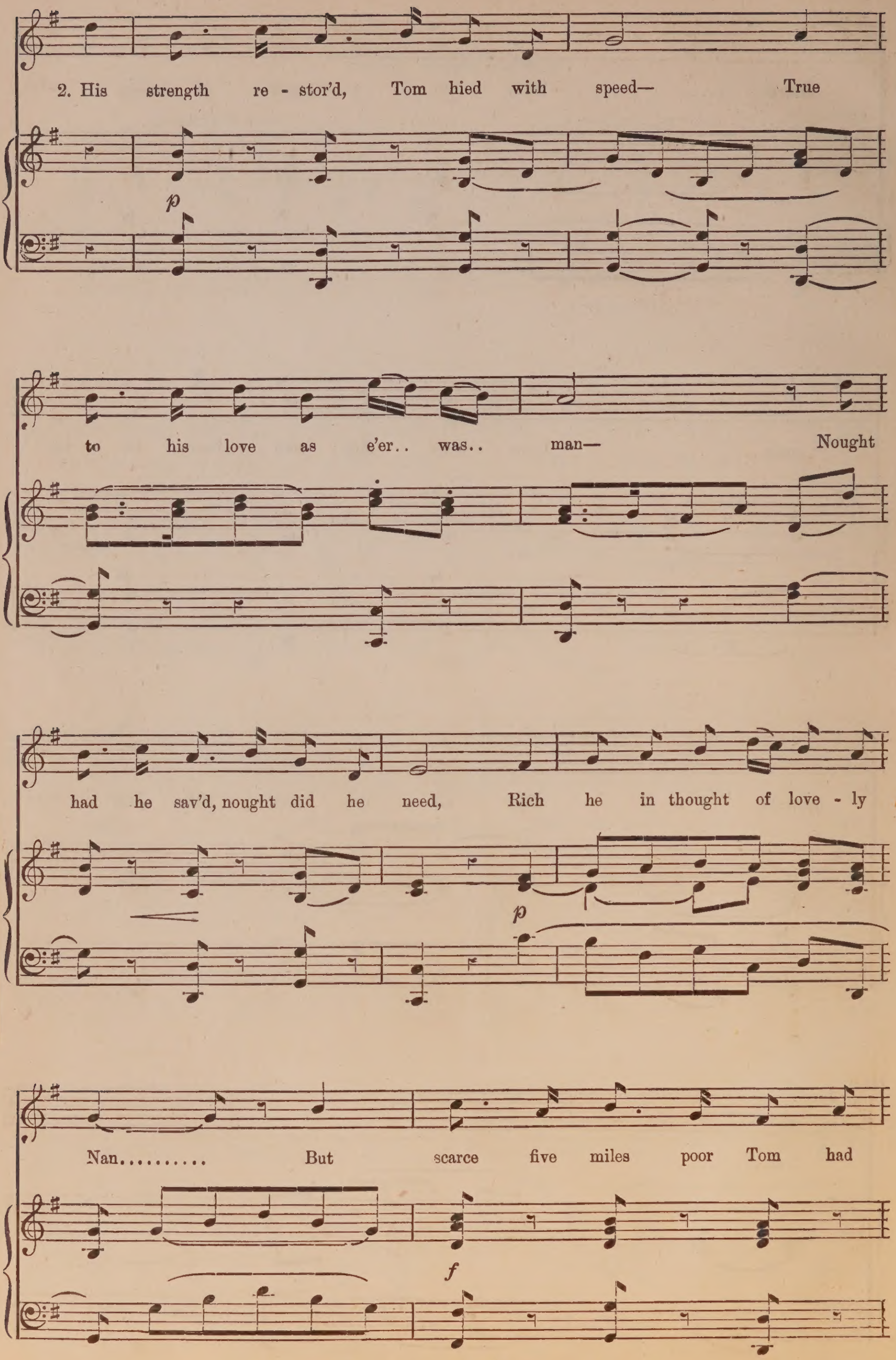
Tom Starboard.

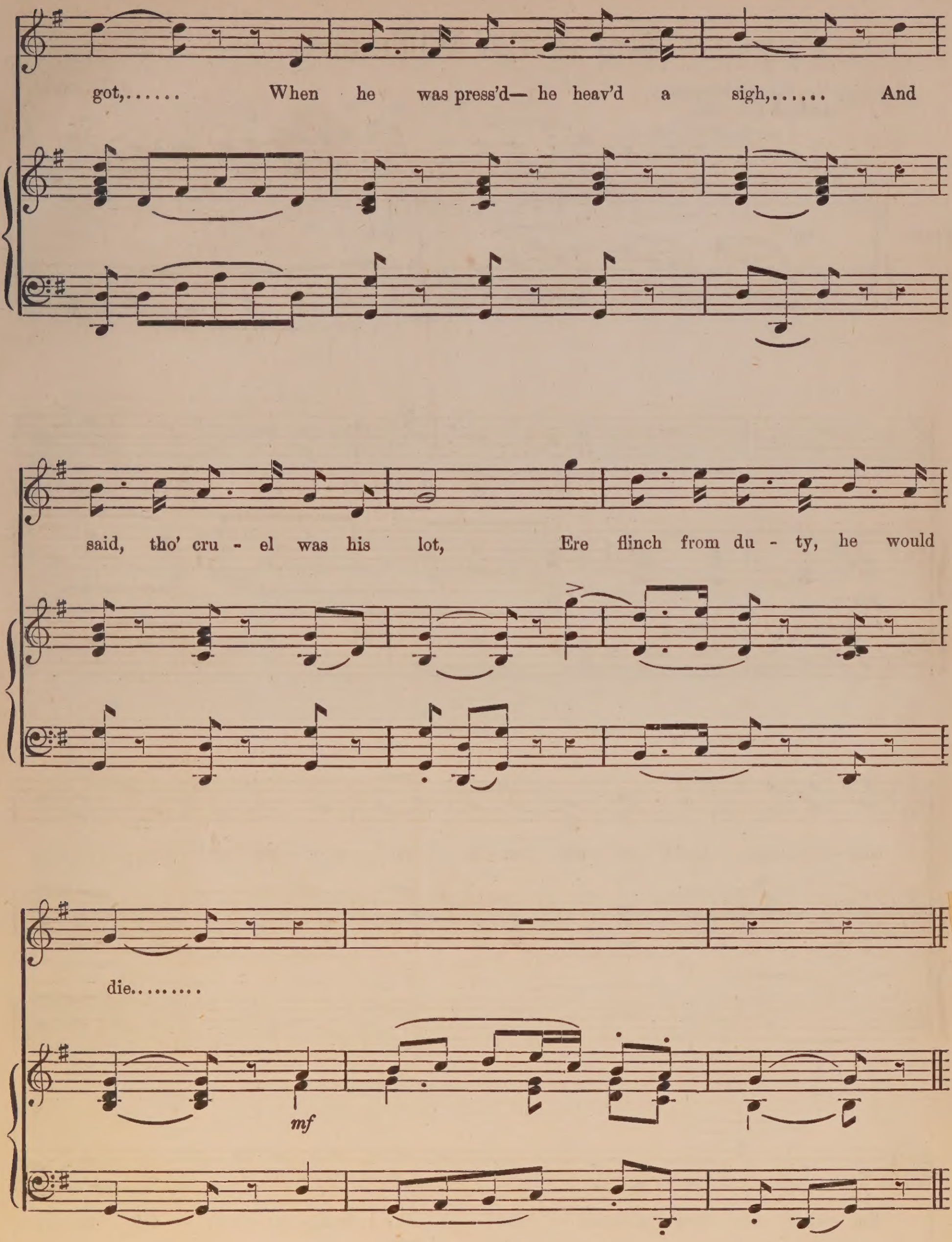
In moderate time.

J. MAZZINGHI.


PIANO.
p
1. Tom Star-board was a lo - ver true, As brave a tar as ev - er
p
sail'd; The du - ties a - blest sea - men do Tom
p
did, and ne - ver yet had fail'd..... But wreck'd, as he was home-ward
f


bound,........ With - in a league of Eng - land's
coast,......... Love sav'd him sure from be - ing
drown'd, For all the crew but Tom were
lost........
mf


2. His strength re - stor'd, Tom hied with speed— True
to his love as e'er.. was.. man— Nought
had he sav'd, nought did he need, Rich he in thought of love - ly
Nan.......... But scarce five miles poor Tom had
p
p
f


got,...... When he was press'd— he heav'd a sigh,...... And
said, tho' cru - el was his lot, Ere flinch from du - ty, he would
die.........
mf

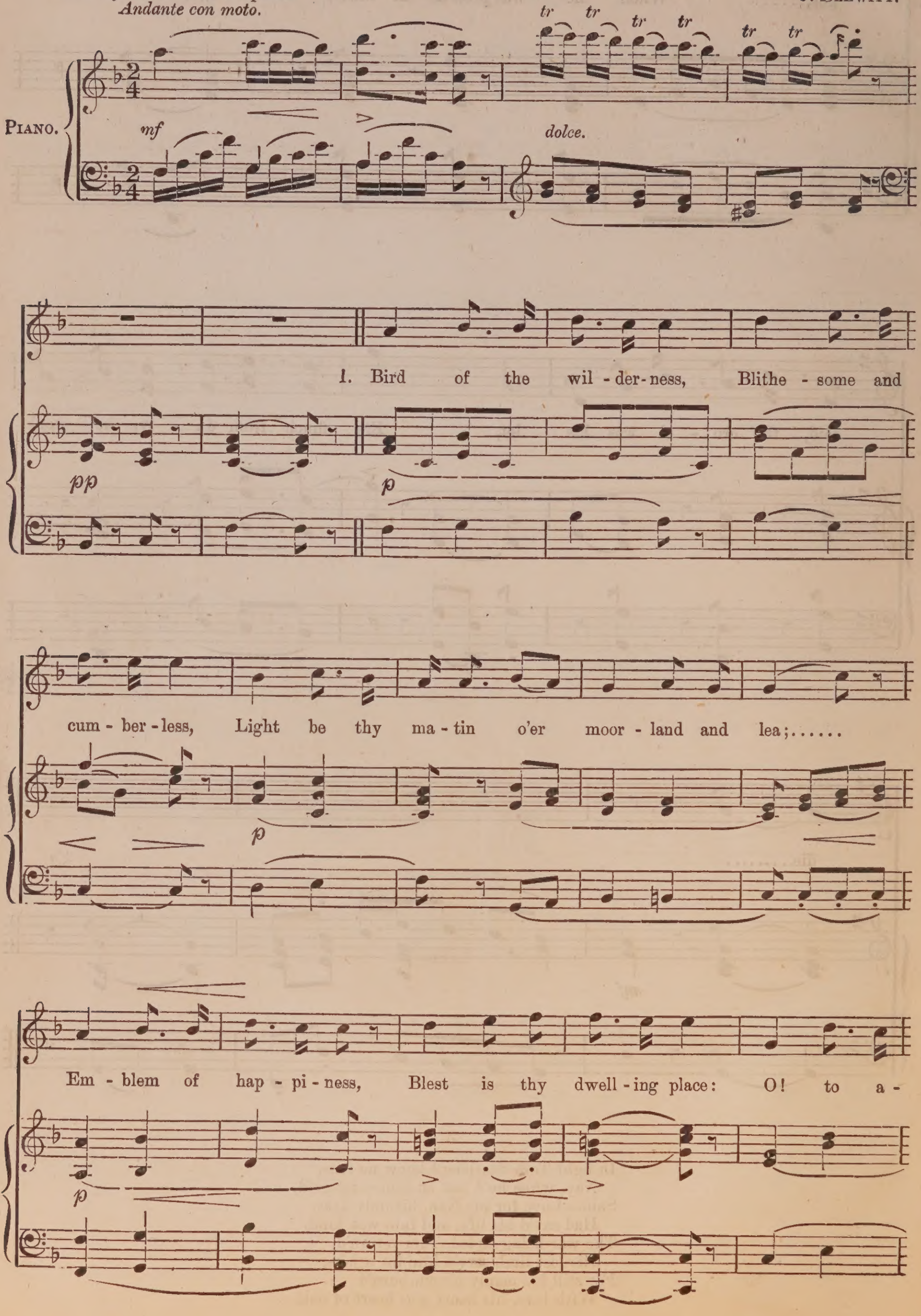
3.

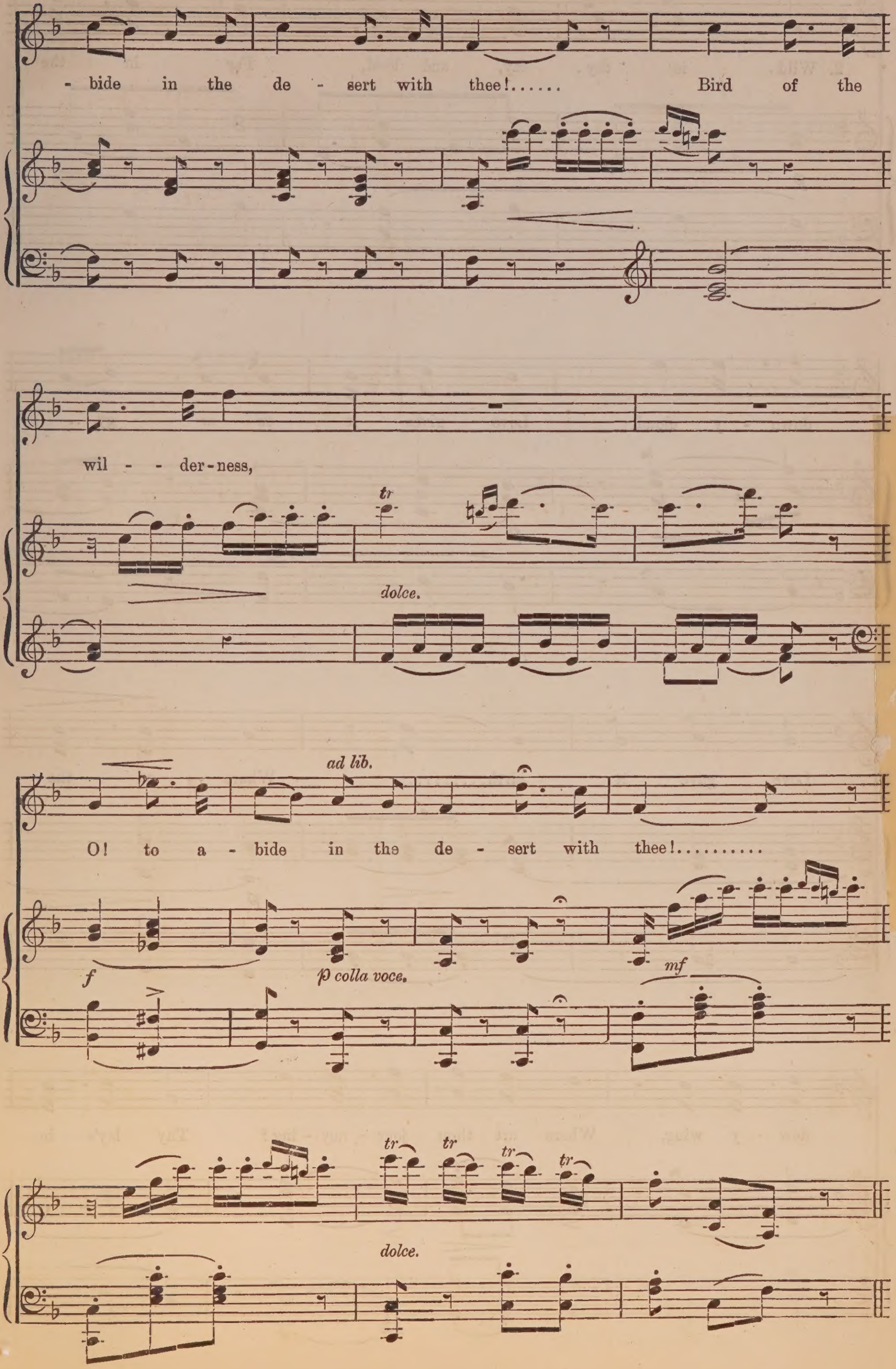
In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,
  Nay, when he'd lost an arm,—resign'd,
Said—Love for his Nan, his only dear,
  Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind.
The war being ended, Tom return'd,
  His lost limb serv'd him for a joke,
For still his manly bosom burn'd
  With love, his heart was heart of oak.

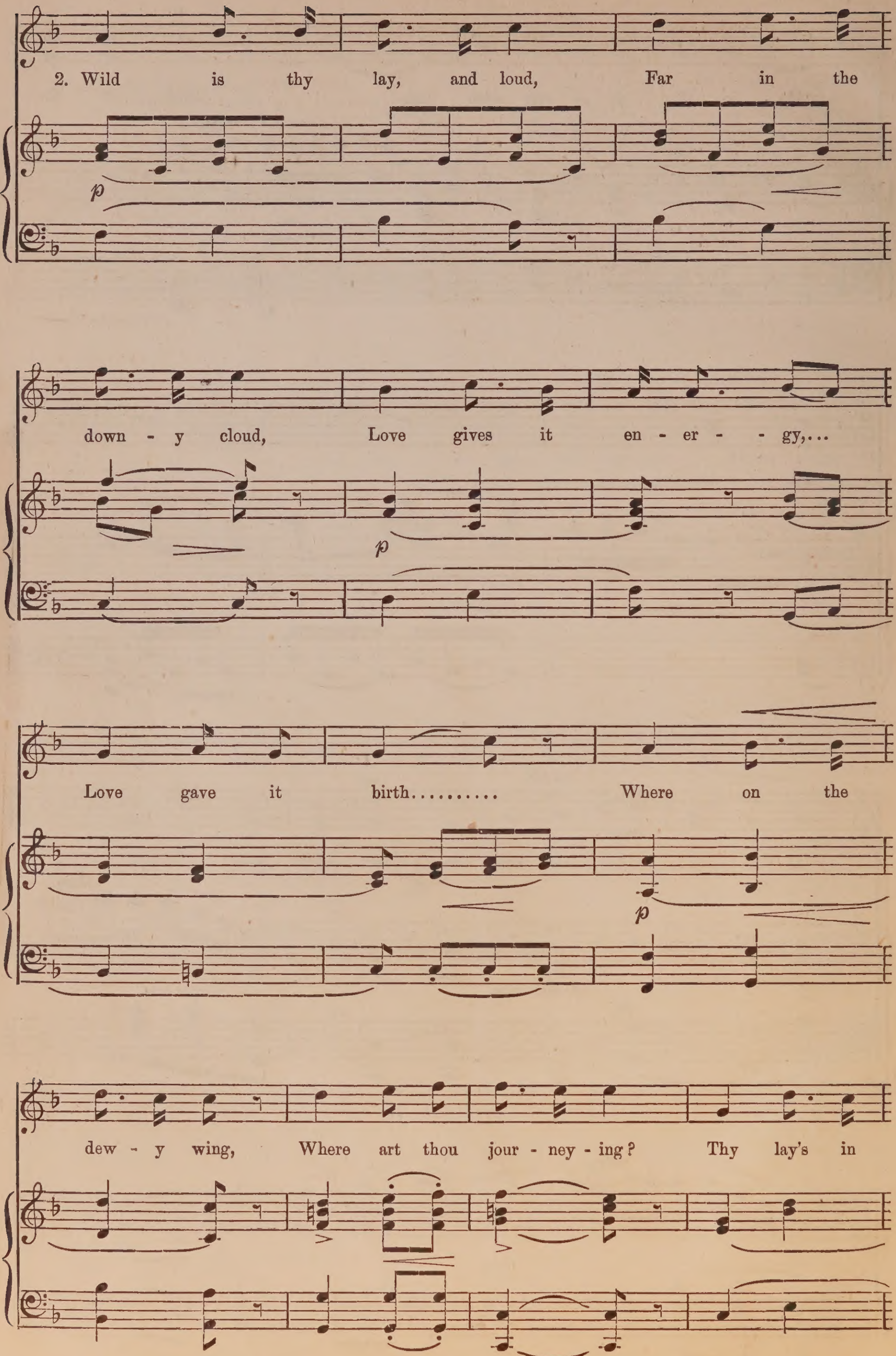
Bird of the Wilderness.

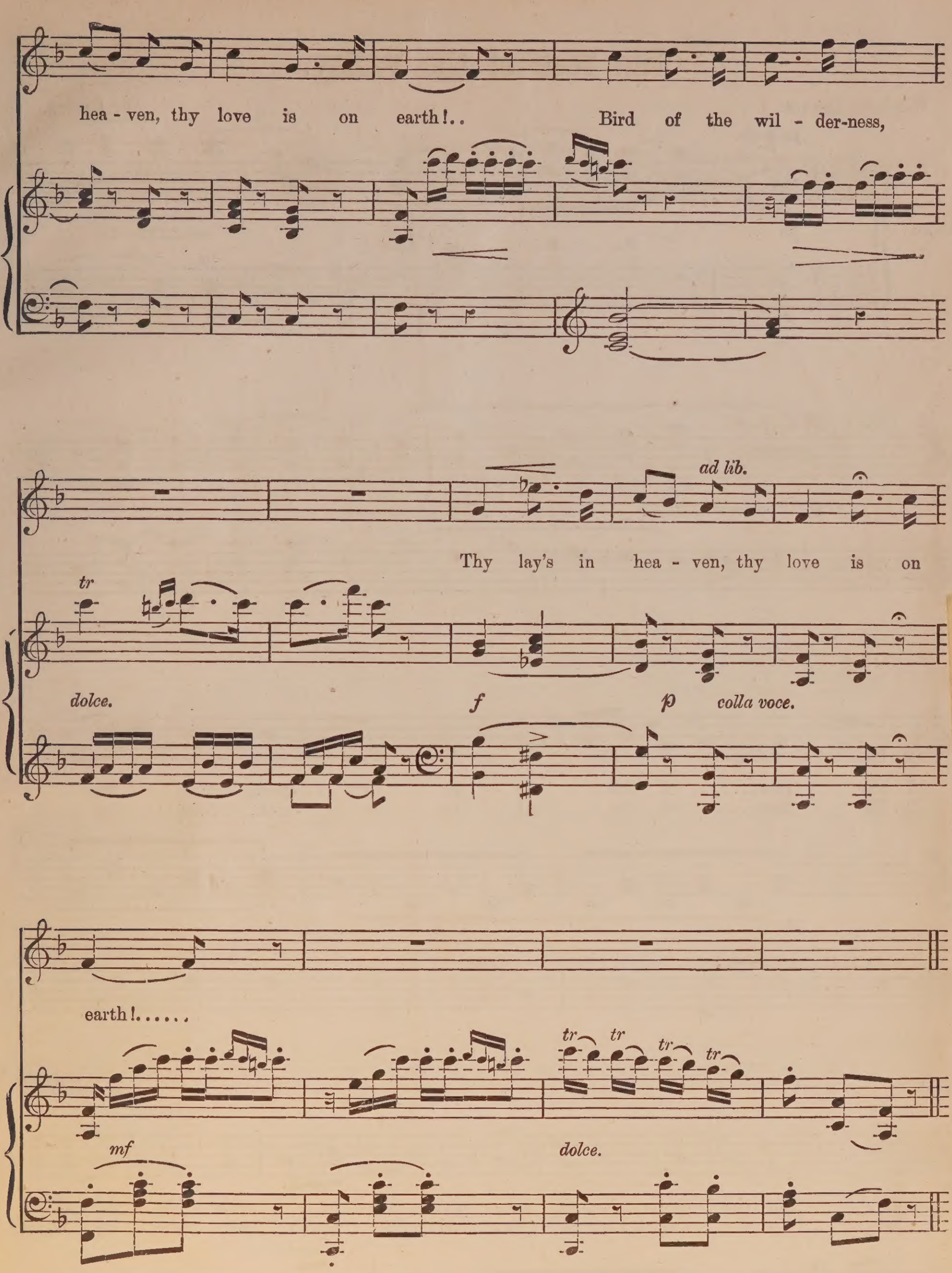
Words by the Ettrick Shepherd.

J. BLEWITT.


Andante con moto.
PIANO.
mf
tr
dolce.
pp
p
1. Bird of the wil - der - ness, Blithe - some and
cum - ber - less, Light be thy ma - tin o'er moor - land and lea;......
Em - blem of hap - pi - ness, Blest is thy dwell - ing place: O! to a -


- bide in the de - sert with thee!......
Bird of the
wil - - der-ness,
tr
dolce.
ad lib.
O! to a - bide in the de - sert with thee!.........
f
p colla voce.
mf
tr
tr
tr
tr
dolce.


2. Wild is thy lay, and loud, Far in the
down - y cloud, Love gives it en - er - - gy,...
Love gave it birth.......... Where on the
dew - y wing, Where art thou jour - ney - ing? Thy lay's in
p
p
p
p

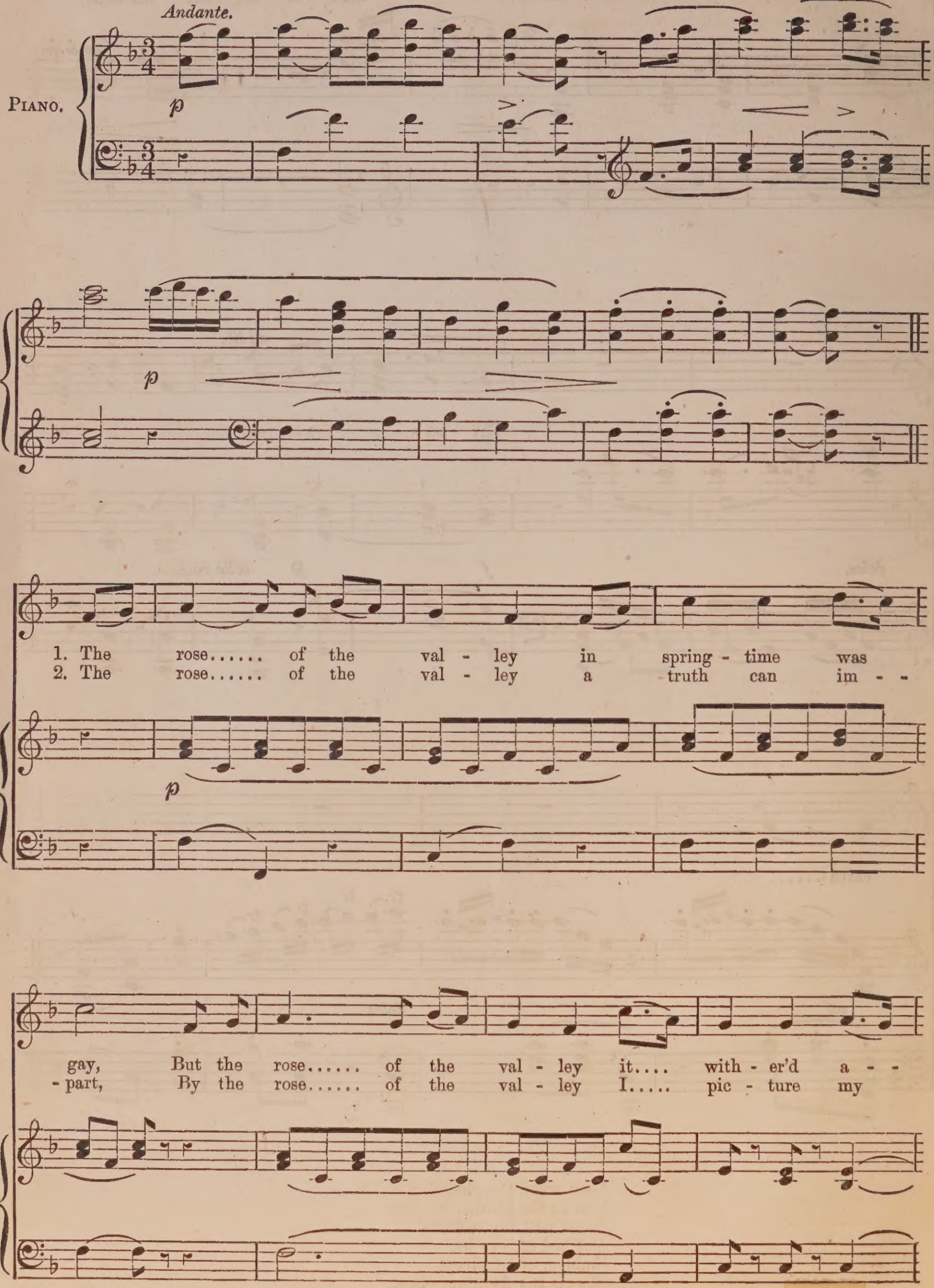

hea - ven, thy love is on earth!..
Bird of the wil - der-ness,
tr
dolce.
f
ad lib.
Thy lay's in hea - ven, thy love is on
p
colla voce.
earth!......
mf
tr
tr
tr
tr
dolce.

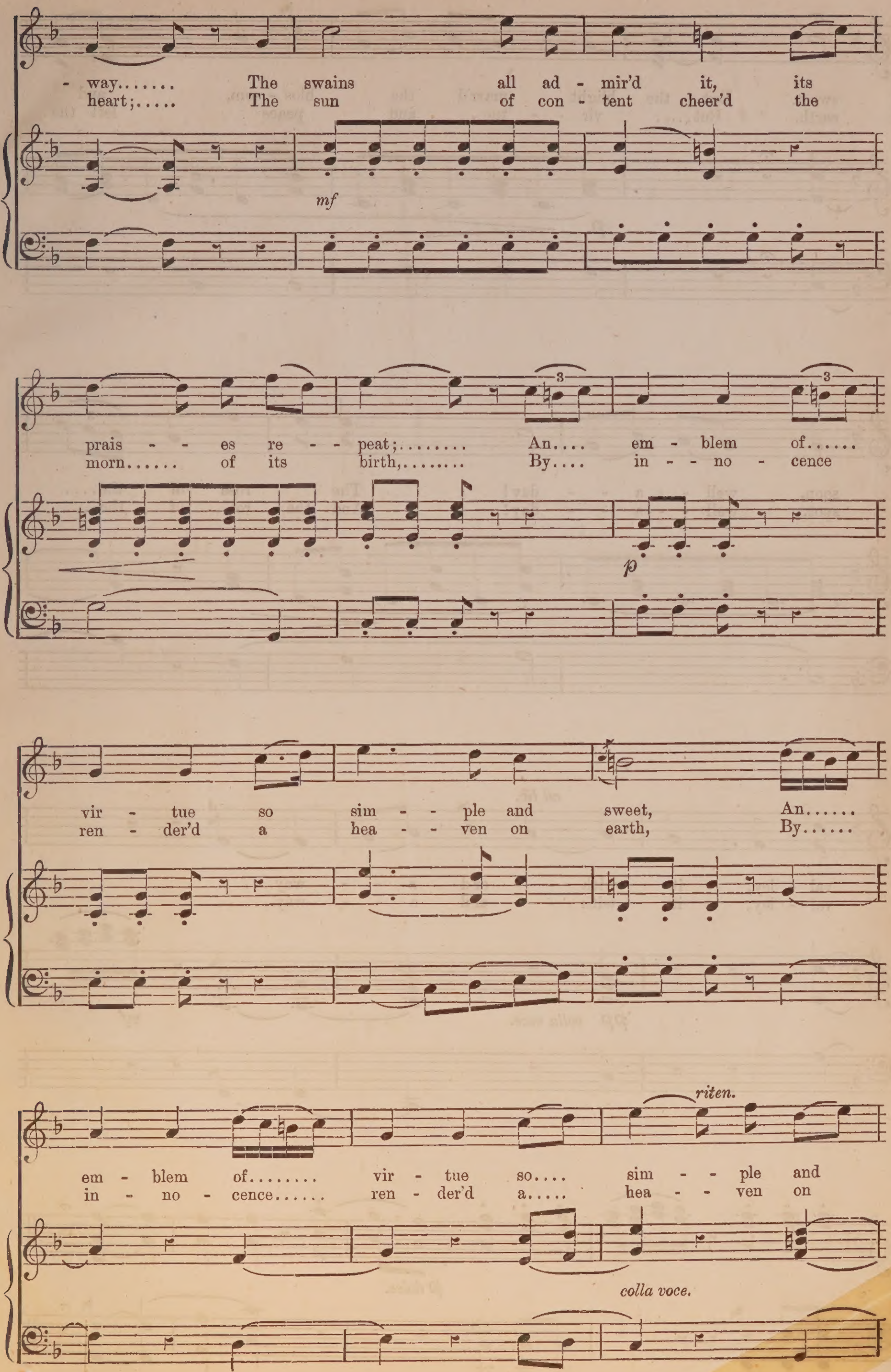
3.

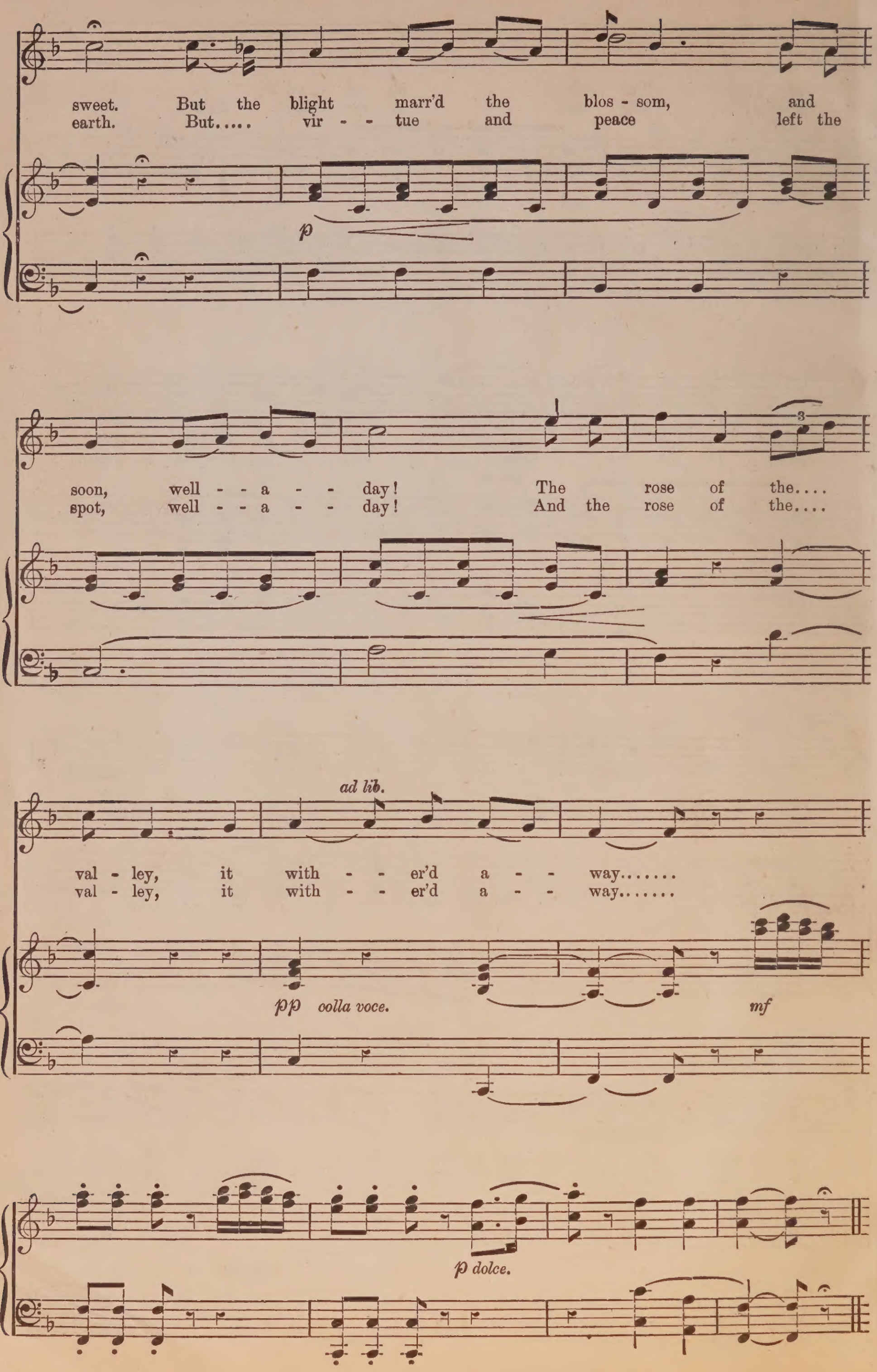
Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome
And bed of love be.
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place,
O! to abide in the desert with thee!
Bird of the wilderness, &c.

The rose of the valley.

Words by DIBDIN. W. REEVE.


Andante.
PIANO.
p
p
1. The rose...... of the val - ley in spring - time was
2. The rose...... of the val - ley a truth can im - -
p
gay, But the rose...... of the val - ley it.... with - er'd a - -
- part, By the rose...... of the val - ley I..... pic - ture my


- way....... The swains all ad - mir'd it, its
heart;..... The sun of con - tent cheer'd the
mf
prais - - es re - - peat;........ An.... em - blem of......
morn...... of its birth,........ By.... in - - no - cence
3
p
vir - tue so sim - - ple and sweet, An......
ren - der'd a hea - - ven on earth, By......
em - blem of........ vir - tue so.... sim - - ple and
in - no - cence...... ren - der'd a..... hea - - ven on
riten.
colla voce.


sweet. But the blight marr'd the blos - som, and
earth. But..... vir - - tue and peace left the
p
soon, well - - a - - day! The rose of the....
spot, well - - a - - day! And the rose of the....
3
ad lib.
val - ley, it with - - er'd a - - way.......
val - ley, it with - - er'd a - - way.......
pp colla voce.
mf
p dolce.

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